

W Hylton Longstaffe, del

Stannard & Dixon lith.

HYLTON CASTLE,
C^O DURHAM.
West Front
A.D. 1728.

THE
HISTORIC LANDS
OF
ENGLAND.

BY
Sir John BERNARD BURKE, ESQ.,
AUTHOR OF
The Landed Gentry, &c.

“Many a *land* that is famous in story,”



LONDON:
E. CHURTON, 26, HOLLES STREET.
MDCCCXLIX.

DA 625
.13959
.1849

LONDON :
MYERS AND CO., PRINTERS,
37, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

TO THE
RIGHT HON. FREDERICK LORD SAYE AND SELF,

A NOBLEMAN
DISTINGUISHED ALIKE BY THE HISTORIC BRILLIANTY OF
HIS LINEAGE AND HIS OWN PERSONAL WORTH,

This Volume

IS INSCRIBED,

WITH THE SINCERE RESPECT AND ESTEEM OF
HIS LORDSHIP'S OBLIGED AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

J. B. B.

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INTRODUCTION.

A Ramble through the English Counties.

IT was a remark of Mr. Everett, who was at one time the American envoy in this country, “We have everything great in America. We have great rivers, great mountains, great forests, and great lakes; but we have no olden buildings, no castles or houses of an ancient aristocracy, and no monasteries. To see these, we must visit the land of our fathers.”

There is something equally just and beautiful in this affectionate tribute to the old country, and the more so kind and ennobling a feeling spreads amongst the Americans, the better it will be for themselves. Abstractedly, there is no great value in uninhabitable ruins; and no doubt a mere utilitarian would look upon the finest Gothic cathedral as a mere stone-receptacle for bones and dust, which would be more profitably employed in manuring our fields; but somehow there is a feeling, in all save the obtusest of us, that will be heard in spite of utilitarianism, and we shall invariably find that whatever tends to connect us in idea with the past or the future, tends also—and in a greater degree than anything else save revealed religion—to make us conscious that we belong not wholly to earth or to the present, but are portions of immortality. He who narrows his thoughts and wishes to the time being may certainly reap some practical advantage from this limited application of his faculties, but it will be at the expense of higher and better feelings, just as the man who spends the whole of life in pointing needles or tempering pen-knives, may acquire skill in that particular art, but in so doing becomes eventually as narrow as his occupation. The more we free our

minds from the idea of time and space, which are only words of limit, the nearer we approach to the understanding of the infinite—to that which has neither beginning nor end—and nothing does this so effectually as the abstracting ourselves from the present in the consideration of the past. It may, however, be objected to us, as Horatio objected to Hamlet, “this is to consider too curiously;” but instead of imitating the philosophic prince in our answer, which would lead us into the wilds of metaphysics, we will rather beg our readers to accompany us in a short ramble amongst the halls and castles of those who have helped to make the name of England so illustrious. In doing this it is not our purpose to pay the least attention to geographical proprieties; limping time will have to toil after us in vain while we fly from place to place, for no better reason in the order of our march than their happening thus to rise upon the recollection.

The antiquities of this country may for the most part be traced either to war or religion—to the turbulent though chivalrous barons, or to the monks, whom it is the fashion of modern ignorance to include in one sweeping censure, as if the embers of learning, art, and science had not been kept alive by them in the monasteries, when but for their industry, the mailed heel of kings and nobles would have trampled it out altogether. We cannot better illustrate this remark than by commencing with BEAUCHIEFF ABBEY, in the extensive parish of Sheffield, a name which in the present day is so inseparably connected with the idea of plated goods and cutlery, that few will be able to imagine that it was ever the site of heroic deeds and baronial castles. Even the name of Hallamshire is seldom if ever heard beyond the district to which it applies. Yet this was not always the case. There was a time when this district was the favourite residence of lordly barons, though of such days the traces are but few, and those few rapidly decaying, and giving place to the more useful, but certainly less picturesque, purposes of modern life.

Beauchieff Abbey, was founded in 1183 by Robert FitzRanulph, the powerful Lord of Norton and of many other places in the county of Derby, and it seems in a short time to have become highly popular. And well it might. The spirit of religion in those days, though too often degraded by superstition, was yet sincere and fervent, besides which the people, who had hitherto been called upon to support such institutions in parts far away from them, had now all the advantage that belongs to the presence of a landlord, who consumes on his estate what his estate produces. Other benefactors were found in a short time to continue the work which had been so well begun. The second Ralph de Ecclesall presented the monks with his

corn-mill on the Sheaf, a short distance from the monastery, only attaching to it the condition that they should provide a canon to perform daily service in a chapel which he erected by his mansion. He was followed by a patron, not less liberal and attached to churchmen, who allowed the monks to graze thirty cows in his forest of Fullwood, with their young under three years old; to this he added an acre of land, that they might have a spot on which to erect booths for the winter retreat of their herds, a gift peculiarly acceptable to a class of men whose wealth for the most part consisted in their cattle. His son was yet more bountiful, or perhaps as the good monks increased in worldly riches they became less fitting objects for charity, except upon the most extended scale. This liberal benefactor estated them with his grange of Fullwood and the lands pertaining to it, and granted them also common of pasture throughout the whole of Fullwood and Riveleng, for all their cattle, goats alone excepted, the injury done by these animals to the young trees being generally held a sufficient cause for excluding them from the woodland pastures. Beauchieff Abbey is now the seat of B. B. PEGGE BURNELL, Esq.

It would be a grievous wrong to the admirers of Ribstone pippins were we to leave Yorkshire without some notice of the place which produces this favourite apple. The original tree is said to have been raised from seed that came in the first place from France, but it has since spread into other countries, unchanged in name, and most likely as little changed in quality. But it is RIBSTONE HALL that should chiefly engage our attention, the seat, until late years, of the Goodricke family, but now the property of Joseph Dent, Esq., about four miles to the south-east of Knaresborough. It is situated upon an eminence, at the base of which flows the river Nid, almost encompassing it, and commands a beautiful prospect of considerable extent. In early times the manor belonged to two Danish chieftains, who had no doubt acquired it by the strong hand, the general mode of asserting a claim to any property in those days. Availing himself of the same right, William the Conqueror robbed the robbers, and bestowed the spoil upon two of his Norman companions, William de Percy and Ralph de Pagnel; from them it passed into the hands of Lord Ross, who in 1224 bestowed it on the Knights Templars, and by these last it was held till their enormous wealth, no less than their vices and dangerous ambition, provoked the dissolution of their order. It then became the property of a Duke of Suffolk, and he, in 1542, sold it to Henry Goodricke, a gentleman of an ancient family in Somersetshire. In the chapel belonging to the Hall are several memorials of the Goodrickes; and in the churchyard is a curious sepulchral monument,

which was dug up at York in the Trinity-yard, Micklegate, in 1688. It is a testimonial to the standard-bearer of the ninth Roman legion, if we may believe the antiquaries, who have endeavoured to explain the meaning of the inscription, and of the figure above it, with a standard in one hand and something like a basket in the other. The figure is supposed by some to represent the signifer himself.

With less of antiquity to recommend it, but with the advantage of being little beyond four miles from the sea-coast, is HUNMANBY HALL ; and if, using the privilege of the seven-leagued boots, we step from the East to the West Riding, we shall stumble on ESHTON HALL, a place which finds such honourable mention in the bibliographical pages of Dibdin, and will be long remembered as the residence of a distinguished patron of literature, Miss Richardson Currer.

While the sun seems still to linger on the wolds and hills of Yorkshire, we must notice one place more ere turning our pilgrim steps to other counties—HORNEY CASTLE, in the North Riding. This noble, but irregular pile, which even now retains a portion of its baronial grandeur, encloses an inner court or quadrangle, like the old colleges at Cambridge, though the general line of the building does not exceed two stories. Two embattled towers, the one round in the centre of the east front, and the other square at the end of the same side, are carried to a greater height, thus breaking what would else be an uniform and monotonous line ; while on three of the sides—south, east, and north—is a separate entrance. The whole stands upon an eminence sloping gently to the river that winds around its base, and commands an extensive view of mountain and moorland, of fertile plain and valley. From its extent and massiveness it impresses the mind strongly with the rude greatness of former times, when man seemed, with a noble but mistaken daring, to stamp “*esto perpetuum !*” upon all his works.

Previous to the reign of Henry IV. this castle belonged to the family of St. Quintin, till the male line becoming extinct, and the young heiress of the house, Margaret St. Quintin, marrying Sir John Conyers, it of course passed into the possession of her husband. This family increased in wealth and rank for many years, when a daughter again succeeded to the inheritance, who married Thomas Lord Darcy, and thus transferred it to a new line. The same thing happened a third time in 1778, when Robert, Earl of Holderness, the lineal descendant of the Conyers', died, leaving an only daughter to inherit. This lady gave her hand to Francis Godolphin, Marquess of Carmarthen, the eldest son of the Duke of Leeds, and in that family Hornby Castle still remains.

CASTLE HOWARD is a princely mansion, four miles from Malton, but without much claim to antiquity, having been erected by Charles, the third Earl of Carlisle, on the spot where once stood the old castle of Hinderskelf. It is more extensive than Blenheim, and is not altogether the work of one architect, nor is it from one design. The north front was built by Sir John Vanbrugh, and consists of a rich centre of the Corinthian order, with a cupola rising from the roof, flanked by two large wings, the east of which was finished according to the original plan, while the west has been erected by Sir James Robinson, with little regard to the character of the rest of the building. The south, or garden front, is also magnificent, and though perhaps questionable in point of taste, is undeniably very striking. Within, the rooms are spacious to an unusual degree, and abound in all the luxuries of modern refinement. Choice pictures, rare pieces of antiquity, and the most costly furniture, meet the eye on all sides; and yet there is more magic in the simple name of Howard, associated as it is with the romantic features of English history, than in all these accumulated splendours.

In direct contrast to this creation of Vanbrugh's is HESLINGTON HALL not more than two miles from the fine old city of York, that queen of the northern counties. The hall itself is a remarkably fine specimen of the Elizabethan period, having remained with but few alterations, thanks to the good taste of its successive inheritors. An ornamental porch, ascended by a flight of steps, leads to a hall of antique appearance, that will not fail to remind the student of his college days amid the venerable piles of Cambridge or Oxford. The roof is elaborately worked, while more than sixty shields, arranged on wainscot panels round the walls, emblazon the family arms; at the upper end extends a screen of carved oak, and on either side is placed a table of the same kind of wood, one of them being eighteen feet long, and both are formed from a single plank of great thickness. Even the grounds about the mansion retain the same antique appearance as the building itself, for the hollies and yew-trees still preserve those fantastic shapes in which at one time it was the fashion to clip them, as if the great object had been to make nature resemble art as much as possible. The family dates its origin in this country from the Norman conquest, at which time Eustachius, the first of the victorious settlers belonging to this race, took up his abode in Lincolnshire, as the lord of Yarburgh. This name is still borne by his descendants, who have remained in uninterrupted possession of Heslington Hall up to the present day.

But to enumerate all that deserves record in Yorkshire, would prolong

our ramble beyond any reasonable limit. One halt more only before quitting this magnificent county, which is so replete with historical associations, while in extent it is unrivalled by any two of the largest shires in England. The very name of TEMPLE NEWSAM brings us back to the age of the warrior-monks, who once set their mailed foot upon the neck of kings, and had well-nigh been an over-match for the Pope himself. Where the present spacious and noble mansion stands, there was formerly a preceptory of the order, and from that circumstance is derived the first half of the modern appellation. Upon the suppression of these ambitious soldiers, the estate was granted by Edward III. to Sir John Darcie, with whose descendants it remained till Thomas Lord Darcy got himself embroiled with Henry the Eighth, who at all times administered justice in a summary way of his own, cutting off heads with as little pretence to reason as any Schah of Persia. In his day the Yorkshiremen raised a rebellion under the name of the "Pilgrimage of Grace," and Lord Darcy was suspected of treachery in having delivered up to them Pomfret Castle, whereupon the bluff monarch caused him to be hung upon Tower-hill. It is indeed far from certain whether the unlucky nobleman had really betrayed his trust to these *gracious pilgrims*, but Henry's suspicions were generally fatal to the object of them; and having thus removed his former favourite, he bestowed the property upon Mathew, Earl of Lennox, whose son, the celebrated Darnley, was born here. James the First granted it to the then Duke of Lennox, and from him it was purchased by Sir Anthony Ingram, who built the present splendid mansion. It stands upon the banks of the Aire, about four miles from Leeds, and nearly fourteen from York, in the midst of a beautiful and fertile tract, which is watered by one of the largest rivers in Yorkshire.

Warwickshire, though far less abundant in memorials of the olden times than the county we have just left, is yet not without several interesting remains. Among these may be numbered BADDESLEY CLINTON, or Badsley Clinton, which received the second portion of its name from one of its early owners, Sir Thomas Clinton, to distinguish it from another Badsley in the same hundred. Like so many old estates, it has passed at various times into different hands, by the extinction of the male heirs, and the marriage of a surviving daughter. Upon one occasion, the possessor, finding that he held the estate by a disputable title, and having a wise objection to law in his own person, he parted with it to John Brome, a lawyer. The legal gentleman managed with considerable dexterity to keep his brethren of the long robe at bay, but

was less fortunate in a martial encounter with John Herthill, the steward to Nevill the great Earl of Warwick. It appears that the steward had mortgaged certain lands to the lawyer, which he wished to redeem, but the lawyer, preferring the estate to money, resisted tooth and nail all attempts at enforcing a claim to redemption. The steward, finding himself baffled by the superior legal tactics of his enemy, and having somewhat of his master's fiery disposition, he one day called Mr. John Brome out of the Whitefriars' church in London, where the latter chanced to be at mass, and entered into a hot dispute with him respecting the aforesaid mortgage. While they were yet in the church-porch, the dispute grew so high, they came to blows ; swords were drawn, and the lawyer fell mortally wounded, his own son looking on and smiling as he received his death-blow. So at least one must infer from his will, in which occurs the singular expression, that "*he forgave his son, Thomas, who smiled when he saw him run through by Herthill, in the Whitefriars' church-porch.*" He had, however, another son, by name Nicholas, who succeeded him, and was so far from indulging in any mirth upon the matter, that he waylaid and killed the steward in Longbridge Field, on his way to hold a court for the Earl of Warwick. Upon this the widow of the murdered man took up the cudgels, for in those times—the good old times—a feud was seldom allowed to die with those in whom it had originated ; a son succeeded as naturally to his father's quarrels, as to his father's estate, and, there being no son in this case to demand blood for blood, the widow appealed, as the phrase went, the slayer of her late husband. Friends, however, interfered, and the feud was soldered up by the payment of certain monies to the appellant, and of others to the Church, that tapers might burn, and masses be duly said for the soul's repose of the departed. And here we cannot help pausing awhile to remark, that whatever objections may be made by those opposed to Roman Catholic observances, still it cannot be denied they were eminently calculated to promote peace, and to calm the passions of a fierce race, who were steeled against all other considerations.

Having got so well out of this awkward business, the worthy Nicholas was not long before he fell into another of the same kind, for he was evidently of a hasty mood, and at all times ready to appeal to the arbitrement of the sword, without much distinction of priest or layman. Upon one occasion, being for some supposed wrong done him by the Parish Priest at Baddesley, mightily enraged, he made no more ado but ran the offender through the body. He obtained, however, his pardon both from the

King and the Pope, upon condition of his doing something in the way of expiation. The mode of atonement would seem in a great measure to have been left to himself, whereupon he rebuilt the tower-steeple at Baddesley from the ground, and, moreover, purchased three bells for it, a steeple obviously being of no use without bells. In addition to this, he raised the body of the church itself ten feet higher than it had been before; and “farther of him,” says the old historian, “I have not found anything memorable, other than that he enclosed this lordship, and that he departed this world anno. 1517.” His daughter Constance marrying Sir Edward Ferrers, grandson of the Hon. Thomas Ferrers, of Tamworth Castle, Baddesley Clinton, has since continued the inheritance of her descendants, the Ferrers’, and is now enjoyed by MARMION EDWARD FERRERS, Esq., the present male representative of that illustrious house.

STONELEIGH ABBEY, in the same county, affords a striking instance of the vicissitudes of the lives—if we may be allowed so questionable a phrase—of houses, as well as men. In olden times, a Cistercian monastery stood upon this ground, and notable examples are the monks of how truly the poet spoke when he said, “men’s evil manners live in brass,” for the misdeeds of the brotherhood have outlasted their very walls and monuments. Not a single buttress, not a mouldering tomb-stone, remains to tell of the former inmates, either living or dead; and yet the echos of other times have not passed away, but we still hear of the ill wrought by the dust that has long since been given back to its native elements. Two of the father-abbots, whether justly or not, have been written down by the chronicler for very grievous offenders. One of them, Thomas de Pipe, he tells us, had more children than there were monks in his monastery, and employed the rents of several of the conventional lands in supporting them. Even the mother of this forbidden multitude has not escaped the historian’s malicious accuracy. That the scandal of his own days might not be lost to future times, he has duly recorded her by the name of Isabella Benshale.

William de Gyldeford, another abbot of the same place, got himself “deprived for countenancing a shepherd belonging to the monastery to fight a duel, and to hang a thief that had privately stole away some cattle of theirs.” How far the inciting the shepherd to a duel should be considered an offence can scarcely be judged of, with no better information than is afforded by this bare record of the fact. In the latter case, the chronicler would seem to deal hardly with William de Gyldeford, for the thief manifestly deserved a rope, and it would seem that the abbot was fully authorized in sup-

plying him with one, if we are to place any reliance upon the monastic charter; four of his bondsmen actually "held one mess and one quartrone of land, by the service of making the gallows and hanging the thieves," and this, if it mean anything at all, must imply the abbot's right of executing marauders upon the monastic property. But in due time came Henry the Eighth, with his broom ecclesiastic, and drove all the rooks out of their rookery, as John Knox, in his sour zeal, was pleased to call the monks and the monasteries. In the division of the spoil thus acquired, Stoneleigh, by the monarch's favour, fell to the share of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who chanced at the time to be in especial grace with his despotic master. Afterwards, in the reign of Elizabeth, it passed into the hands of Sir Thomas Leigh, and by him the estate was considerably augmented, for he purchased morel and in the neighbourhood, and upon the site of the Abbey erected a spacious mansion, a considerable portion of which is still remaining. His great-grandson was created a Baron by Charles the First, with the title of Lord Leigh of Stoneleigh; and if attachment could give a claim to such a distinction, it was certainly merited by Sir Thomas, for his loyalty continued as firm as ever in the utmost extremity of his master's fortunes, and the same feeling was inherited by his descendants till the last Lord Leigh died near the close of the eighteenth century. The estate then passed to his only sister, the Hon. Mary Leigh, at whose decease, in 1806, the property devolved on the Leighs of Adlestrop, in Gloucestershire, and is now enjoyed by CHANDOS, Lord Leigh, the present head of this branch of the ancient and eminent House of Leigh — a nobleman of distinction as a Poet.

The mansion, which we have been thus describing in its various fortunes, is situated in a beautiful and fertile part of the county. Through the grounds, rendered yet more picturesque by venerable woods, flows the river Avon, but so much increased beyond its usual width as to deserve the epithet of magnificent. A large fragment of the structure raised upon the expulsion of the monks is still to be seen, and even some portions belonging to a yet remoter period, amongst which the most prominent feature was a gatehouse of the old abbey. This last still remained to the antiquarian's delight until 1814, but a plan was even then ripening for the demolition of this venerable relique, which according to all accounts was built by Robert de Hockele, the sixteenth abbot, and had in the outer front a large escutcheon of stone in memory of Henry the Second, the founder of the abbey.

We are constantly being reminded, while travelling among the old English mansions, of how much that was once great and glorious has long since passed away. Sometimes the admonition comes in the shape of an

antique fragment, which is yet allowed to form a portion of a modern wall; but more frequently it comes from our learning that the building we admire stands on the site of a demolished castle, or of an abbey that has been swept away by the hands of the desolator. Often too the appellation of abbey will yet remain clinging to the modern edifice as we shall find in CIRENCESTER ABBEY, Gloucestershire, founded in 1117 by Henry the First, for canons regular of the Augustine order. The hand of Bluff King Hal—and it never was a light one—fell here with even more than its usual weight. On granting this part of his church spoil to Roger Basinge, he commanded that all the buildings within the abbey precincts should be pulled down and carried away, and so punctually was this Gothic mandate obeyed, that nothing now remains of the abbey or its adjuncts except the almonry gate, the spital gate, and a large barn. In course of time it reverted to the crown, and Queen Elizabeth finally sold it to Richard Master, her Physician of the chamber, who erected a mansion upon the site of the abbey. This also was pulled down in 1772, when a new house was built, which is inhabited by Miss Master, a direct descendant from Elizabeth's physician.

FRAMPTON COURT in the same county, must not be passed over without some notice, if it were only to record it as being the seat of a distinguished branch of the Cliffords. The name itself will be sufficiently familiar to every reader of Shakspeare, but the poet's hero, who played so conspicuous a part in the wars of the white and red roses, belonged to another branch of the family.

From Gloucestershire to Devon, although a tolerably long route in the maps, is a short flight for the imagination, which like the electric telegraph would almost seem to annihilate both space and time. Let us then fancy ourselves in the manor of Kenton, before the walls of POWDERHAM CASTLE, erected during the feudal ages for protecting the adjacent lands and vassals from the incursions of rival Barons. Upon the death of John de Powderham, in the time of the first Edward, it fell by escheat or otherwise, to Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford, who gave it, with his daughter Margaret in marriage, to Hugh Earl of Devon; and he again bestowed it upon his son Sir Peter Courtenay, about the beginning of the fourteenth century. From this time it shifted from one to another like the cards in the hands of a juggler, and there really is something curious in following these changes, effected now by purchase and now by marriages, till the wheel of fortune had gone full round, and the Courtenays once again became possessed of their original estate. In 1538 it devolved to the crown, on the attainder of Henry Courtenay, Marquess of Exeter, for while the feudal system prevailed it was to be

expected that once in two or three generations the head of any noble family would die upon the scaffold ; in the reign of Elizabeth it was sold to Lord Clifton ; in the reign of James the First, the new purchaser resold it to Sir Warwick Hele ; shortly afterwards it fell to Sir Edward Hungerford, in right of his wife ; in the reign of Charles the Second, Sir Edward parted with it to the Duke of Albemarle ; in the reign of Queen Anne, it came into the hands of Lord Granville ; in 1712, it was again purchased into the original family, by Sir William Courtenay, Bart.

This castle is beautifully situated on the banks of the Exe, not more than three miles from its confluence with the British Channel. At high water the river in this part is full a mile and a half broad, the castle windows commanding a magnificent view of the ocean to the west, and of the shipping as it comes up to Topsham. The grounds, moreover, are unusually extensive. They embrace a circumference of nearly ten miles, in which is comprised a large park well stocked with deer, besides plantations, shrubberies, lawns, and pleasure grounds. Nature in fact has done everything to render this one of the most enchanting spots in England, but the antiquary can hardly be expected to sympathize with the taste which has suggested the modern improvements upon the old edifice. Up to the year 1752 it still retained a portion of its original castellated form ; but since then the machicolated gateway with its formidable portcullis has disappeared, the high turrets and massive embattlements have given way to what is called classic architecture, and many additions have been made to the north wing, adding much no doubt to the convenience of the inmates, but greatly to the discomfort of those, who, like ourselves, are especial admirers of ancient Gothicism. To be sure we may in reply be met with the “*quip modest*,” as Touchstone was when he quarrelled with the cut of the courtier’s beard, and received for answer, that the wearer of the beard “cut it to please himself ;” but though we do not dispute this right, we must still maintain our own privilege of grumbling at the use of it.

Another memorable feature in this county is BROADHEMBURY GRANGE, the seat of the old and distinguished family of Drewe.* The property

* The ancient and knightly family of Drew, originally of Drewscliff, co. Devon, descends in a direct line, from Drogo or Dru, a noble Norman (son of Walter de Ponz, and brother of Richard, ancestor of the Cliffords), who accompanied his kinsman, William the Conqueror, to England. The senior line is now represented by EDWARD SIMCOE DREWE, Esq., of the Grange, co. Devon, and the chief derivative branches are seated in Ireland—viz., the DREWS of MEANUS, co. Kerry; of STRAND HOUSE, Youghal; of DREWSBORO', co. Clare, &c.

appertained originally to the Abbey of Dunkeswell, to which monastery extensive lands in the neighbourhood belonged ; and was purchased from Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, grandson of the grantee, by Edward Drewe, Esq., of Sharpham, an eminent lawyer of the time of Elizabeth, Recorder of London and Queen's Serjeant. His son, Sir Thomas Drewe, Knt., erected the present structure in the form of an **I**, in compliment to James I., in whose reign it was built. The mansion has since undergone some alterations, but one remarkable chamber, wainscoted with carved oak, of very rich and elaborate design, and skilful workmanship, is still in perfect preservation, and presents a specimen, perhaps unequalled, of the richly decorated withdrawing room of the time of the first James. The Royal Arms and initials, surmount the chimney piece ; and amongst the various ornaments, are the heraldic bearings of the builder, Sir Thomas Drewe, and of the family of his wife, the Moores of Odiham, Hants. The Grange is situated in a country not a little peculiar from its small enclosures, which gives to the whole landscape the appearance of numerous gardens, the largest field seldom exceeds fourteen or fifteen acres, and these are fenced in with strong dyked hedges, while the neighbouring avenues and approaches abound in Scotch and silver firs, many of them measuring in girth from six feet four inches to six feet ten, and some being of yet greater dimensions.

We now come into NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, by a route which, if studied upon the maps, will seem somewhat capriciously chosen, as indeed it is—and here we pause awhile at STAUNTON HALL. This mansion stands in Belvoir Vale, at the extreme end of the county, and in early times belonged to the Stauntons. Upon the failure of male descendants in that line, the marriage of the heiress transferred the estate to the family of the Charltons, and the last surviving daughter of this union left it to her second cousin, Mrs. Elizabeth Aspinshaw, on condition that she should assume the name and bear the arms of Staunton only. The mansion is large and handsome, while the neighbouring land is in many respects exceedingly valuable.

Another relique of ancient times in this county is WELBECK ABBEY, originally founded in Henry the Second's reign, for Praemonstratension canons. Like all other institutions of the same kind, it passed into several hands at the dissolution, and in 1604, it was converted into a private residence, by Sir Charles Cavendish, a younger brother to William, the first Earl of Devonshire. Upon his decease it was inherited by his son, the Duke of Newcastle, no less famous for his loyalty than for his horsemanship. Eventually it devolved by marriage to the Earl of

Oxford, from whom it passed to the Bentincks, his sole surviving daughter having wedded with one of that family. Some remains of the Abbey may still be traced in the cellar-arches ; an old chapel also was doubtless part of the original edifice ; and it is said the sepulchral monuments have not been destroyed, but are only hid from sight in some of the chambers by hangings and wainscot panels.

There is a chapter in an old book of travels, the name of which we have forgotten, headed, “*Reptiles*—Of these there are none in this part of the world.” Now this precisely is our case with Tregony Castle, in Cornwall—there is no such place ; but then we have an advantage over the old traveller, inasmuch as his reptiles never did exist, whereas, TREGONY CASTLE was actually once in being, though there are no longer any remains of it ; and we know from sufficient authority, that the pile was built by John, Earl of Cornwall, at the time Richard, the lion-hearted, was in Palestine, amusing himself with killing Saracens, and, if the romancer of those days speak truth, with eating them into the bargain. The story, though often told both in prose and verse, is so good in its way, that we will venture to “scale it a little more.” It seems that the doughty king, upon nearly recovering from a severe fit of illness in Palestine, conceived a great longing for pork, but this was a difficult meat to come by, in a land where swine were held in special abhorrence. The royal cooks were sorely dismayed in consequence, as well knowing that their master was not likely to admit of any such excuse ; what he commanded must be done, possible or impossible, and woe betide the unlucky varlet, who should plead so poor a thing as reason in opposition to his wishes—“if he did, he might die.” In this dilemma, a crafty old Knight advised the head-cook to

“Take a Saracen young and fat,
In haste let the thief be slain,
Opened, and his skin off flayn ;
And sodden full hastily
With powder and with spicery,
And with saffron of good colour.”

So said, so done. This delicate dish, made exactly after the Knight’s recipe, was placed before Richard, who found it so much to his taste, and ate so greedily of it, that the carver could not keep pace with him, gnawing the bones in a way that did more credit to his appetite than his manners. Therefore the Knight’s plan had succeeded admirably ; but the next day, after a hard fight with the paynim, the king took a fancy

for tasting the head of that same pig, whose flesh he had found so relishing.

“ Quod (said) the cook, that head I ne have.
Then said the king, so God me save,
But (unless) I see the head of that swine,
Forsooth thou shalt lesen thine.”

Finding there was no help for it, the terrified cook produced the Saracen's head, and falling upon his knees, made a piteous cry—

“ Lo, here the head ! my lord, mercy ! ”

Instead of being wrath at the cheat put upon him, Richard incontinently burst into a fit of laughter, and roundly swore there was no fear of starving when Saracen flesh had so much savour in it, and the bones afforded such sweet picking. From the moment he seems to have made up his mind to eat his way, as well as fight it, up to the walls of Jerusalem. Craving the reader's pardon for this little digression, we return to the point from which we started.

Tregony Castle was situated at the lower end of the town of Tregony, a little below the hospital, and we learn from ancient records that it still existed in the reign of Edward the Sixth. The manor belonged at a very early period to the Pomeroy's, and upon the extinction of their male line in the time of Elizabeth, it passed with its heiress to the Penkevils, by the same sort of change that we have seen in so many other instances. During the reign of Charles the First it again fell into a new line, being purchased by Hugh Boscowen, ancestor of the Right Hon. Lord Falmouth, who is the present possessor.

We now pass into SOMERSETSHIRE, where, it being necessary to confine ourselves to one or two objects amidst so many worthy of notice, we select MONTACUTE HOUSE, or rather take it as being the first that presents itself to memory. This estate has for several centuries belonged to the Phelps, who, like so many others of our old families, came over with William the Conqueror, and obtained large grants of land from that able soldier but unprincipled politician, for the assistance they afforded him in subjugating the country. The original settlement of the Phelps's was in Wales, but in the fourteenth century they migrated into Somersetshire, when they lived for many years at Barrington. The hall itself, which is built entirely of a brown stone found on the estate, was commenced in 1550, and as building did not proceed in those days with the steam-like rapidity that characterises modern times, it was not

completed until 1601 ; but its substantialness when done, and the richness of the ornaments, made it a splendid specimen of Elizabethan architecture. Its outlines present the form of the Roman letter E, in compliment no doubt to Elizabeth, for Sir Edward Phelips, by whom it was raised, had the good fortune to be a Queen's serjeant, a position which of course did not diminish his loyalty to his maiden mistress. The eastern or principal front of this immense pile is one hundred and seventy feet long, the wings are twenty-eight feet in width, and the whole is as rich as human art could make it, with mullions, battlements, and all the multiplied creations of the Gothic fancy, or rather of the eastern, for there can, we suspect, be little doubt now-a-days of the Persian origin of the so-called Gothic architecture. But if the Serjeant loved shew, he also exercised hospitality upon a scale of no less magnificence, and various inscriptions in different parts of the building give ample testimony to this feeling. Over the principal door we read,

“ Through this wide-opening gate
None come too early, none return too late.”

Over the north porch the weary traveller is met by this pithy and significant invitation—

“ And yours, my friend.”

And on one of the lodges he will find himself greeted by an old saw, no less expressive of the owner's hospitable spirit—

“ Welcome the coming,
Speed the parting guest.”

The ancient manor of ALFOXTON, also in Somersetshire, need not detain us long. It would be a waste of time to detail the many owners who possessed it in succession up to the reign of Henry the Fifth, when it was sold to Richard Popham of Porlock. His grand-daughter, Joan, was twice married, and having a son by either husband, the fortunate widow—for she survived them both—gave a rare instance of maternal prudence and affection in dividing her property between the sons of her two marriages, and thus preventing all disputes. Alfoxton she bequeathed to the offspring of her second nuptials, and it is now possessed by her lineal descendant, LANGLEY ST. ALBYN, Esq.

Three places in NORTHAMPTONSHIRE next demand our attention—
ROCKINGHAM CASTLE, BURGHLEY HOUSE, and DELAPRE.

In the time of the Conqueror, Rockingham Castle, according to Domesday Book, was a mere waste ; in the reign of Edward the First it

had become a forest thirty miles long and eight miles broad ; in the present day it is one of the noblest woodlands of the kingdom, and comprises about eleven thousand acres. The Castle itself was built by William the First, and continued to be a frequent place of residence with our early kings, probably from the security of its position, for it stands in the forest upon the top of a hill, the declivity of which is occupied by the town. Originally it had a large and strong keep with double embattled walls and numerous towers, though even when Leland described them they were rapidly falling into decay. During the civil wars, the Castle was garrisoned for the King against the Parliamentarians, but like its defenders, suffered not a little in the royal service. There, too, it was that William Rufus held council with all the Bishops and Abbots of England, how to end the misunderstanding between himself and Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury ; and many other historical recollections belong to this interesting edifice. After having long served for the abode of kings, it devolved to the Earls of Albemarle, with whom it remained till the time of Henry the Eighth, when it became, and has since continued to be, the principal seat of the Watsons. In 1644, this last-named family was ennobled in the person of Sir Lewis Watson, who was made Baron Rockingham, of Rockingham Castle, for services rendered to Charles during the great civil war. In the reign of George the First, the Watsons advanced yet another step in the British peerage, the representative of the house in that day being created Viscount Sondes and Earl of Rockingham.

BURGHLEY HOUSE is about a mile from Stamford. It was built by the celebrated Lord Burleigh, on the site of a minster called Burghe, and is a brilliant specimen of the Elizabethan style of architecture, in which the general plan was after the Gothic school as it prevailed in the reign of Henry the Eighth, while the ornamental parts were borrowed from Italy, according to a taste which had then newly arisen. So far as magnitude in the whole mass, and a profuse minuteness in the decorations can make any place worthy of notice, Burghley House in the highest degree deserves attention. The principal front, which looks to the north, is nearly two hundred feet in extent ; at each corner are turrets surmounted by octangular cupolas, and terminated by vanes ; a parapet goes round the whole building in a series of open work, consisting of arches supported by balustrades with obelisks, interspersed with the armorial ensigns of the family ; and the ascent to the porch, which opens to the hall, is by nine semicircular steps. The court measures one hundred and ten feet by seventy feet, crossed by paved walks, that divide it into four

grass-plats. To the genuine antiquary, however, the most interesting parts are the glimpses of the old minster, which shew themselves in divers fragments in the hall, chapel, and kitchen, upon the eastern side of the edifice.

DELAPRE ABBEY, the last of our Northamptonshire triad, was in its origin a house of Cluniac nuns, called the Abbey de Pratis, or, De la Pre, and was founded by an Earl of Northampton in the reign of King Stephen. At the dissolution, the last Abbess, who had governed her flock for thirty years, found interest enough to obtain a royal charter for the continuance of her convent. But the old lady seems to have got a hint from some friend at court, that although she had thus the favour granted to her, yet as the mob orator said to his friends in Coriolanus, “it was a power she had no power to do,” accordingly she resigned her trust into the hands of Dr. Landon, the royal commissioner, greatly to the satisfaction of Henry, who grasping at the prize, pronounced the abbess to be “a gudde agyd woman,” and her house to be “in a gudde state.” What was of more importance he rewarded this prudent subservice to his wishes, by bestowing upon her a pension of forty pounds per annum.

In the thirty-fourth year of his reign, Henry resigned the spoil he had thus obtained, and granted the site of the monastery, with certain demesne lands, to John Mershe. In the reign of Elizabeth we find this property held by the Tates, from whom it passed by marriage to the family of Clarke of Hardingstone; and afterwards it came to the Bouveries, in which family it still remains.

The course of our narrative—or, we should rather say the caprice of fancy—now leads us to the county of DURHAM, of which RABY CASTLE forms so important a feature. Some parts of this edifice manifestly belong to the Anglo-Saxon times, but the chief portion was built by John de Neville, 1379, he having obtained a license for that purpose from the then Bishop of Durham. It occupies a rising ground, its foundation being upon a rock, and is surrounded by an embattled wall, which contains within its circumference about two acres. There is an entrance on the north through a gateway defended by two square towers; a second on the west, the arch of which is groined, and has a gate with portcullis at each end; and a third has been made in a more modern style, leading to the hall. At irregular intervals are strong bulwarks, which have been named, after their respective founders, the Clifford and Bulmer towers. The kitchen, from its ample size and curious arrangements, shews that the stout barons took no less heed to their stomachs than to their defences, and had as much relish for the good things of life as any modern

citizen. It is thirty feet square, and besides having five windows is lighted from the centre of the arched roof, while a gallery runs round the whole interior. Three chimneys serve for vents to as many furnaces, and the meats prepared upon this enormous scale were conveyed to the banqueting room by narrow passages cut out in the massive walls. The grounds correspond in extent and beauty with the fine old castle, the whole being worthy of the powerful Nevilles, to whom it belonged, till forfeited by Charles, the last Earl, for joining the northern rebellion against Elizabeth. Her successor, King James, consigned the estate to certain London citizens for sale, and from them it was bought by Sir Henry Vane, whose descendant in the reign of George the Second was created Viscount Barnard and Earl of Darlington by letters patent. In his Lordship's representative HENRY, DUKE OF CLEVELAND, K.G., Raby Castle now vests.

LUMLEY CASTLE, though with fewer historical recollections cleaving to it, is yet too picturesque, from its situation, not to arrest the attention of the passing traveller. Towards the east it hangs on the brow of a hill, overlooking a deep, well wooded valley, and being separated from the sheer descent only by a curtain between the castle walls and the edge of the precipice, below which runs the little river Beck, on its way to the Wear. Above this defence the edifice rises to the height of three stories, having mullioned windows strongly barred with iron. The centre is here formed by a stately entrance tower, with machicolated gallery, flanked by turrets. But indeed the whole of this front has undergone little, if any, alteration from the time when it was first raised in Edward the First's reign, by Sir Robert Lumley, or perhaps when it was enlarged by his son, Sir Marmaduke. On the west side, at the base of the eminence, flows the Wear, and continues its course towards the south, where the front presents a more modern aspect. There also—on the west, that is—the principal gateway is seen, the entrance to which is by a double flight of steps, leading to a platform that fills the entire space between the towers. The prospect from this side is eminently beautiful. It is now the seat of John Lumley Savile, Earl of Scarborough.

The pleasure which the traveller derives from our next county, STAFFORDSHIRE, will arise less from these remains so delightful to the antiquarian, than from modern elegance and modern associations. With all our love for the olden times, we are not so bigotted as to suppose that genius or desert are like the shield of Martin Scriblerus, that degenerated into a mere pot-lid, when the ancient ærugo was scoured off it, but can pause with as much pleasure before the walls of TRENTHAM HALL, however modern, as before some grey-headed castle, that dates from the time of

the Conqueror. As a building, it borrows nothing from the times gone by, having been erected little more than a century, and even since then it has undergone considerable changes and improvements by the first Marquess of Stafford, from designs by Holland. The estate takes its name from the beautiful river, which winds through the park, and has so often been celebrated both in song and story.

It is not often that the old ruin and the more recent mansion remain, like the great grandfather of some family and his infant descendant in the third degree, to mark the contrast between the past and present. Generally speaking the new building occupies the complete site of the old one that has been swept away, or at best it retains a few fragments mixed up—awkwardly enough—with its modern lightness. ALTON ABBEY is one of the exceptions to this remark. The ruins of the castle still remain standing upon an almost perpendicular rock, the walls being of prodigious thickness and extent. At the foot of this precipice, in a lovely valley, flows the little river Churnet, and adds not a little to the beauty of the scene as it winds its quiet way through the green herbage. The precise time when the castle was first built can no longer be ascertained, but it is supposed to have been soon after the Conquest, the presumed date of so many similar erections. In succession it has belonged to the Verdons, the Furnivals, and to the illustrious Sir John Talbot, the victor in forty battles, and who was most worthily created Earl of Shrewsbury. His death too was as glorious as his life, for he was killed by a cannon ball at Chastillon sur Dordon, in 1453. And what better end could a soldier wish for? surely to live into a drivelling dotage, like the great Marlborough, or even to pass away by lingering disease, going out like the snuff of a wasted candle, is a sorry catastrophe for a hero; the very bathos of life's tragedy, when its previous scenes have possessed the noblest and deepest interest.

The modern mansion, which has inherited the ancient name, is a splendid building though somewhat irregular in form, and is placed amidst grounds of considerable extent and beauty in themselves, rendered yet more interesting by the surrounding landscape. In architectural beauty, and grandeur of design, Alton Towers is a worthy memorial of the taste and princely munificence of the present Earl of Shrewsbury, the lineal descendant and representative of the renowned Talbot.

KENT has been called, and with much reason, the garden of England; but this applies only to its picturesque hop-grounds, its fertile corn-fields, and its abundant orchards, for in comparison with some other counties it can hardly be termed the garden of antiquaries. Of the dry antiquarian fruit it produces, we have culled three specimens, KNOLE PARK, LEEDS

CASTLE, and MEREWORTH, each of them in a greater or less degree deserving notice.

KNOLE itself stands in a beautiful park, a short distance from Seven Oaks, and from the time of the Conquest, has been set down among the remarkable places of England, partly from its natural beauties, but still more from the associations belonging to it. After having been possessed by many illustrious families in succession, it was purchased by Thomas Bourchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, who rebuilt the house, enclosed the park, and at his death in 1486, left it to his late see for ever—for ever! a phrase that is constantly recurring in testament after testament, as if it were possible for a few mouldering bones to dictate from the grave an eternal pathway to the feet that are trampling on them. Surely the little real influence that any individual exercises even in life, upon the great mass, might convince men how small a chance they stand of ruling the world when they are dead. And so it turned out in the present instance. By the time Cranmer had succeeded to the Archbishopsrick, the face of things had altered greatly for the worse as regarded the interests of the Church. Henry the Eighth had discovered that it would be very convenient to get possession of the Church-property, in the pursuit of which laudable and honest scheme he raised such a storm about the ears of the priests, that Cranmer, prudent man as he was, deemed it best to do as the seaman does when in the tempest he flings a part of his cargo overboard that he may save the remainder. In this wise mood he resigned Knole to the crown, in whose possession it remained till Edward the Sixth granted it to John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, afterwards created Duke of Northumberland. Every one must recollect how this unfortunate nobleman supported the claims of Lady Jane Grey to the throne in opposition to queen Mary, and being defeated, lost both estate and life. It thus, upon his attainture, devolved to the Queen, who gave it to Cardinal Pole, but when the latter died it once more reverted to the crown. Elizabeth having succeeded to the throne, made a grant of this estate to Sir Robert Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester, in which character, with little to recommend him, he has obtained a conspicuous place in English history. In a few years, however, he rendered it up to her again, whereupon she gave it to Thomas Sackville, Esq., who was subsequently created Earl of Dorset. In all probability he owed this especial grace to his having intermarried with the Boleyns, and thus becoming related to the royal family, though for the most part the maiden Queen was no great friend to the matrimonial ceremony amongst her courtiers; she seemed in general to look upon it as sort of treason committed against her

sovereign beauty, and if the law provided no sufficient punishment for the offence, she was often well disposed to supply such deficiency by an ample exercise of the royal prerogative.

Many detached fragments of the olden times may be found in this mansion, illustrative of the manners and habits of our forefathers. In the chimney of the great hall is a very curious pair of ancient dogs, a rude sort of grate made of two cross bars of irons, such as even now may be seen in some very old farm-houses, except that in this case the dogs are remarkable for their elaborate workmanship. In the same part of the building a dais, or raised floor, for the host and his superior guests, is still to be seen, as also the long tables originally constructed for the game of shuffleboard. The windows, too, of this hall, yet retain their old stained glass, adding not a little to what we may perhaps be allowed to call the cheerful gloom of antiquity. The epithet does indeed seem to imply a contradiction; but, as ancient Pistol says of the word *accommodate*, “it is an exceeding good phrase,” and will serve to convey our meaning, better perhaps than a phrase of more scrupulous correctness.

Knole at present belongs to Mary, Countess Amherst, eldest daughter and co-heiress of the third Duke of Dorset.

LEEDS CASTLE is a place, in some respects, of yet deeper interest. It is about five miles from Maidstone, and is bounded by a moat covering nearly three acres of ground, while within its walls is as much more. As opposed to the military skill of the feudal age it must have been well nigh impregnable. Three causeways afford a narrow and defensible access from the north, south-west, and south-east, leading to the outworks of a gateway, which, judging from what remains, was fortified with unusual skill. These outworks were most probably erected by Edward the First, and contain within their round the castle-mill. So late only as 1822 there existed two square towers on the right of the base court, the northernmost of which had at one time a communication with the moat, protected by a portcullis, but in that year they were pulled down. The whole fabric, as it now stands, shews clearly enough by its various styles that it has been the work of different ages, even if we did not know that such were the fact, both from chronicle and tradition. The original castle was raised by Robert de Crevequer, who obtained the manor from William Rufus; but after the usual fashion of those turbulent times it was ere long forfeited and granted away, in what, from its frequent recurrence, may be called the regular order of things. Edward the First, who was an able soldier, soon perceived the strength of the fortress, and grew so jealous of it, that the possessor, William de Leyborne, considered it advisable to surrender

his stronghold to the crown before it was taken from him, and perhaps with worse consequences. By Edward the Second, this valuable possession was again alienated from the crown, he having given it to his favourite, Lord Badlesmere, who repaid this and other benefits by joining the Earl of Lancaster in his attempt to put down Piers Gaveston. If anything could have rendered rebellion yet more odious in the King's eyes it would have been such an object, for, as was earnestly understood, he valued this new favourite more perhaps than the crown itself. But other grounds of provocation were not long wanting, and these were afforded by Lady Badlesmere, who seems to have been filled with the same disloyal spirit as her husband. While the latter was absent with the other barons engaged against Hugh de Spenser, it so chanced that Queen Isabel coming that way demanded hospitality at Leeds Castle for the night. The demand was not only refused, but several of the royal servants were killed in the attempt to force an entrance. Enraged at this affront offered to his consort, and reflectively to himself, Edward besieged the castle, and gaining possession of it after a severe struggle, he hanged the castellan, and committed Lady Badlesmere with her family to the Tower. The next year Lord Badlesmere shared the same fate as his castellan, but with some improvements, for after being hanged at Blean, near Canterbury, his head was cut off and fixed upon Burgate in that city.

The castle, which had sustained much damage from the siege, was repaired and considerably improved by William de Wykeham, who was constituted by Edward the Third, chief warden and surveyor, with full powers for that purpose. In the reign of Henry the Fifth, the castle attained yet greater notoriety from being the place where that monarch imprisoned his mother-in-law, Joan of Navarre, for her traitorous attempt against his life. There, too, the Duchess of Gloucester underwent her trial for sorcery and witchcraft. At a later period Edward the Sixth granted the fee simple of it to Sir Anthony St. Leger, and then after having in the usual way with such mansions, passed it from one family to another, it came at length, as a bequest from his uncle, Robert Lord Fairfax, to the Rev. Denny Martin, D.D. and is now possessed by CHARLES WYKEHAM MARTIN, Esq., M.P.

The oldest part of the castle, as it appears at present, is the cellars, erected probably in the time of Henry the Third. At one period there was a Norman entrance to them, formed by a plain semicircular work of Caen stone, but which was covered up in 1822, when the southernmost of the two great divisions of the castle was pulled down and rebuilt. A draw-bridge originally supplied the means of communication between the old castle

and this part of the building; but it was long ago replaced by timbers fixed and floored, which at the time of the alterations just mentioned, were in their turn taken away, and a stone bridge of two arches substituted in their place. Some parts of the building date unquestionably from the reign of Edward the First, others from that of Edward the Third, and a very great portion was built by Sir H. Guldeford, in the reign of Henry the Eighth. Since 1822, many alterations have been made, which must be considered as allowable improvements, the old building having so materially lost its distinctive character that the changes have been rather wrought upon a modern than an ancient fabric. After all its mutations the whole presents an appearance which may be fairly styled both noble and imposing.

The last place that need detain us in Kent is MEREWORTH CASTLE, about seven miles from Maidstone, an elegant mansion erected by the seventh Earl of Westmoreland. It stands upon a gentle eminence, occupying the site of an ancient castle, which had belonged to the Lords Abergavenny. In the ground below, a little stream winds its course to join the Medway, amidst slopes and undulations that are highly cultivated on all sides.

At an early period Mereworth gave name to the family possessing it, for in Edward the Third's reign, we find mention made of John de Mereworth, sheriff of Kent, and it remained in his line for two centuries, when it fell to Malmaines, Bohuns, and Bambres, who raised a new castle. From the Earls of Arundel the estate passed to the Lords Abergavenny and Despencer, and afterwards devolved with the title of Despencer to the first Earl of Westmorland. Upon the death of the seventh Earl in 1762 without issue, he was succeeded by his nephew, Sir Francis Dashwood, Bart., both in the estate and title of Despencer, which are now the inheritance of the Right Hon. BARONESS LE DESPENCER.

It is seldom that the antiquarian traveller allows his course to be arrested by modern buildings, any more than the epicure would pause in a well-filled wine-cellar upon a pipe of new wine, when so many others of older vintage were demanding his attention. But SHOTOVER HOUSE, in OXFORDSHIRE, the handsome residence of G. V. Drury, Esq., (the representative of the famous and historic family of Drury) has too many recollections attached to the site for it to be passed over without mention. It is not so very long ago that Shotover was the residence of Mickle, the elegant translator of the *Lusiad*, and the neighbourhood can hardly be regarded with indifference when we know that it was a favourite haunt with Milton.

About two miles from Banbury, and also in Oxfordshire, we come upon BROUGHTON CASTLE, which in its wholeness, affords a striking example of the almost regal magnificence of the feudal barons. An old tower forms the entrance to the court, and the outer gate is still perfect, but there are no traces of the portcullis. There would appear also from the remaining staples to have been two other gates. The most ancient part of the building is the eastern side, at the south-east angle of which is a small tower with loopholes for the discharge of arrows. The hall is of large dimensions, the passages are curiously arched, and the present dining-room has likewise a roof of arched stone. Beyond is a staircase of the same material, leading to what was once the chapel, with very ancient arms upon the window, but it is now used for a dressing-room. The eastern-side is supposed to have been built by the Broughtons, in the reign of one of the early Edwards; the north front was erected by the Fiennes' in the year 1544. A broad and deep moat, which is crossed by a stone bridge of two arches, surrounds the whole.

The manor of Broughton formerly belonged to the family of that name. It then became the property of the Wykehams, from whom it passed to Sir William Fiennes, Lord Saye and Sele, upon his marriage with Margaret, the daughter and heiress of Sir William Wykeham, and is now possessed by the Right Hon. Frederick Twisleton Wykeham Fiennes, thirteenth Lord Saye and Sele.

A short step in our present mode of travelling will bring us to HELMINGHAM HALL, in SUFFOLK, the splendid seat of John Tollemache, Esq., M.P. The building, which is wholly of brick, bears undeniable marks of belonging to the time of Henry the Eighth, when the embattled mansion had succeeded to the baronial castle. It is a quadrangle with a terrace and moat surrounding it, and stands in the midst of a park of about four hundred acres in extent, well stocked with deer, many of them remarkable for their size, and abounding with noble oaks which have long been celebrated as the finest in the county. To the credit of its successive owners, very few innovations have been made upon the old mansion; by an annual stretch of forbearance, or by a kindly regard for other times, it has been allowed to retain the greater part of its ancient characteristics—its large bay windows, its embattled parapets, its gables terminated with richly wrought finials, and its chimneys ornamented with reticulated and indented mouldings. Once indeed some unlucky friend of improvement, who was no doubt shocked at the appearance of vulgar brick, covered the building with composition in order to make it look like stone; but this sin against good taste was afterwards removed by the better judgment of

one of his successors. Things were once again restored to their pristine state, and we are told that even now the draw-bridges on the east and south fronts continue to be raised every night as they used to be in the olden time. Much care has been taken to attract the wild fowls to the place so peculiarly fitted to their habits, and, as they are never disturbed, the moat as well as a small lake in the park is always crowded with them.

From its earliest erection this Hall belonged to the Tollemaches, who long before the Norman Conquest possessed lands at Bentley in the same county, where, till very lately, this inscription might be seen in the old manor-house :—

“When William the Conqueror reign'd with great fame,
Bentley was my seat, and Tollemache was my name.”

Right pious folks too were these gallant Tollemaches, and so held when such a repute was not to be got by prayers and fastings alone, but must be purchased by devout largesses of land and gold to the church, which, it must be confessed, for the most part turned the popular bounty to excellent uses. Many a fair acre of glebe and pasture did the Tollemaches bestow on convent and monastery, whose inmates in requital prayed for their benefactors and fed the poor from their superabundance, till that royal plunderer, Henry the Eighth, appropriated to himself, with as little law as reason, all the church property in the kingdom. The family, however, had the less reason to complain of this royal intermission with their charities, as they themselves must soon afterwards have embraced the new faith, for we find Sir Lionel, the then head of the house, in high favour with Elizabeth, who was not likely to have shewn any particular grace to a Catholic. On one occasion, in 1651, the maiden Queen honoured him with a visit for five days, during which time she stood godmother to his son, and gave his mother a lute, still preserved as an heir-loom among the family reliques and curiosities. A descendant of this fortunate gentleman married the heiress of the first Earl of Dysart, a title derived from the royal borough of that name in Fifeshire. Upon the decease of the last Earl without a child, the title devolved upon his sister, Lady Louisa Manners, the widow of John, eldest son of Lord William Manners, who in process of time was created Lord Huntingtower.

In the same county we should notice, although it must be briefly, the fine old seat of FLIXTON HALL, a handsome building erected in 1615, from a design by Sir Inigo Jones. It is now the property of Sir Robert Shafto Adair, Bart., having been purchased from the Wyburn family by William Adair, Esq.

In Lancashire we shall name only TRAFFORD HALL, or, as it is sometimes called, Trafford House, which stands in the park of the same name, watered by the Irwell. The original building has for the most part disappeared; what still remains of it, composed of brick gables, is attached to the modern mansion, a handsome structure of free-stone, with a semi-circular front divided by columns. It is the residence of the Traffords, the descendants of the ancient Lords of Breton and Stretford.

SULHAM, in Berkshire, deserves perhaps more notice than the necessary conciseness of this hasty survey will permit us to bestow upon any place that is not particularly remarkable from its connection with the olden time. It lies six miles from Reading, between the Bath and Wallingford roads. At a very early period it was in the family of St. Philibert, from whom it passed to the Carews, next to their representatives, the Iwarbys and St. Johns, and finally to the family of the Wilders, who are its present owners.

BELHUS PARK, in ESSEX, is a noble estate, nearly three miles in circumference, lying in a valley. It belongs to the parish of Aveley, and abounds in fine old oaks as well as many other forest trees, the beauty of the landscape being greatly heightened by a magnificent sheet of water. These grounds were first enclosed by Edward Barrett, who was knighted by James the First, and obtained a charter of free warren for his manor, a valuable privilege in those days, as it gave him a right to exclude any one from entering in pursuit of game, whatever might be his rank. In remote times the manor belonged to Sir Thomas Belhus, Knt., but partly by marriage, and partly by purchase, it came into the possession of the Barretts. The mansion was rebuilt at an early part of Henry the Eighth's reign by John Barrett, an eminent civilian, but was afterwards greatly improved by Thomas Barrett Lennard, Lord Dacre, who carefully preserved the original Tudor style of architecture in his alterations; and this is the building which we see in the present day.

Inclination would carry us to the lovely land of Hereford, rich in antiquities and historic families, but space deters us from entering on so prolific a field—Hampton Court, Wigmore, Erdisley, Bodenham, Treago, Goodrich Castle, all rise on our memory. Many goodly mansions, too, of modern erection, ornament this celebrated county; one in exquisite taste has just been finished, PUDLESTON COURT, near Leominster, the seat of Elias Chadwick, Esq., late of Swinton Hall, Lancashire.

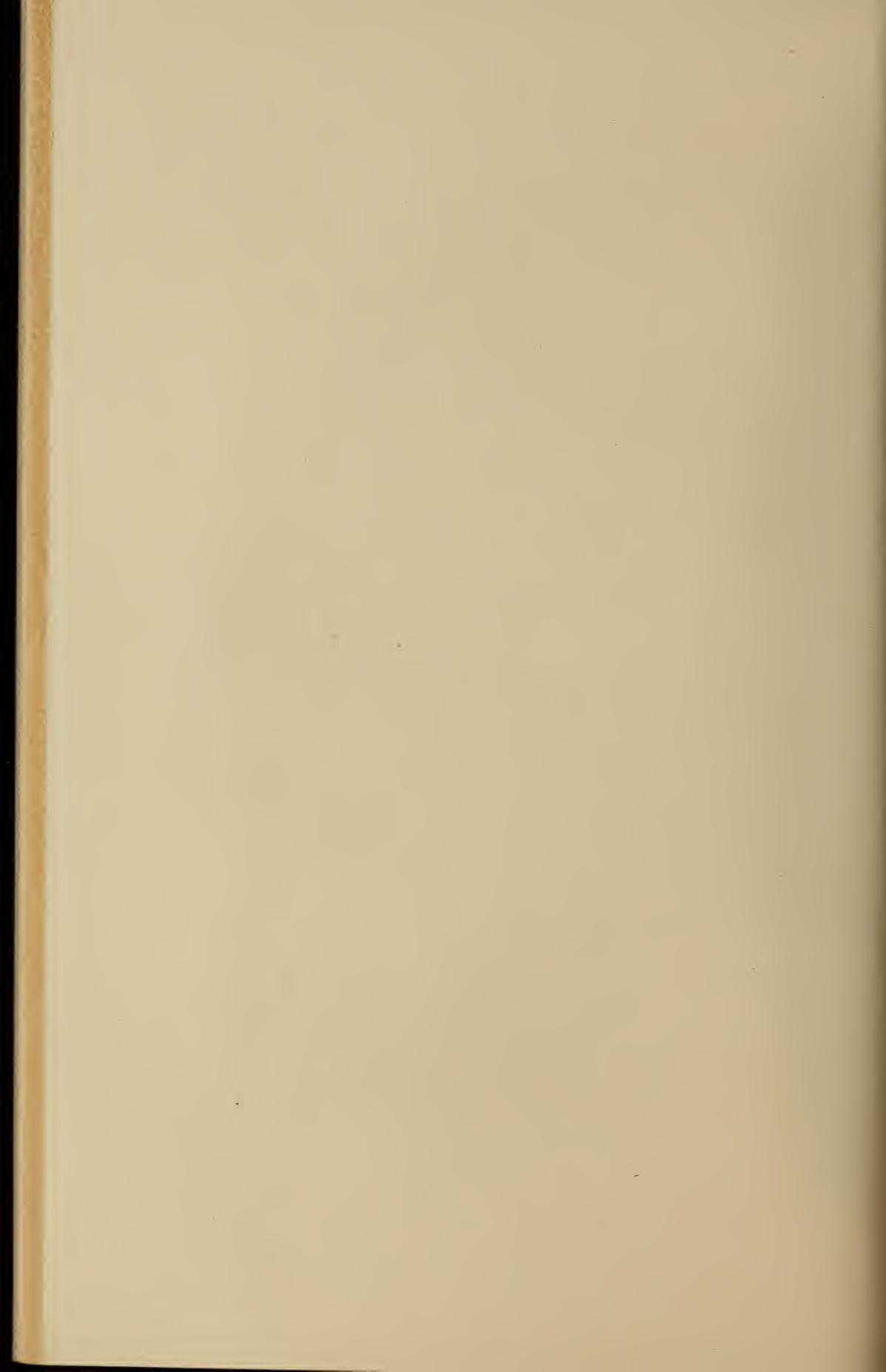
The VINE, in HAMPSHIRE, about three miles from Basingstoke, is described by Leland, in his quaint language, as being one of the principal houses in goodly building of all Hampshire. It originally belonged to



PUDLESTON COURT,

C^o HEREFORD.

The Seat of Elias Chadwick, Esq^r



the family of the Sandys', who were first ennobled in the time of Henry the Eighth. From them it descended in 1754 to JOHN CHUTE, Esq., the friend of Gray and Walpole, and it is now the property of William L. W. Chute, Esq., of Norfolk. The mansion was erected, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, by Lord Sandys, though it has since lost much of its Gothic character by various alterations, which, however, have added to its convenience as a dwelling-house. It stands in a soil of deep clay, abounding in wood, which extends northward over the boundary line of Berkshire, and if approached from Basingstoke, the traveller cannot fail to be surprised at the sudden change from the open chalky downs to the miry vale below.

The transition from Hampshire to Surrey would scarcely offend the nicest sticklers for the dramatic unities; the traveller may be in the one county before he has any notion that he has got out of the other; and when here the first thing to attract his attention will be CLAREMONT PARK, to which recent events have lent so painful an interest. The history of this place is shortly told. Sir John Vanbrugh, the architect of Blenheim, bought some land here, upon which he built a low brick house for his own residence, choosing for its site precisely such a spot as would have been selected by his Dutch ancestors, so notorious for planting their houses amidst dykes and marshes. Avoiding with the greatest care any of the near rising grounds, that would have tempted ordinary men, he pitched his tent upon a low flat area, whence it was impossible to get the slightest prospect. He soon however grew tired of his own work, which will probably to most people seem less strange than that he should have found a purchaser for so uninviting a retreat; yet so it was; Thomas Holles Pelham, then Earl of Clare, and who in 1715 was advanced to the dignity of Duke of Newcastle, took the estate off his hands. But the new owner had a singular passion for improving, and like the famous *Capability* Brown, as he was called, would seem to have been never so happy as when by the magic of his own taste he was creating beauty from deformity. Setting to work with a good-will and courage that may be almost termed chivalrous, considering the very unpromising materials he had to deal with, he soon effected such changes as must have made the place scarcely recognizable by the dull spirit that had first planned it. The low brick house was built into a mansion, the grounds were extended by further purchases, and a large portion of the adjoining heath was enclosed and added to the estate. As time had left no fragments, no ruined castle nor mouldering abbey, the noble owner drew upon his own fancy and the modern trowel to supply the defect; on a mount in the

park he erected a building to resemble a castle, and as a castle would obviously be nothing without a name, he reversed the usual order of things, by which men take their titles from their estates, and christened the new fabric after himself, CLARE—mont. Upon his death it was bought by the celebrated Lord Clive, who found the whole affair much too small for the grand notions he had brought with him from India. It was Gulliver in Lilliput. So forthwith he called in architects and masons, bricklayers and carpenters, men with pick-axes to pull down, and men with trowels to build up, and raised such a dust in the neighbourhood as perfectly blinded the eyes and ears of the natives, who had never been used to see things upon so large a scale. But his builder was a man of some judgment; he had none of Sir John Vanbrugh's passion for flats and marshes, but on the contrary chose an excellent site for the new fabric, commanding as good a prospect as the country afforded. The liberality of the employer kept pace with the fancies of the architect; even the grounds were remodelled; and upon the whole, it is said that upwards of a hundred thousand pounds were expended in bringing these comprehensive labours to a conclusion. When Lord Clive died, the property was bought by Lord Galway, who sold it to the Earl of Tyrconnel, and he again parted with it to Charles Rose Ellis, Esq. From him it was finally bought by the government as a residence for the lamented Princess Charlotte, upon her marriage with Prince Leopold.

BAYNARDS, like the seat we have just been describing, owes whatever interest it may possess to the natural beauties of the locality, and to what, by comparison, must be called modern associations. In the reign of Henry the Sixth, the then owner of it, William Sydney, obtained a royal license for emparking it; but in after times it successively became the property of the Brays, and of Richard Evelyn the younger brother of John Evelyn, the celebrated author of the "Discourse on Forest Trees." He seems to have been deeply imbued with the fraternal taste for planting, and though the soil of his estate is a cold sour clay, it must have been well adapted to the growth of oaks, for of these he raised a multitude, and with such success, that even in his own life time they contained, taking one with another, full three quarters of a load of timber in a tree. Manning, in his "History of Surry," to whom we are indebted for the leading facts of this record of Baynard, adds that "after his (Evelyn's) brother's death, they were all cut down and destroyed by the person who withheld the just possession of this estate from those to whom in honor and conscience it belonged." Since that time, however, he speaks of it as being at length disposed of, and expresses his satisfaction "at

its having fallen into the hands of the then possessor of it." For these details Manning refers to John Evelyn's letter to Mr. Aubrey, prefixed to the first volume of Aubrey's *Antiquities of Surry*; not a syllable, however, of the kind occurs in the edition of 1719, the letter mentioning Baynards indeed, but very briefly, recording little more of it than that a pond was there of sixty acres, and that the soil was addicted to oaks, which attained an enormous size within fifty years only. Still, it is possible some other edition may exist, in which this story is to be found, but we have seen none such, and the thing does not seem very likely. Upon the extinction of the male line of the Evelyns, Anne, the last of that name, married William Montague, the son of the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, from whose heirs it was purchased by the first Lord Onslow, and has since become the property of the Rev. Thomas Thurlow, nephew of Lord Chancellor Thurlow.

Close to the river Thames, about a mile from Richmond—that lovely sunny spot, so correctly named "Sheen," or "the beautiful," by our Saxon forefathers—stands HAM HOUSE, a recent construction; at least it is such when we are speaking of the olden times of England. It was built in 1610 as a residence for Henry, Prince of Wales, but underwent considerable alterations in the time of Charles the Second, when it was completely furnished by the Duke and Duchess of Lauderdale. Here, too, was born their grandson, John, Duke of Argyll, equally celebrated as a soldier and a statesman. The stranger who has never visited this seat, will easily form an idea of its internal magnificence when he is told that even the bellows and brushes in some of the rooms are made of solid silver, or of solid filagree. The gardens, from all appearance, have been little altered since they were first formed, bearing all the marks of those times when the grand object was to supersede nature by art, or to make her look as little like herself as possible. Terrace above terrace slopes down to the river, enclosed by walls that are ornamented with a series of busts, continued to the principal façade; in front is a colossal statue of Father Thames, and all the walks are distinguished by a perfect symmetry, that it must be owned is tame and monotonous. Sir Walter Scott, in an *Essay on Landscape Gardening*, has defended this artificial style with an eloquence and glow of fancy that may convince any one so long as he is under the influence of this arch-magician, who had the wonderful power of imparting his own brilliance to the least imaginative theme; but once close the book, and, the spell being broken, formal walks, fraternal clumps of trees, and alleys made to match each other, will no longer be preferred to the simple and the natural, which characterise modern gar-

dening, even though we should at times run a little wild in the pursuit of nature.

FARNHAM CASTLE, also in SURREY, occupies an eminence on the north side of Farnham, and is supposed to have been erected in 1129, by Henry de Blois, brother of King Stephen. During the rebellion of the barons against Henry the Third, it was seized by their ally the French Dauphin, and in the course of these civil broils got demolished by the royal party, but was soon rebuilt with a deep moat and donjon with the other usual appurtenances of a castellated building. In the great civil war it had the singular fate of being governed at different intervals by two poets; for religious fanaticism in those days, like the fear of invasion by republican France in our own times, made all men soldiers. Sir John Denham, having secured it for the king's party in 1642, was appointed governor of the place in requital for his good service. Then came Sir William Waller, the parliamentarian general, who blew up the defences and took the fortress, when the command of it was given by the parliament to George Withers, another poet, and of a more quaint and original genius than the royalist bard. A few years afterwards the committee of Derby House ordered it to be rendered incapable of defence, imposing upon the county the expense of demolition. The castle, in consequence, was nearly pulled to pieces, the glass, iron, lead, and timbers, that had gone to its construction, being taken by the men and officers in part payment of the arrears due to them. Next came the restoration of Charles; the Cavaliers obtained once again the ascendancy, the church resumed her rights, or what at all events she had long been taught to consider as such, and in this general return to the old state of things, Farnham Castle was given back to the see of Winchester. It was, however, in too dilapidated a condition to serve, as it then was, for an episcopal residence, and Bishop Morley, it is said, expended full eight thousand pounds upon these ruins, so that in a short time they again rose, phoenix-like, stronger and more brilliant from their ashes. A considerable fragment of the oldest part of the castle still remains, and the entrance gate-way deserves to be particularly pointed out, as retaining its ancient character. The foss has been either drained or allowed to become dry, and is planted with oaks. Internally the principal apartments underwent considerable alterations so far back as the time of Charles the Second, the contrasts between the styles of the different periods being too obvious to require any comment. The present bishop, who makes it his residence, has been at much expense in improving both the mansion and the grounds belonging to it, but, with great taste and judgment, while laying out new roads and walks

in the park, he has left untouched a noble avenue of elms nearly three quarters of a mile long, which has not only in itself an imposing effect, but has a peculiar interest as a living specimen of times gone, or link as it were between us and the past. It may indeed be questioned whether the gnarled old oak, the growth of many ages, with decay at his heart while putting forth his green leaves, is not a more vivid remembrance of those that are gone than abbey or castle ruin.

Formerly, there were two parks attached to this estate, the one called the Old, or Great Park, the other, the New, or Little Park. The first of these, containing about one thousand acres, was disforested in the reign of Charles the Second. The Little Park, consisting of about three-hundred acres, and adjoining the castle on the east side, still continues to be a woodland, which is rendered yet more picturesque by the Loddon running through it, from its well-head in the neighbouring country.

Two miles from Guildford is LOSELEY HALL, the last place that we shall mention in Surrey. It is a venerable pile, and large as it now is, bears undeniable marks of having been at one time considerably larger. In the reign of Henry the Eighth, it was purchased by Christopher More, Esq., and remained in his family till 1689, when he died, leaving no nearer kin to claim the estate than three sisters. Of these, the two eldest died unmarried, and the youngest gave her hand, and with it the property of Loseley House, to Sir Thomas Molyneux, of Sefton, in Lancashire.

It would be useless, as well as tedious, to record the various hands through which the mansion has passed since that time, or how one owner pulled down a turret, and another built up a chimney, according as whim or necessity might dictate; but we cannot help remarking upon the very great passion of the family for moral maxims, which they inscribed over window and portal, inside and outside, for the benefit of those who visited the place. Over the vestibule, for instance, now the butler's pantry, were placed three stone figures, from whose contradictory mottoes the sagacious wayfarer was no doubt expected to draw an edifying conclusion. To the left was Fortune treading upon a globe and holding a wheel, on which was written, *Fortuna omnia*; to the right was Fate, grasping a celestial sphere, with the inscription, *Non Fors, sed Fatum*; and in the middle was a figure with one foot on a wheel, and the other on a globe, pointing to the page of an open volume, wherein was written, *Non Fors, nec Fatum*. In addition to this learned conundrum,

the traveller reads over the porch the following distich, explanatory of who would, and who would not, be welcome.

“Invide, tangendi tibi limina nulla fuceltas ;
At tibi, amice, patent, janua, mensa, domus.”

Within the vestibule, above the hall-door, the same idea was repeated in a clumsy hexameter :—

“Invidiæ claudor, pateo sed semper amico.”

Over the kitchen door—a very appropriate place for such a motto—was an admonition to the visitor not to play the glutton :—

“Fami, non gulæ.”

Over the buttery was a similar caution, against excess in the matter of the wine cup :—

“Siti, non ebrietati.”

Over the parlour-door was a significant hint, that the open-sesame to the lock, was a good character :—

“Probis non pravis.”

And in the cornice of the great drawing-room, was a mulberry tree, having inscribed on one side :—

“Morus tarde moriens.”

but on the other,—

“Morum cito moriturum,”

which we need hardly say is a pun, and not a very clever one, upon the family name of More.

The estate is now possessed by James More Molyneux, Esq.

Had we time, Derbyshire would tempt our wanderings—Derbyshire, with its ancient Castles of Castleton and Codnor, with its time-honoured Halls of Haddon, Hardwick, South Winfield, Radborne, and Elvaston, and its stately edifices of Wingerworth, Willersley, Aston, Markeaton, and CALKE ABBEY. The last named stands on the site of a Convent of Austin Friars, which was granted in 1547 by King Edward VI., to John, Earl of Warwick. Subsequently, it became the seat of Roger Wensley, Esq., and eventually vested in the old and eminent family of Harpur of Swarkston, by whose representative, SIR JOHN HARPUR CREWE, Bart., Calke Abbey is now possessed.

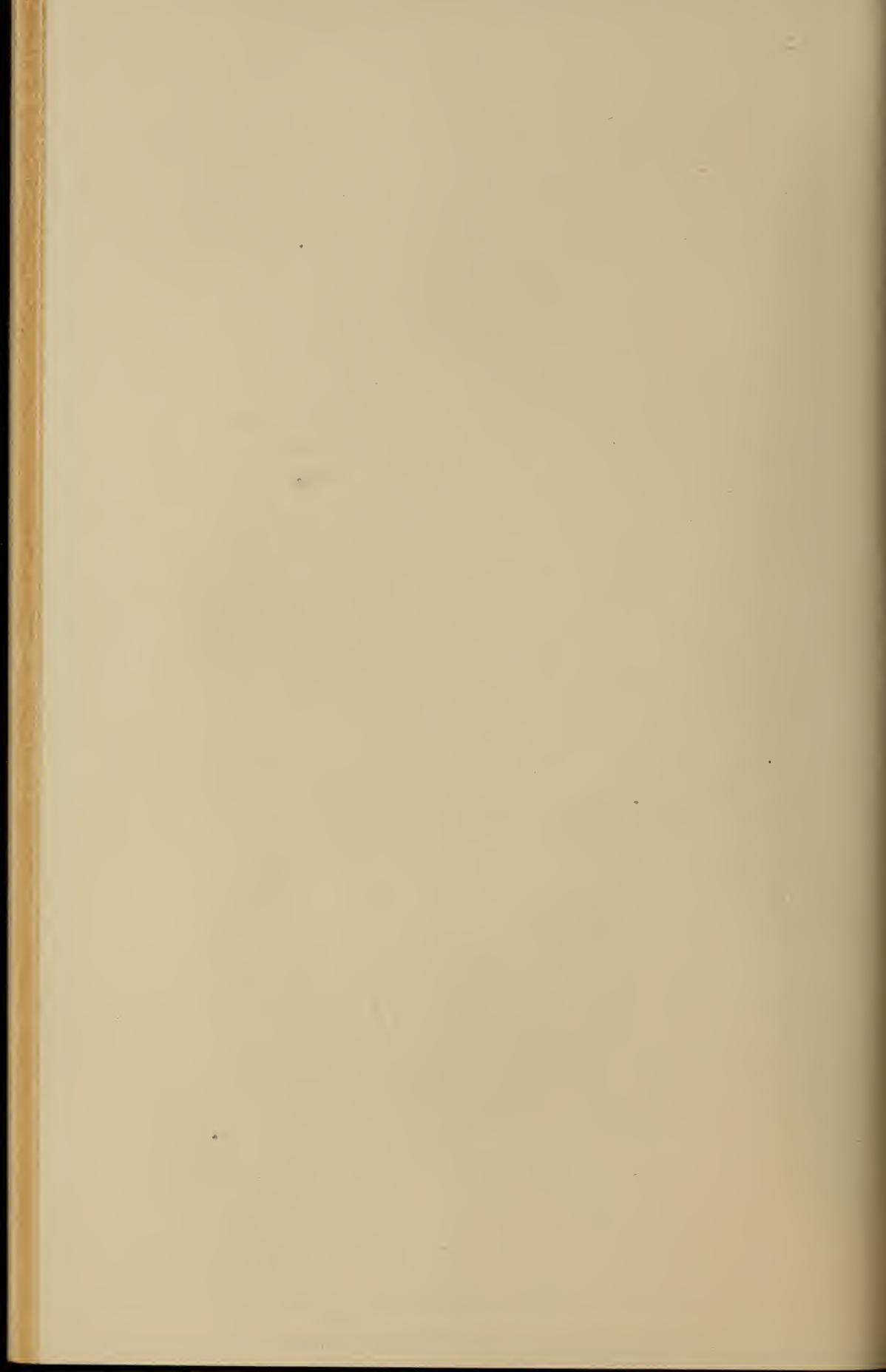
But we at length begin to find ourselves in the condition of the tra-

Stannard & Dox.

CALKE ABBEY.
C^o DERBY.

W. Gandy, lith.





veller, who has loitered so often and so long upon a pleasant road, that he is overtaken by night before he reaches his appointed limits. Nothing then is left for him but to speed over the way which remains, regardless of much, that when he first set out in the morning, he had fully expected to enjoy. In like manner we must now hurry our wanderings to an end, concluding with three seats, from as many counties : namely, STOWE, WOBURN ABBEY, and BELVOIR CASTLE.

The manor of STOWE, in Buckinghamshire, two miles and a half from the county capital, was originally possessed by the abbot and convent of Oseney. On the dissolution of the monasteries, the prudent abbot, who then presided over Stowe, managed to obtain a gift of it from Henry, and became the first bishop of Oxford. In 1590, he resigned it to the crown, when it was granted to Thomas Compton, and another person, who immediately conveyed it, no doubt for a consideration, to John Temple, Esq., of a family that originally belonged to Sheepey, in Leicestershire, and afterwards to Burton Basset, in Warwickshire. From that time, the family continued to increase in honours, rising rapidly from one step to another in the peerage, till the head of the house attained the dignity of Duke of Buckingham.

The old house, erected by Peter Temple in the time of Elizabeth, was pulled down and rebuilt by Sir Richard Temple, who died in 1697; but to this structure his son, Lord Cobham, added wings. Since then it has undergone yet further improvements, and been brought to the state of magnificence, in which we now see it, by the successive alterations of Earl Temple, who died in 1779, and the first Marquess of Buckingham. As it now stands, the centre of the front presents a line of four hundred and fifty-four feet, and with the wings included, extends to nine hundred and sixteen. The gardens occupy four hundred acres, offering at a distance the appearance of an immense grove, with towers, columns, and obelisks, glittering out from the deep mass of foliage. Nor does a nearer view of these celebrated grounds at all disappoint the expectations that may have been raised by the remoter glimpses of it. All that art could do to embellish nature, has here been done with much taste, and no regard to cost; grottoes, lakes, caverns, temples, and sculptures of all kinds, find a place in this fairy domain, which Walpole, no mean judge of such matters, describes as “ sometimes recalling Albano’s landscapes to our mind ; and oftener to our fancy, the idolatrous and luxurious vales of Daphne and Tempe.”

WOBURN ABBEY, the seat of John Russell, Duke of Bedford, belonged in early times to a monastery of the Cistercian order, the abbot of

Fountains having in 1146, persuaded Hugh de Boedec, a powerful baron, to this work of charity. So far back as 1547, the abbey, with its revenues, was granted to John, Lord Russell, by Edward the Sixth, who soon afterwards created him Earl of Bedford. In this family the estate has remained ever since, though the building has at various times undergone considerable alterations. Its present appearance may be chiefly attributed to the fifth Duke, by whom the principal front, which is of the Ionic order, and the whole of the offices, forming two noble yet plain buildings, were erected from designs by Holland.

The park is extensive, and surrounded by a wall eight feet in height, with detached pieces of water, fringed as it were, by grove and thicket. The adjoining country is characterised by many picturesque views, but to a philanthropist, the sight of the commodious farms, that meet the eye on every side, will be the most pleasing part of the landscape ; they speak directly to the heart, of the comfort and prosperity of the inmates, while testifying that the landlord is equally wise and liberal in the treatment of his tenants.

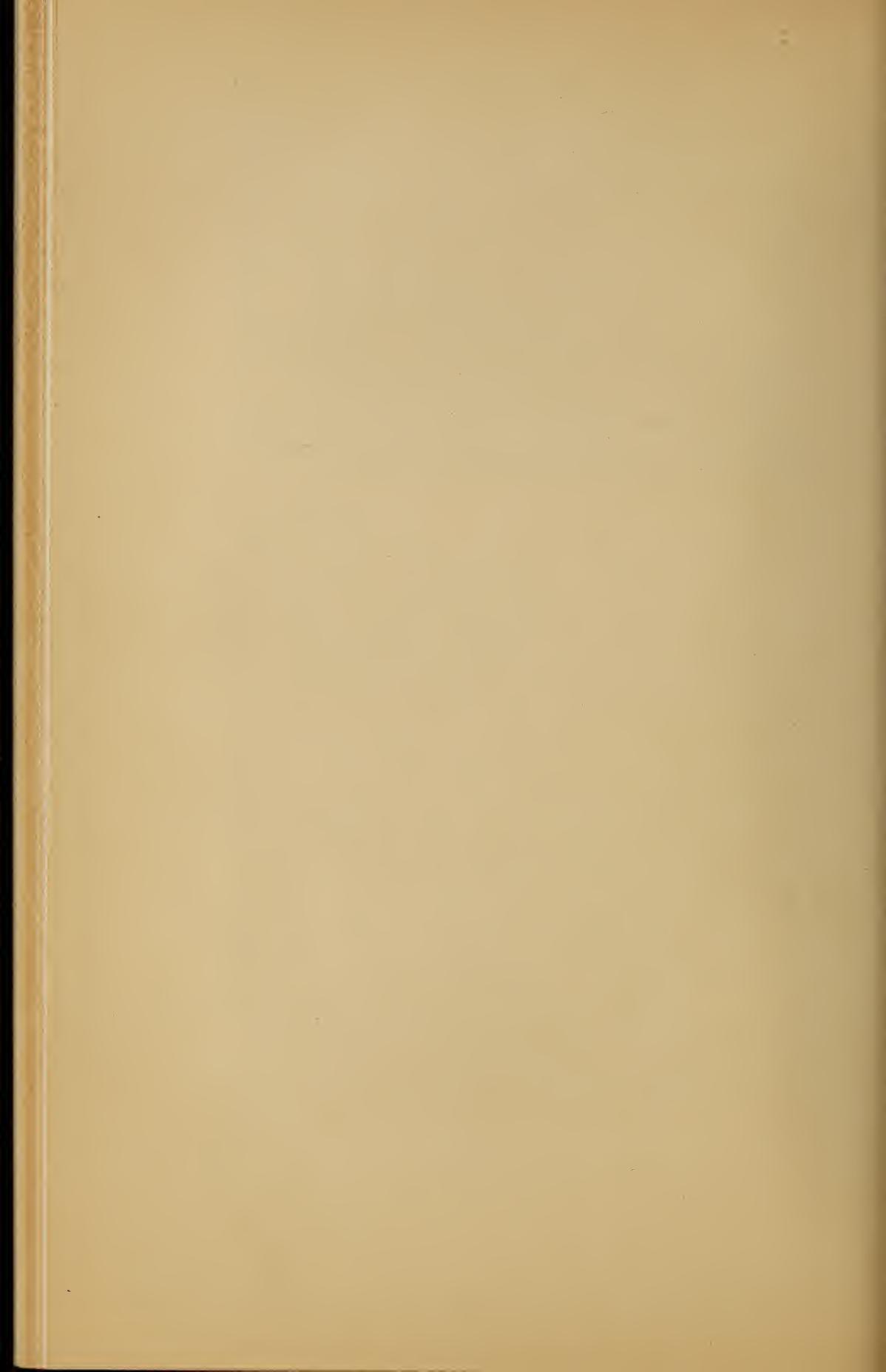
BELVOIR, in Leicestershire, the last place that we shall have to speak of, is so called from overlooking a beautiful valley at the foot of the eminence on which it stands. In part, it has great claims to antiquity, its foundations having been built by Robert de Todeni, a noble Norman, who was standard-bearer to William the Conqueror. After having continued among his descendants for many years, the Castle passed by marriage, in Henry the Third's reign, into the possession of Robert de Roos. From him again it devolved to the noble family of Manners, with whom it has remained ever since.

In the wars of the white and red roses, this building was demolished by William, Lord Hastings, and continued in ruins till rebuilt by Thomas Manners, Lord Ross, whom Henry the Eighth created the first Earl of Rutland. The great civil war between Charles and his Parliament, was scarcely less fatal to Belvoir than the earlier conflicts. Occasionally it was garrisoned by either party, and, as a natural result, from both it suffered very considerable damage. With the return of quiet times upon the restoration, it was once more repaired ; and here the first Duke of Rutland maintained the old English hospitality, for many years before his death never coming at all to London.

Various improvements have been made upon this magnificent pile by the present Duke, at an expense, it is said, of at least two hundred thousand pounds. On one occasion, his Grace entertained here the Prince Regent, when the ancient and well-nigh forgotten ceremony of

presenting the keys of Staunton Tower was revived, to do honour to the royal visitant. The custom may be thus explained. Staunton Tower is an outwork, which in troubled times was the chief defence of Belvoir, and its command was entrusted to the family of that name, by *tenure of castle-guard*, a tenure imposing upon them the duty of its defence in case of danger, or when summoned thereto by the lord of the castle. Hence, in the olden time, the tendering of the keys was an expressive act of homage, acknowledging the authority of the lord paramount ; but in modern days, losing its original import, it has ceased to be anything more than a mere holyday pageant, which, like the giants of Guildhall, excites an indefinite idea of something venerable, from the simple fact of its being out of harmony with modern observances.

So much by way of prologue or introduction ; and now, courteous reader, in the words of Henry the Eighth to Wolsey, but in a widely different spirit, “ to breakfast with what appetite you may.”





H. V. Lansdown, del.

LITTLE SODBURY MANOR HOUSE.

Standard & Diron, lith.

THE
HISTORIC LANDS OF ENGLAND.

Sodbury, co. Gloucester.

To the antiquary, the Christian, and the lover of the picturesque, Sodbury presents objects of peculiar interest.

A Roman camp of great magnitude—the Manor House where Tyndale translated the New Testament—the church in which he constantly preached—and scenery unrivalled in beauty, extent of prospect, and agricultural richness; produce associations, elsewhere rarely to be found.

There are three places contiguous bearing this name: Old Sodbury, Chipping Sodbury, the market town, and little Sodbury, in which stands the Old Manor House. Winchcombe Henry Howard Hartley, Esq., is the present Lord of the Manor, and possesses about four thousand acres in the three parishes.

Sodbury derives its name from the camp on the summit of the hill, meaning, literally, the South camp, in distinction to the camp called the Castles, at Horton, a mile northward, Bury being the saxon for camp, and Sod generally used for South. This seems to be one of the encampments that Tacitus mentions,* formed by the Proprætor, P. Ostorius, to protect this side of the Severn from the incursions of the Silures, or Welch, and the camp occupies a most commanding position. The only entrance to it is on the east, between two ditches, and two aggera, or mounds, that surround it on three sides, but on the west it has but one

* Tacitus, lib. 12, sect. 31 and 32.

ditch, and one agger, the ground there being so steep as to have been deemed inaccessible. The length from north to south is about nine hundred feet, its breadth three hundred. The view is most extensive ; the course of the Severn is perceived for many miles, and, at certain seasons, the sea itself is discovered glittering beneath the rays of the golden sun, whilst the long line of coast, on the Welch side, melts away in the haze of the distant horizon ; so comprehensive is the prospect over the vale of Gloucester, that no large body of men could advance from Wales unperceived by the camp of the Legions. This position was occupied by Queen Margaret, and afterwards by Edward the Fourth, previous to the fatal battle of Tewksbury : indeed some fighting took place in the vicinity, and several of Edward's army were taken prisoners. A few Roman coins have been found near. Descending the hill, a quarter of a mile distant, we find

LITTLE SODBURY MANOR HOUSE,

one of the oldest private residences in England. Built at different periods (a great part as far back as the fourteenth century), its antique gable, fine old porch, festooned with luxuriant creepers, and its elegantly carved oriel window, make it an object of peculiar interest. Sir John and Lady Walsh* resided here at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and engaged the learned William Tyndale as tutor to their children. Tyndale had just finished his University education, and his mind seems before this period to have been deeply impressed with the solemn truths contained in the sacred volume. Now, Sir John having been Henry the Eighth's champion and especial favourite (indeed, the Manor was given him by that monarch), his society was much courted by the abbots and dignified ecclesiastics of the county, who frequently partook of the worthy knight's hospitality. The vaulted roof of the fine old dining-hall still remains as

* Lady Walsh was the daughter of Sir Robert Poyntz, of Iron Acton, a neighbouring village. The family of Poyntz is very ancient ; they are descended from Drago de Ponz, who came to England with William the Conqueror, and for nearly 600 years were settled at Iron Acton. By the death of William Stephen Poyntz, Esq., of Cowdray Park, and Midgham, the family is now become extinct in the male line, Mr. Poyntz's two sons having been unfortunately drowned ; his daughters are married into the noble families of Clinton, Spencer, and Exeter ; and his sisters were married to brothers, the present Earl of Cork, and the late Admiral Sir Courtney Boyle. It seems highly probable that the Poyntz, who so long protected Tyndale, and whose disinterested attachment to the martyr had very nearly involved him also in death and ruin, was of the same family.

in the days of yore, when lordly bishops, belted knights, and beauteous ladies, with their dependants and retainers, feasted here, and the walls rung with mirth and merriment. The conversation at these entertainments frequently turning on religious subjects, Tyndale was often drawn into discussions with the clergy, who, in general, opposed and resisted his eloquence and piety.

Still, though persecuted, opposed, and calumniated by a powerful hierarchy, and a despotic monarch thirsting for his life, did this undaunted man persevere, till having triumphed over every obstacle, the plan formed within the walls of Sodbury was completed; and the resolution, uttered in this old Hall, was fulfilled! A distant age still regards with astonishment the stupendous changes that have taken place in the framework of society, by giving to Englishmen the Bible in the vernacular tongue.

In the year 1556, a tremendous storm visited this place, and whilst Maurice Walsh (Sir John's eldest son, and the pupil of Tyndale) with his seven children were at dinner, the lightning entered the room at the door, and passing through to the opposite window killed one child on the spot, whilst the other six, with their unhappy father, were so dreadfully injured, that they all died within two months.

In the reign of James the First, Thomas Stephens, Esq., an eminent lawyer, and Attorney-General to the King's sons, the Princes Henry and Charles, purchased the Manor and estates of the Walshes. Thomas was the third son of Edward Stephens, Esq., of Eastington. The family of Stephens is of ancient standing in Gloucestershire, having been settled there more than 700 years. Ralph and William, two brothers, were jointly High-Sheriffs in the reign of Henry the Second; and William was High-Sheriff alone from the twenty-second year of that monarch's reign to the first year of Richard Cœur de Lion—having thus filled the office for thirteen successive years. This Thomas Stephens must have been extremely wealthy, probably, through his marriage with a rich London heiress, who was the mother of his three sons, Edward, John, and Nathaniel. To Edward he left the Manor and estates of Sodbury; for John, he purchased a large estate at Lypiat; and to Nathaniel he gave Cherington. Thus his sons became ancestors to three distinct branches of the family of Stephens. There is at Lye Grove House, the residence of his descendant, Mr. Hartley, an uncommonly fine portrait, by Vansomer, of this eminent man; he is represented in his robes of sable, holding in the right hand a roll of parchment. For splendour of colouring, and masterly execution, this painting is equal to the portraits of Rubens,—indeed, it has often been mistaken for that master.

Sir Thomas Stephens, Kt., grandson of the above, was High-Sheriff 1644 and 1671. He obtained a grant from Charles the Second, empowering him to make a park at Lye Grove, a part of this domain. Of the park, enclosed and planted by Stephens, nothing now remains but the wall, a copse of enormous beech trees, and an avenue leading to the House, of perhaps, the largest ash trees in the kingdom. Mr. Hartley possesses the draft of the original grant, and it is not a little strange, that the frail paper, which empowered the enclosure, should have survived the noble park it called into existence.

Edward Stephens, Esq., was the last of the name who resided here, dying in 1728; the domain passed by heirship to the Packers,* an ancient Berkshire family.

Now, courteous reader, do not think me too prolix if I relate an anecdote of this last Stephens. Perhaps, when gliding along in some luxurious railway carriage, at the rate of forty miles an hour, thou mayst smile at the snail-like pace of our forefathers only a century ago. Mr. Stephens and his lady, (who, by the way, was a great heiress) having been on a visit at Bristol, which is about fourteen miles distant, left that place one morning early to return to their country seat. The lady, rustling in all the majesty of hoop and satins, sat magnificently ensconced in the lumbering vehicle drawn by six horses. Stephens, whose patience had doubtless been tried on former occasions, preferred a walk home across the fields, to the stately trot of such a semi-triumphal procession. On reaching the manor-house he is somewhat surprised to find that the lady had not yet arrived; he returns towards Bristol in quest of the cavalcade, but gains no tidings thereof until he arrived at Pucklechurch, about half way. There, to his great joy and astonishment, he finds "Madam in the booby-hutch," (as he called the coach) sitting indeed like "Patience on a monument." They had been stopped by sundry breakages, and the state of the roads, almost impassable in those days, but had happily got thus far when the vehicle unfortunately foundered in an unlucky mud-bank, from whence it was obliged to be literally dug out before they could proceed on their journey!

The manor-house had not been inhabited (excepting the part used as a

* The celebrated Dr. Hartley, author of the admirable "Essay on Man," by his marriage with the only surviving child of R. Packer, Esq., of Donnington Castle, became possessed of Sodbury, as well as of the large property at Bucklebury, in Berkshire, originally Sir H. Wynchcombe's and the Viscountess Bolingbroke's, Sir Henry's daughter. Thus, for 120 years, these three fine estates have been united; they comprise together about 12,000 acres, and are, in point of picturesque beauty, inferior to none in the kingdom.

farm) for forty years. The present Mr. Hartley was anxious to reside here, and had it surveyed, wishing, if possible, to restore it; but it was found on examination, that neglect and damp had so accelerated the work of decay, that the intention of restoring it was necessarily abandoned. Picturesque as is undoubtedly the situation as a dwelling-house, it is, however, singularly inconvenient; for, being built—nestled as it were—against the side of a precipitous hill, most of the basement-floor rooms had one side under ground; the kitchen is actually on the floor above the parlours,—and what modern cook would endure the idea of serving dinner *down* in an apartment below stairs? The great dining-hall is on one side fifteen feet below the ground, consequently damp as a cellar. The old library had the same objection, whilst several of the bedrooms were on the same level as the field. Some of the oldest buildings were necessarily obliged to be removed, the walls being so much out of the perpendicular that they must have fallen. Tyndale's chamber was in this part—it was adorned with curious carvings in the Tudor style. Mr. Hartley has caused every fragment, every vestige of the illustrious man to be preserved, and intends placing them in a noble room now being erected at Lye Grove, which is to bear the martyr's name. There, in a ceiling blazoned with purple and scarlet, and glittering with gold, amongst the effigies of the great and the wealthy, appear conspicuous, the name and armorial bearings of the persecuted exile—the martyred Tyndale!

But the lengthening shadows admonish us to leave these venerable remains, and again ascend the hill, if we would visit, before nightfall, an object whose associations are even more hallowed—the little

Church of St. Adeline.

Two enormous yew trees protect the entrance, behind whose dark-green foliage the setting sun, now almost touching the horizon, is darting his last rays in one expansive flood of golden light. Apart from all higher considerations, the little church seen from the hill above—its tiny tower and whitened walls relieved by an extensive and most beautiful distance of softened blue—presents an epitome of rural beauty seen no where else but in verdant, in luxuriant England; but the associations connected with the spot kindle emotions of a deeper, a more sublime kind. These yew trees shading the hallowed portal are the largest I ever saw, and tradition (generally correct) assigns to them a duration of eight hundred years. Those luxuriant and far-spreading beuchs shaded the illustrious Tyndale,

when he entered this humble edifice to pour forth that heavenly eloquence Foxe speaks of, “ which was a comfort to the audience who heard him.” Were those noble old trees endowed with memory and speech, what tales could they unfold of the families that sought this rural shrine, whom the flood of time has long since swept away! Where are the Despencers—the Walshes—the Stephens’s? Where the learned Hartley, and Mary his accomplished daughter? How important the moral that these melancholy boughs unfold—a child could have crushed them in their infancy, but they have survived the wreck of generations of the noble, the rich, and the poor, all

“ Creatures of clay, vain dwellers in the dust,
A moth survives you.”

What recollections are here excited of the feudal, the Catholic, and the Protestant times. Beneath this aged portal have passed the lordly baron and the crouching serf, the pampered priest and self-denying reformer, the gay and voluptuous cavalier, and the stern and uncompromising round-head.

It has been the writer’s good fortune to visit this lovely spot at different seasons, and under various appearances of the atmosphere; how charming to witness the diorama-like effect of light and shade on such an expansive prospect;—one moment some hillock, or grove, or meadow, gleaming in sunshine, and the next the same objects lost in obscurity. The last time I visited this scene of enchantment, the day had been overcast and the atmosphere was lowering;—the sun had sunk beneath a canopy of heavy clouds, and a distance that ordinarily appears of the softest grey, now seemed to reflect only the heavy and lurid colour of the heavens;—but there was a single streak of yellow light in the horizon, which served to discover and distinctly relieve three mountains at a great distance; they are contiguous, and I suppose in Brecon, but never had I seen these hills before;—the first rises with gentle undulation, the last is bold and precipitous,

“ And from out the plain
Heaves like a long swept wave about to break,
And on the curl hangs pausing.”

They only who have spent their happiest days amongst mountains and Alpine scenery can understand the impressions of delight experienced by suddenly beholding these elevated objects, from spots where least expected.

Now, reader, contrast the church of Little Sodbury with many a stately cathedral, whose enamelled walls and gorgeous altars never heard such streams of heavenly eloquence as were poured out in this lowly shrine, from the fervid lips of the earliest and most high-minded of our reformers; and in the scale of truth and reason how insignificant do they appear; how inferior to the associations of intense interest that hover over the white walls of the most diminutive of parochial churches—St. Adeline of Little Sodbury.

Whitby Abbey, co. York.

“ High Whitby’s cloister’d pile.”—MARMION. •

Towards the close of the eleventh century, three poor monks set out from Evesham Abbey for the north, with the pious intention of restoring monastic institutions in Northumbria. They travelled on foot, with a little mule to carry their books and priestly garments, and they wended their way onward, slowly, but cheerfully. Inadequate, indeed, must have appeared, in human estimation, the means possessed by these lowly brethren, for the mighty task they had undertaken, but a Divine guidance directed their steps, and prospered their endeavours. Having sojourned for a brief period at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, they journeyed on to Jarrow, where they built themselves huts among ruins of the ancient Abbey of Whitby, and erected a temporary place of worship. Here they gathered together a goodly number of followers, and became the founders of that holy community, which, subsequently, held such puissant sway in

“ Whitby’s broad domains.”

Before, however, proceeding with the history of the lands of Whitby, from the revival of the abbey to the present time, we must not omit a description, brief though it be, of the earlier foundation, which thus owed its revival to the piety of the Evesham monks :

This original monastery was founded under the patronage of king Oswy, whose daughter, *Ælfleda*, was the second abbess. Before the great battle of Winwidfield (or Leeds), in which Penda, king of Mercia, was overthrown by Oswy, the latter vowed, that if he should prove victorious, he would devote his infant daughter to the Lord, and, at the same time, give twelve manors, or possessions of land, for founding monasteries. In

fulfilment of this vow, Oswy committed the child *Ælfleda*, who was scarcely a year old, to the care of Hilda, abbess of Hartlepool ; and set apart, for the support of monastic institutions, twelve possessions of land, six in Deira, and six in Bernicia, each consisting of “ten families.” As the battle was gained in the end of 655, the infant *Ælfleda* might be sent to Hartlepool in the spring of 656 ; and, two years after, that is, in the beginning of 658, Lady Hilda, “having purchased a possession of ten families in a place called Streoneshalh, (now Whitby) there built a monastery ;” where she and the young princess, with many, if not all of the sisterhood who were at Hartlepool, took up their abode. This possession, though stated to be purchased by Lady Hilda, may be supposed to have been purchased at Oswy’s expense, and to have been one of the twelve possessions above mentioned, as each of them consisted of “ten families.”

Hilda, the foundress and first abbess of the monastery at Whitby, was a lady of high rank. She was grand-niece to the renowned King Edwin, being the daughter of Prince Hereric, his nephew. Her birth occurred in the year 614. The place is unknown, as is also her birth-day ; though tradition states the latter to be the 25th day of August, which has been kept at Whitby, in honour of Lady Hilda, from time immemorial.

About the year 647, when she was thirty-three years of age, Hilda resolved to assume the veil ; a step which she might be induced to take, not only from the influence of her pious instructors, but from what she had seen of the instability of earthly greatness, in the disasters that befel the royal families of Northumbria and East-Anglia, to both of which she was nearly related ; and, especially, from the example of her sister Hereswith, who, having become a widow, had retired into the monastery of Cale (or Chelles), in France. It was her first design, on taking the religious habit, to spend her days in the same monastery with her widowed sister ; and, with this view, she went to the court of East-Anglia, hoping, that the king, to whom she was nearly related, would forward her to France. But when she had remained there a year, without finding any opportunity of going over to the continent, bishop Aidan, hearing of her detention, invited her to settle in her own country ; and, having obtained “a place of one family” on the north bank of the river Wear, she there pursued the monastic life with a few female associates.

At the expiration of a year, she was made abbess of Hartlepool ; Heiu or Hegu, the foundress, and first abbess of that monastery, and the first nun in Northumbria, having removed to Tadcaster, where she commenced another nunnery. In her new situation at Hartlepool, Hilda acquitted

herself in such a manner as added lustre to her character, and gave the highest satisfaction to Bishop Aidan, and other pious friends, who often visited her monastery. Here she had presided some years, maintaining a high character for piety and wisdom, when she removed, on the occasion above mentioned, to the banks of the Esk, taking with her the young Princess *Ælfleda*, and a large company of pious females.

Being, no doubt, constructed of wood, covered with reeds or thatch, and furnished in the most simple style, like all the other religious buildings of the Scottish missionaries and their disciples, the monastery of Streoneshalh would require but a few weeks to complete it: so that Hilda and her associates would enter on their new habitation, in the same season in which the undertaking was begun. The institution probably commenced on a small scale; but it soon rose to the first rank among the monasteries of Northumbria. The fame of Hilda's piety, intelligence, and prudence, attracted numbers to her community. Those of the higher classes who embraced a religious life, would feel a pleasure in becoming inmates of an abbey, where a lady so respectable presided, and where a young princess was educated. Yet the new monastery was conducted in the spirit of primitive simplicity. Charity and peace were peculiarly cultivated: none were rich, and none poor; but they had all things in common, nothing being deemed the property of any one individual.

Though we have no account of any new grants of land made to Lady Hilda's monastery, in addition to the first endowment, there can be no doubt that it increased in wealth as well as in numbers. Enjoying, as it did, in a high degree, the patronage of the royal family of Northumbria, its possessions must have grown rapidly; Oswy and his nobles vieing with one another in advancing its interests. Some of the incidents recorded by Bede, as having occurred in the days of *Ælfleda*, imply that the territories of the monastery were then of great extent; which is also obvious, from the erection of so many new monasteries, subordinate to the parent institution.

The death of the good Lady Hilda happened at the close of the year 680. Her piety, prudence, and learning, caused her to be dignified with the title of Saint, and her claims to the honour seemed to have been well founded. Bede has given us no account of any miracles which she wrought; but his lack of service has been amply made up by later writers, who have emblazoned her memory with splendid fictions. According to these fabulists, the spiral shells called *ammonites*, which abound in our alum rock, in a petrified state, are the remains of serpents, which once infested

the neighbourhood of Streoneshali, but were beheaded and turned into stone by Lady Hilda's prayers; and her territory was so sacred, that when the sea-fowls attempted to fly over it, they were constrained to do her homage, by lowering their pinions and dropping to the ground.

Scott alludes to the tradition :

“ They told, how in their convent cell
 A Saxon princess once did dwell,
 The lovely Edelfled ;
 And how of thousand snakes, each one
 Was changed into a coil of stone,
 When holy Hilda prayed ;
 Themselves, within their holy bound,
 Their stony folds had often found.
 They told, how sea-fowls' pinions fail,
 As over Whitby's towers they sail,
 And, sinking down, with flutterings faint,
 They do their homage to the saint.”

MARMION, Canto II.

Hilda was succeeded in the government of Streoneshali Abbey, by her royal pupil *Ælfleda*, then 26 years of age. Whatever might be wanting to this young abbess, in years and experience, was amply compensated by the assistance of her mother, the Queen *Eanfleda*; who, after the death of her husband, King *Oswy*, retired to this monastery, to spend the remainder of her days with her favourite child, in the practice of piety and virtue.

The death of *Ælfleda* took place in 718, when she was 59 years of age. We have no account of the close of her life, but are informed that she was interred in St. Peter's Church, beside the remains of her royal parents and her venerable predecessor.

The records of the Abbey, from the death of *Ælfleda* to the irruption of the Danes, are irrecoverably lost. It is, however, a mournful fact of history, that in the year 867 the holy edifice was completely destroyed by those northern invaders, and that it lay desolate to the time to which we have referred, when its revival was accomplished by the monks from Evesham. Of those pious Christians, one, named *Reinfrid*, had been formerly a soldier of the Conquest, and, as such, had been known to *William de Percy*, Lord of Whitby, who granted to him and his fraternity the site of the ancient Abbey, with two carucates of land in Presteby for their support.

The ruins of the abbey still bore the marks of its former greatness;

for, according to an ancient record, “there were then in that town, as some old inhabitants have told us, about forty cells, or oratories, of which nothing was left but bare walls and empty altars.” Among these ruins, Reinfrid and his associates took up their abode; and, while they formed habitations for themselves, they probably, as at Jarrow, repaired some part of the church, or some one of the numerous oratories or porches that surrounded it, to serve as a place of worship. The piety of Reinfrid and his brethren, soon attracted several respectable persons to their society, and the new convent began to prosper.

Not long after, the humble Reinfrid, perceiving the superior abilities and learning of one of the community, Stephen of Whitby, yielded place to that famous churchman, who, not content with the title of Prior, borne by his predecessor, assumed the higher designation of Abbot, and, aspiring at greater things, aimed at nothing less than the restoration of the Abbey to its pristine glory. These ambitious efforts roused the jealousy of the lord paramount, William de Percy, and the quarrels which ensued, as well as the attacks of pirates from the sea, forced the community to retire for a time to Lestingham. At length, all disputes adjusted, the community were again collected at Whitby, in increased power and splendour, and thenceforward they enjoyed their ample possessions undisturbed and respected, until the dissolution of the monasteries, *temp. Henry VIII.*, when Whitby Abbey was surrendered to the Crown, and the site and manor leased for 21 years to Sir Richard Cholmley.

Thus ended the religious tenancy of these ancient lands; but, before entering on the history of the lay proprietors, we must give some account of one of the peculiar feudal services which the monks required of their homagers, called “the making up of the *horngarth*.” This curious custom derived its name, in all probability, from the assembling of the tenants at a specified time each year in some garth, or inclosure fenced with wood, and from the circumstance of their being called together by the blowing of a horn. Its origin is involved in obscurity, if we discard as fabulous the following romantic legend, invented by some imaginative monk:—

“In the fifth year of the reign of King Henry the second, after the conquest of England, by William, Duke of Normandy, the Lord of Ugglebarnby, then called William de Bruce, the Lord of Sneaton, called Ralph de Piercie, with a gentleman and freeholder of Fylingdales, called Allatson, did, in the month of October, the 16th day of the same month, appoint to meet and hunt the wild boar, in a certain wood, or desert, called Eskdale-Side. The wood, or place, did belong to the abbot of the monastery of Whitby, who was called Sedman.

Then the aforesaid gentlemen did meet, with their boar-staves and hounds, in the place aforesaid, and there found a great wild boar, and the hounds did run him very well, near about the chapel and hermitage of Eskdale-Side, where there was a monk of Whitby, who was an Hermit. The boar being sore wounded, and hotly pursued, and dead run, took in at the chapel door, and there laid him down, and presently died. The hermit shut the hounds forth of the chapel, and kept himself within, at his meditations and prayers, the hounds standing at bay, without. The gentlemen in the thick of the wood, put behind their game, following the cry of their hounds, came to the hermitage, and found the hounds round about the chapel. Then came the gentlemen to the door of the chapel, and called the hermit, who did open the door, and come forth, and, within, lay the boar, dead ; for the which, the gentlemen, in a fury, because their hounds were put from their game, did, most violently and cruelly, run at the hermit with their boar-staves, whereof he died. Then the gentlemen, knowing and perceiving he was in peril of death, took sanctuary at Scarborough ; but, at that time, the abbot, in great favour with the king, did remove them out of the sanctuary, whereby they came in danger of the law, and could not be privileged, but like to have the severity of the law, which was death for death. But the hermit, being a holy man, and being very sick, and at the point of death, sent for the abbot, and desired him to send for the gentlemen who had wounded him to death. The abbot so doing, the gentlemen came, and the hermit being sore sick, said, I am sure to die of these wounds. The abbot answered, they shall die for thee. But the hermit said, not so, for I freely forgive them my death, if they be content to be enjoyned to this penance, for the safeguard of their souls. The gentlemen being there present, and terrified with the fear of death, bid him enjoyn what he would, so he saved their lives. Then said the hermit, ' You and yours shall hold your lands of the abbot of Whitby, and his successors, in this manner : that, upon Ascension-eve, you, or some for you, shall come to the wood of the Stray-head, which is in Eskdale-side, the same day, at sun-rising, and there shall the officer of the abbot blow his horn, to the intent that you may know how to find him, and he shall deliver unto you, William de Bruce, ten stakes, ten stout stowers, and ten yedders, to be cut by you, or those that come for you, with a knife of a penny price ; and you, Ralph de Piercie, shall take one and twenty of such sort, to be cut in the same manner ; and you, Allotson, shall take nine of each sort, to be cut as aforesaid ; and to be taken on your backs, and carried to the town of Whitby, and so to be there before nine of the clock of the same day aforesaid. And at the hour of nine of the clock (if it be full sea, to cause that service), as long as it is low water, at nine of the clock, the same hour each of you shall set your stakes at the brim of the water, each stake a yard from another, and so yedder them, as with your yedders, and so stake on each side with your stout-stowers, that they stand three tides without removing by the force of the water. Each of you shall make them in several places at the hour aforesaid (except it be full sea at that hour, which, when it shall happen to pass, that service shall cease),

and you shall do this service in remembrance that you did [most cruelly] slay me. And that you may the better call to God for repentance, and find mercy, and do good works, the officer of Eskdale-side shall blow his horn, *Out on you, out on you*, for the heinous crime of you. And if you and your successors do refuse this service, so long as it shall not be full sea, at that hour aforesaid, you, and yours, shall forfeit all your lands to the abbot [of Whitby], or his successors. Thus I do entreat the abbot, that you may have your lives and goods for this service, and you to promise by your parts in Heaven, that it shall be done by you and your successors, as it is aforesaid.' And the abbot said, I grant all that you have said, and will confirm it by the faith of an honest man. Then the hermit said, 'My soul longeth for the Lord, and I do as freely forgive these gentlemen my death, as Christ forgave the thief upon the cross:' and in the presence of the abbot and the rest, he said, 'In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum: [a vinculis enim mortis] redemisti me, Domine veritatis.—Amen.'

And so he yielded up the ghost, the 18th day of December, upon whose soul God have mercy.—Amen. Anno Domini 1160. [1159].

This grotesque story is so amusing, that we would be tempted to side with Grose, and assert its authenticity, but unluckily the proofs of its truth are so feeble, that we are forced to discard it as a fiction. Its romance caught the fancy of Scott, and he has thus versified it in *Marmion* :—

" Then Whitby's nuns exulting told,
How to their house three barons bold
Must menial service do;
While horns blow out a note of shame,
And monks cry, 'Eye upon your name!
In wrath, for loss of sylvan game,
Saint Hilda's priest ye slew.'
This on Ascension-day, each year,
While labouring on our harbour pier,
Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear."

Sir Richard Cholmley, who obtained the 21 years' lease of the dissolved monastery's lands, became subsequently possessed in fee of the estate, by purchasing the grant from Sir Edward Yorke, who had bought it of John Earl of Warwick, the grantee from the Crown. Sir Richard was a distinguished soldier, and fought with great gallantry in Scotland. He loved pomp, and generally had fifty or sixty servants about his house; nor would he ever go up to London without a retinue of thirty or forty men. His hair and eyes were black, and his complexion so swarthy,

that he was usually styled “ The Black Knight of the North.” To his son and successor, Sir Francis Cholmley, the mansion of Whitby Hall owes its erection.

It bears the marks of having been partly built out of the ruins of the monastery ; and probably stands on or near the site of the abbot’s hall. The celebrated Sir Hugh Cholmley greatly enlarged and improved the structure, about the year 1635 ; and the eastern part of it was probably added by him. During the civil wars, Sir Hugh fortified the house, and had a garrison to defend it, as appears by the following passage in Vicars’ Parliamentary Chronicle for February, 1643-4, p. 160 : “ The most noble and ever-to-be-honoured and renouned Lord Fairfax, about this time enlarged his quarters from Hull 20 miles towards Durham, and by a party of horse, commanded by that valiant, victorious, and religious commander, Sir William Constable, drove that rotten apostate, Sir Hugh Chomley, out of Scarborough towne into the castle, which caused such an operation in the hearts of the inhabitants of Whitby, as that they were soone and surely reduced and settled (as you already heard in part they were) to the Parliaments side, and, presently after, seized on Sir Hugh’s great house and fort on the High-Clift, disarmed his garrison, and so kept it for Lord Fairfax, who, afterwards, sent 200 horse, the better to secure it.”

The last Sir Hugh Cholmley, about the year 1672, built the north side of the hall, forming a handsome and extensive front; the whole structure now assuming the form of a square, with an open area within. The Duke and Duchess of Lauderdale, the Earls of Athol and Kinghorn, and others of the nobility, were entertained by Sir Hugh, in his improved mansion. When the Wentworth estates fell to the Cholmley family, in 1743, Howsham became the chief residence of the family, and Whitby Hall began to be deserted. About fifty years ago, the wind having injured the roof of the north front, the whole of that side, which was the principal part of the house, was dismantled, only the walls being left standing.

The present representative of the family, and the Lord of Whitby, is George Cholmley, Esq.

Wimbledon Park, Surrey.

“ The groves of Eden, vanish’d now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song :
These, were my breast inspired with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.”—POPE.

HELD successively by Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Queen Catherine Parr, Cardinal Pole, Sir Christopher Hatton, Sir Thomas Cecil, Earl of Exeter, his son Edward, Viscount Wimbledon, a gallant military commander, Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I., General Lambert, the Parliamentarian, the Cavalier Earl of Bristol, the Marquess of Carmarthen, Sir Theodore Janssen, the ruined speculator in the South Sea bubble, the famous Duchess of Marlborough, and her descendants the Spencers, this ancient manor is surpassingly rich in associations. When Cecil resided here, his royal mistress was feasted for three days with princely pomp ; and so attached was Charles I. to this enchanting spot, even then celebrated for its choice fruits, that, but a few days before his trial, he ordered some fine Spanish melons to be planted in the gardens. The attractions of the locality converted the stern Republican Lambert into a florist, and during his tenure Wimbledon became celebrated for its tulips and gilliflowers.

The value in the rise of this property marks the gradual increase in the price of land. In the time of Edward the Confessor the manor was valued at £32 per annum, and when the survey of Domesday was taken, at £38, the rent now commonly paid for dwellings by clerks or mechanics. When the grant was made to Sir Christopher Hatton, the annual value had risen to £98, and when the crown lands were sold in 1650, to £386, 19s. 8d. At that valuation the property, under all the disadvantages of seizure from royalty, and sale by order of the Commonwealth, brought eighteen years' purchase.

The manor-house has suffered fortune almost as various as the lands. Rebuilt in a magnificent style in 1588, by Sir Thomas Cecil, it was much damaged by fire in 1628, and on its repair was decorated, it is thought, on the outside with frescoes by Francis Cleyne. So superb did Wimbledon House then become, that Fuller calls it “ a daring structure,” and maintains its equality to famed Nonsuch. The Parliamentary survey at the sale ordered by the Commonwealth, in 1649, describes the mansion minutely, and reports it to be exceedingly magnificent. The gardens

were particularly admired: brought by the taste of Charles I. to the highest perfection, they were reported to contain upwards of one thousand rare and choice fruit-trees, among which were enumerated orange, lemon, pomegranate, and citron trees. At a later date, Swift notices Wimbledon House as much the finest place about London. But it did not content the Duchess of Marlborough: she had it pulled down, and a new edifice erected, after designs by the Earl of Pembroke. The park was laid out by the celebrated "capability" Brown, who had here capabilities to operate on equal at least to his own genius. The mansion was burnt down in 1785, and as it was not used as a residence by the Spencer family, was not rebuilt until 1801. It is a plain, handsome edifice, and is now tenanted by the Duke of Somerset.

These noble lands command a panoramic view of perfect beauty: sloping hills clad in the rich verdure of skilful cultivation, with far-extended plains, and mimic mountains, tinted by distance with a cerulean hue, form a charming picture; while the river, as calm and clear as ever, viewed from the heights of this upland district, winds through a rich and varied country, retaining and deserving its old epithet of the "silver Thames."

The late Sir Richard Phillips, in "A Morning's Walk from Richmond to Kew," gives the following description of this delightful spot:—"Having ascended from Wandsworth to Putney Heath, I came to the undulating high land on which stand Wimbledon, its Common, Roehampton, Richmond Park, and its lovely hill. A more interesting site of the same extent is not, perhaps, to be found in the world. The picturesque beauty and its general advantages are attested by the preference given to it by ministers and public men, who select it as a retreat from the cares of ambition. It was here that Pitt, Dundas, Horne Tooke, Addington, Sir Francis Burdett, and Goldsmid, were contemporary residents." Sir Richard laments that the residences are so "few and far between." "When," says he, "does Woollett enchant us but in those rich landscapes in which the woods are filled with peeping habitations, and scope given for the imagination, by the curling smoke rising between the trees."

We have a melancholy feeling in thus recording the glories of Wimbledon manor; a brief time hence this fine estate and rural district will probably become one of the most attractive suburbs of the marvellously extending metropolis: for it is proposed to convert a portion of this honoured spot into villas and private residences, and on the site which once served for the lordly luxury of one, to provide handsome dwellings for thousands.

Groby and Bradgate, co. Leicester.

○ Charnwood, be thou called the choicest of thy kind:
 The like, in any place, what flood hath hapt to find?
 No tract in all this isle, the proudest let it be,
 Can shew a sylvan Nymph in beauty like to thee—
 The Satyrs and the Fauns, by Dian set to keep
 Rough Hills and Forest Holts were sadly seen to weep,
 When thy high-palmed harts—the sport of boors and hounds—
 By grapple Borderers' hands were banished thy grounds.

GROBY, so long the designation of the illustrious families of Ferrars and Grey, forms part of Charnwood, itself a portion of the ancient Celtic forest of Arden, “Rosalind's favoured haunt,” which extended from the Avon to the Trent, and now includes a considerable portion of the triangle defined by the towns of Leicester, Loughborough, and Ashby de la Zouch. An elegantly written description of “Charnwood's ancient Chase,” has been given to the public by Mr. T. R. Potter, of Wymeswold, in which, profound antiquarian knowledge is so combined with historic anecdote and picturesque narration, that the general reader cannot fail to journey, a delighted traveller, along the unfrequented paths of local history, gathering as he goes, many an attractive flower, and reposing on many a verdant spot.

Groby is, indeed, associated with historical recollections, and these, combined with its antiquity, impart to it peculiar interest. Tracing it from the time of Edward the Confessor, when it was held at the annual value of twenty shillings, we find it registered in Domesday-book at sixty, erected into a barony by William Rufus, and eventually identified with the extraordinary Elizabeth Widvile, or Woodville—with one exception, the most illustrious name connected with the house of Grey.

From Hugo de Grentesmeisnell, the Domesday proprietor, Groby passed to Robert Blanchmaines, in marriage with Hugo's daughter, Petronella; and again, through the alliance of this lady's descendant with William, Earl of Derby, it was conveyed to the noble House of Ferrars, in which the manor vested until the middle of the fifteenth

century, when the male line of the Lords Ferrars becoming extinct, Elizabeth, grand daughter and heiress of the last Baron, wedded Sir Edward Grey, son of Reginald, Lord Grey de Ruthyn, and thus associated the inheritance of her family with a name from which it derives its chief historic celebrity. Her son and successor, Sir John Grey, Knt., a devoted adherent of the House of Lancaster, was slain at the Battle of St. Albans. His wife, the celebrated Elizabeth Widvile, deserves more than a passing word: it was her singular fate to be allied to one English monarch, Edward IV., and addressed or cajoled by another, still more memorable, Richard III. Brilliant, however, as was the diadem which eventually graced her brow, her first marriage appears to have been far more congenial with her feelings; and, if an inference can be drawn from the following passage in her Diary, we cannot refrain from thinking, with her happiness. This Diary presents such a curious picture of the times, and so *naively* describes the youthful maiden's own feelings, as well as the extraordinary laws then in vogue, and the pursuits (so different from ours,) of fashionable ladies in those days, that we make no apology for giving the following extract:—

"**THURSDAY MORNING** (May 10, 1451).—Rose at four o'clock, and helped Katherine to milk the cows: Rachael, the other dairy-maid, having scalded one of her hands in a very sad manner last night. Made a poultice for Rachael, and gave Robin a penny to get her something comfortable from the apothecary's. Six o'clock.—Breakfasted. The buttock of beef rather too much boiled, and the ale a little the stalest. Memorandum—to tell the cook about the first fault, and to mend the second myself, by tapping a fresh barrel directly. Seven o'clock.—Went out with the Lady Duchess, my mother, into the court-yard; fed five and thirty men and women; chid Roger very severely for expressing some dissatisfaction in attending us with the broken meat. Eight o'clock.—Went into the paddock behind the house with my maiden Dorothy: caught Stump, the little black pony, myself, and rode a matter of six miles, without either saddle or bridle. Ten o'clock.—Went to dinner. John Grey one of our visitants—a most comely youth—but what's that to me? A virtuous maiden should be entirely under the direction of her parents. John ate very little—stole a great many tender looks at me—said a woman never could be handsome, in his opinion, who was not good-tempered. I hope my temper is not intolerable; nobody finds fault with it but Roger, and Roger is the most disorderly serving man in our family. John Grey likes white teeth—my teeth are of a pretty good colour, I think, and my hair is as black as jet, though I say it—and John, if I mistake not, is of the same opinion. Eleven o'clock.—Rose from table, the company all desirous of walking in the fields. John Grey would lift me over every stile, and twice he squeezed my hand with great vehemence. I cannot

say I should have any aversion to John Grey: he plays prison-bars as well as any gentleman in the country, is remarkably dutiful to his parents, and never misses church of a Sunday. Three o'clock.—Poor farmer Robinson's house burnt down by an accidental fire. John Grey proposed a subscription among the company, and gave a matter of no less than five pound himself to this benevolent intention. Mem.—Never saw him look so comely as at that moment. Four o'clock—Went to prayers. Six o'clock.—Fed the poultry and hogs. Seven o'clock.—Supper at the table; delayed on account of farmer Robinson's fire and misfortune. The goose pie too much baked, and the loin of pork almost roasted to rags. Nine o'clock.—The company almost all asleep. These late hours are very disagreeable. Said my prayers a second time, John Grey disturbing my thoughts too much the first. Fell asleep about ten, and dreamt that John had come to demand me of my father."

The union—the foundations of which were thus early laid—was, we need not add, duly consummated; and no period of the chequered life of Elizabeth Widvile seems so free from care as the years she passed at Groby. Brief, however, was her span of happiness. The fatal battle of St. Albans proved the last field on which the gallant Sir John Grey fought, and the forfeiture of his estates reduced his young and lovely widow, with her two infant sons, to a situation of such privation, that, on the untimely death of her husband, she was forced to retire for refuge to her father, Sir Richard Widvile's house at Grafton; and here it was that Edward IV., chancing to visit that demesne, was especially struck by her beauty and distress. A hint consequently was quickly given, that the boon she solicited might be granted, and the forfeited estates of the husband returned to her lovely boys, who stood weeping by her side; but conditions were annexed, which modern delicacy might shrink to name, though it is equally honourable to herself and an age which the present is too apt to term barbarous, to add that she rejected them with scorn. Moved by the sight of so much beauty and virtue in tears, the monarch consequently became the suppliant in turn; and the same evening saw him offer her his throne and his person, in the courtly terms that "the Red Rose was again victorious."

Elizabeth was destined, we need not add, to experience the vicissitudes—the alternations of splendour and misery—which occasionally accompany a crown. The wife of one monarch for nineteen years, she became, on his death, the object of persecution and of love, or cajolery, to another; but the murder of her sons, the young King and Duke of York, in the Tower, the assassination of all her relatives, and the subsequent professions of devotion to herself, by Richard the Third, are too glowingly detailed

by Shakespeare, to be recapitulated here; and after she had given another child, a daughter, to a throne, by an alliance with Henry the Seventh, and thus for ever closed those long dissensions between the houses of York and Lancaster, which deluged the plains of England with blood, and struck down, it is calculated, three fourths of the ancient nobility of England, she became the subject of this penurious tyrant's suspicions in her turn, and ultimately died, in little other than the condition of his prisoner, at the Monastery of Bermondsey, in the year 1492. This unhappy lady's son by her first husband, Thomas Grey, Marquess of Dorset, became a staunch adherent of the Earl of Richmond, and obtained, after the successful issue of the Battle of Bosworth, full restitution of his hereditary possessions. He returned to his Lordship of Groby, and there resided till his death in 1501. His Lordship was the last of his race who made Groby the family seat. His son and successor, Henry Grey, third Marquess of Dorset, and first Duke of Suffolk, preferring the situation of the neighbouring Manor of Bradgate, fixed his chief residence there. The alliance he formed was the most illustrious in the kingdom, his wife, Frances, being daughter and coheir of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and neice of King Henry VIII. His issue consisted of three daughters—of these the eldest was the lovely and ever interesting Lady Jane Grey, with whose birth BRADGATE is for ever identified in posterity's recollection. Her accomplishments were so great, that they seem almost incredible; and her misfortunes so co-equal, that they transcend the conceptions of romance. But, before entering on her story, we cannot refrain from copying the following singular agreement between one of the early barons and King John, proving the antiquity of the barony of Bradgate.

“ This is the Agreement made at Leicester on the day of St. Vincent the Martyr, in the 31st year of the reign of king Henry, the son of king John (before sir Roger de Turkilby, master Simon de Walton, sir Gilbert de Preston, and sir John de Cobham, justices then there itinerant), between Roger de Quincy, earl of Winton, and Roger Somery: To wit: that the aforesaid Roger de Somery hath granted for him and his heirs, that the aforesaid earl and his heirs may have and hold his park of Bradgate so inclosed as it was inclosed in the Octaves of St. Hilary, in the 31st year of the aforesaid king Henry, with the deer-leaps [saltatoriis] then in it made. And for this agreement and grant, the same earl hath granted for him and his heirs, that the same Roger de Somery and his heirs may enter at any hour on the forest of him the earl, to chase in it [ad bersandum] with nine bows and six hounds, according to the form of

a cyrograph before made, between the aforesaid Roger earl of Winton and Hugh de Albinaco earl of Arundel, in the court of the lord the king at Leicester. And if any wild beast, wounded by any of the aforesaid bows, shall enter the aforesaid park by any deer-leap or otherwise, it shall be lawful for the aforesaid Roger de Somery and his heirs to send one man or two of his, who shall follow the aforesaid wild beast, with the dogs pursuing that wild beast within the aforesaid park, without bow and arrows, and may take it on that day whereon it was wounded, without hurt of other wild beasts in the aforesaid park abiding; so that, if they be footmen, they shall enter by some deer-leap or hedge; and if they be horsemen, they shall enter by the gate, if it shall be open; and otherwise shall not enter before they wind their horn for the keeper, if he will come. And farther, the same earl hath granted for him and his heirs, that they for the future shall every year cause to be taken a brace of bucks in the buck-season, and a brace of does in the doe-season, and them cause to be delivered at the gate of the aforesaid park to any one of the men of the aforesaid Roger de Somery and his heirs, bringing their letters patents for the aforesaid deer. The aforesaid earl hath also granted for him and his heirs, that they for the future shall make no park, nor augment the park beyond the bounds of the hunting-ground of the aforesaid Roger and his heirs, besides the antient enclosures of the aforesaid forest. And the aforesaid Roger de Somery hath granted for him and his heirs, that they for the future shall never enter the aforesaid forest to chase, save with nine bows and six hounds; and that their forestry shall not carry in the wood of the aforesaid Roger de Somery and their heirs, barbed arrows, but [sagittas barbatas, sed piletas]. And that his men of Barwe and foresters, within the Octaves of St. Michael, at the Park ford, shall do fealty every year to the bailiffs of the aforesaid earl and his heirs and other things which to the aforesaid forest belong, according to the purport of the cyrograph between the aforesaid earls of Winchester and Arundel before made. And this agreement is made between the aforesaid earl and the aforesaid Roger de Somery and his heirs, all the articles in the aforesaid cyrograph made between the aforesaid earls of Winchester and Arundel contained. And farther, the said earl hath granted for him and his heirs, that the one or two of the men of the aforesaid Roger de Somery and his heirs, who shall follow the aforesaid wild beast wounded, with the dogs pursuing it into the aforesaid park, with the aforesaid wild beast, whether they shall have taken it or not, may, with the aforesaid dogs, freely and without hindrance, go out through the gate of the aforesaid park. And the aforesaid earl and his heirs shall cause

some one of their servants to give notice to the aforesaid Roger de Somery and his heirs at Barwe, on what day he shall send for the abovesaid deer to the aforesaid place at the aforesaid times; and this notice they shall cause to be given to them six days before the aforesaid day. In witness whereof each to the others writing hath put to his seal. And it is to be observed, that the time of buck-season [tempus penguedinis] here is computed between the feast of St. Peter ad vincula [August 1st] and the exhalation of the Holy Cross [Sep. 14th]; and the time of doe-season [tempus firmatationis] between the feast of St. Martin and the purification of the Blessed Virgin."

Associated in common ideas with the name of Lady Jane Grey, is the supposition that her pretensions to the Crown were altogether unfounded; but the following pedigree will prove that Lady Jane Grey stood in a position not far removed from the throne.

Sir John Grey, succeeded as Lord Ferrars of Groby, = Elizabeth Widvile, eldest dau. = Edw. IV.; 1458; and was slain at the battle of St. Albans, and co-heir of Sir Richard Widvile, afterwards Earl Rivers. Feb. 17, 1460-61—first husband.

Anne, on—=Sir Thomas Grey, =Cicely, Sir Ri- lly dau. of succeeded as Lord dau. and chard Henry Ferrars of Groby, heir of Grey, be- Holland, 1461; created Earl William headed Earl of Ex- Lord at Pon- eter; died gust 24, 1471, and Bonvile tefact s. p.—first first Marquis of and Castle, wife. Dorset of the fam- Harring- 1483. ily of Grey, April ton—se- 18, 1475; K.G. and cond wife. a Privy Counsellor to Henry VII. Died April 10, 1501; bur. at Astley.	4 Eli- zabeth	Henry VII.	1. Edward V. } smothered 2. Richard. } 1483. 3. George. 5. Catherine. 6. Cicely. 7. Ann. 8. Bridget. 9. Mary. 10. Margaret.

Eleanor, =Thomas Grey, =Margaret, Arthur, Henry Margaret, Louis XII., =Mary =Charles dau. of succeeded as se- dau. of Sir mar. to VIII. married of France Brandon Oliver cond Marquis of Robert Cathe- James IV. —died s.p. Duke of St. John, Dorset, &c., 1501 Wotton of rine of of Scot- —first hus Suffolk died s. p.—Chief Justice Bocton, in Arra- land, in band. —first of all the Ming's Kent, and gon. 1502. —second husband wife. forests, 1524, K.G. widow of — died 1530 — William — bur. at Astley. Medley— second wife.	Margaret, Louis XII., =Mary =Charles	Margaret, Louis XII., =Mary =Charles

Catherine, daughter =Henry Grey, succeeded as third Marquis of Dorset, =Frances, eldest daughter of William FitzAlan, &c., 1530; Constable of England, 1547; Justice of the King's Forests, 1550; Warden of the East, West, and Middle Marches, 1551; created Duke of Suffolk, Oct. 5, 1551; K.G.; attainted and beheaded Feb. 22, 1553-4.	and co-heir of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk; died Nov. 21, 1659; buried in Westminster Abbey—second wife.	and co-heir of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk; died Nov. 21, 1659; buried in Westminster Abbey—second wife.

Lady Jane Grey, married Guilford Dudley, fourth son of John, Duke of Northumberland; was proclaimed Queen on the death of Edward VI., and beheaded Feb. 12, 1553-4.	Catherine, mar. 1st, Henry Herbert, eldest son of William, Earl of Pembroke—divorced; 2dly, Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford, by whom she had three sons and a daughter, and died a prisoner in the Tower, Jan. 26, 1567.	Mary, married Martin Keys, of Kent; died 1578.

One of the chief beauties of Mr. Potter's History of Charnwood, in our

estimation, is, that instead of overloading it with his own descriptions : he, whenever the narrative admits, trusts to unfolding it by means of quotations from old and contemporary authors, who depict incidents with a minuteness and an air of truth with which modern writers would vainly attempt to cope. He thus, for instance, details the mournful circumstances of her execution, chiefly from chroniclers who lived near the era, or, possibly, witnessed the tragic scene.

The night before her execution, after having long been engaged in her devotions, the Lady Jane took up a Greek Testament, and having attentively perused it for some time, she wrote, on some blank pages at the end, that "most godly and learned exhortation" to her sister, Lady Katherine, which has justly been admired as one of the most surprising epistles ever penned by a person on the very verge of eternity. She also wrote a letter to her father, full of tenderness, respect, and affection, and having performed this last sisterly and filial duty, she again knelt in prayer, and then sank into a tranquil sleep.

Heylin thus describes her conduct on the last morrow :—"The fatal morning being come, the Lord Guilford earnestly desired the officers that he might take his farewell of her: which, though they willingly permitted, yet upon notice of it she advised the contrary, assuring him that such a meeting would rather add to his afflictions than increase that quiet wherewith they had possessed their souls for the stroke of death, *** that it was to be feared her presence would rather weaken than strengthen him; that he ought to take courage from his reason and derive constancy from his own heart; that if his soul were not firm and settled, she could not settle it by her eyes, nor confirm it by her words; that he should do well to remit this interview to the other world; that there, indeed, friendships were happy and unions undissolvable. *** All she could do was to give him a farewell out of a window as he passed towards the place of his dissolution."

This farewell—the spectacle of her husband's headless body, and all the other most mournful trials of that hour, were endured with a serenity and fortitude which Christian hope alone could impart. "She knew," she said, "she was upon the point of meeting with him in a better conjuncture, where they should never find the like intermission of their joys."

Another writer thus depicts her closing scene :—"The Lady Jane, whose lodging was in Master Partridge's house, did see his [her husband's] dead carcase taken out of the cart as well as she did see him before alive going to his death—a sight, as might be supposed, to her worse than

death. By this time was there a scaffold made upon the greene over against the White Tower, for the Ladie Jane to die upon, who being nothing at all abashed, neither with fear of hir own death, which then approached, neither with the sight of the dead carcasse of her husband when he was brought to the chappell, come forth, the lieutenant leading hir, with countenance nothing abashed, neither hir eies any thing moistened with teares, with a booke in her hand wherein she praied untill she came to the said scaffold, whereon she was mounted : this noble young ladie, as she was indued with singular gifts both of learning and knowledge so was she as mild and patient as anie lamb at hir execution, and a little before her death uttered these words : ‘ Goode people, I come hether to die, and by lawe I am condemned to the same. The facte, indeede, against the Quene’s highnes was unlawful and the consenting thereunto by me : but touching the *procurement and desyne* thereof by me, or on my halfe, I doo wash my hands thereof in innocencie before God and the face of you good Christian people this day.’ (And therewith she wrung hir hands in which she had hir booke.) Then she sayd, ‘ I pray you all, good Christian people, to bere me wytness that I dye a true Christian woman, and that I looke to be saved by none other mene, but only by the mercy of God in the merites of the bloud of his only sonne Jesus Christ : and I confessed when I dyd know the word of God I neglected the same, and loved myselfe and the world, and therefore this plague and punyshment is happily and worthely happened unto me for my sinnes. And yet I thank God of his goodness that he hath thus given me a tyme and respect to repent. And now, good people, while I am alyve I prai you to assyst me with your praiers.’ And then she knelyng down she turned to Fecknam, saying, ‘ Shall I say this psalm ?’ And he said ‘ Yes.’ Then she said the psalm of *Miserere mei Deus* in English, in the most devout manner to the ende. Then she stoode up and gave hir mayde, Mistress Tylney, hir gloves and handkercher : and hir booke to Maister Thomas Bridges, the lyvetenante’s brother. Forthwith she untyed hir gowne. The hangman went to hir to have helped her of therwith, then she desyred him to let her alone ; turning towardes hir two gentlewomen who helped hir of therwith, and also hir frose paste and neckercher, geving to her a faire handkercher to knytte about hir eies. Then the hangman kneeled down and asked hir forgeveness, whome she forgave most willingly. Then he willed hir to stand upon the strawe, which doing she sawe the block. Then she said, ‘ I pray you dispatche me quickly.’ Then she kneeled down, saying, ‘ Wil you take it of before I lay me down ?’ And the hangman answered her, ‘ No, Madame.’ She tyed the kercher about hir

eies ; then, *feeling for the blocke*, said, ‘ What shall I do ? Where is it ? ’ One of the standers-by guyding hir therunto, she layde hir head downe upon the blocke and stretched forth hir body, and sayde, ‘ Lord, into thy handes I commend my spirite.’ Thus perished, in the bloom of youth, this most amiable and gifted lady—on the 12th of February, 1544. *

The deaths on the scaffold of the Duke of Suffolk, and of his brother the Lord Thomas Grey, were the closing scene of this mournful tragedy. One brother, Lord John Grey, obtained pardon, and from him descended the subsequent Lords Grey of Groby—Earls of Stamford—in whose representative, the present Earl, Groby and Bradgate now vest. The latter ancient hall continued to be the family seat, until the early part of the last century, when it was destroyed by fire, and left in the state in which it now stands. The conflagration is thus described by Throsby :— “ It is said of the wife of the Earl of Stamford, who last inhabited Bradgate Hall, that she set it on fire at the instigation of her sister, who then lived in London. The story is thus told :—Some time after the Earl had married, he brought his lady to his seat at Bradgate : her sister wrote to her, desiring to know how she liked her habitation, and the country she was in : the Countess wrote for answer, ‘ that the house was tolerable, that the country was a forest, and the inhabitants all brutes.’ The sister, in consequence, by letter, desired her to set fire to the house, and run away by the light of it : the former part of the request, it is said, she immediately put in practice, and thus this celebrated and interesting mansion was consigned to the flames.” In addition to the honour of being the birth-place of Lady Jane Grey, Bradgate could boast of a royal visit from King William III., who was entertained at its hospitable hall for several days.

Connected with the noble house of Grey and their stately possessions, it may be by no means inappropriate to conclude with the following ballad, for which we are indebted to Mr. Potter :—

* “ Admiration of the life, and pity for the unmerited death of this extraordinary lady, have been evinced by the thousands of pilgrimages to the place of her birth—pilgrimages which will be continued while a love for what is greatly good shall animate British bosoms. For what but the ‘ sweet memory ’ of Lady Jane has invested Bradgate with such a charm ? It is not confessedly the ruins ; it is not the oaks ; or the scenery of the park ; it is mainly the association of the spot with the name of the ten-days’ Queen, whose character will continue to be a theme for praise, when ‘ *the Beauties* ’ are forgotten ; and whose fate, in all gentle breasts, will be mourned ‘ till Pity’s self be dead.’”—POTTER’S “ Charnwood.”

LEGEND OF THE HOLY WELL.

THE oaks of the Forest were autumn-tinged,
 And the winds were at sport with their leaves,
 When a Maiden traversed the rugged rocks
 That frown over Woodhouse Eaves.

The rain fell fast—she heeded it not—
 Though no hut or home appears ;
 She scarcely knew if the falling drops
 Were rain-drops or her tears.

Onward she hied through the Outwoods dark—
 (And the Outwoods were darker then :)
 She feared not the Forest's deep'ning gloom—
 She feared unholy men.

Lord Comyn's scouts were in close pursuit,
 For Lord Comyn the maid had seen,
 And had marked her mother's only child
 For his paramour, I ween.

A whistle, a whoop, from the BUYK HYLL's side
 Told Agnes her foes were nigh
 And screened by the cleft of an aged oak
 She heard quick steps pass by.

Dark and dread fell that Autumn night :
 The wind gusts fitful blew :
 The thunder rattled :—the lightning's glare
 Shewed Beacon's crags to view

The thunder neared—the lightning played
 Around that sheltering oak ;
 But Agnes, of men, not God afraid,
 Shrunk not at the lightning's stroke !

The thunder passed—the silvery moon
 Burst forth from her cave of cloud,
 And shewed in the glen “red Comyn's” men,
 And she breathed a prayer aloud :—

“ Maiden mother of God ! look down—
 List to a maiden’s prayer :
 Keep undefiled my mother’s sole child—
 The spotless are thy care.” * * * * *

The sun had not glinted on Beacon’s Hill
 Ere the Hermit of Holy Well
 Went forth to pray, as his wont each day,
 At the Cross in Fayre-oak dell.

Ten steps had he gone from the green grassy mound
 Still hemming the Holy Well Haw,
 When stretched on the grass—by the path he must pass
 A statue-like form he saw !

He crossed himself once, he crossed himself twice,
 And he knelt by the corse in prayer :
 “ Jesu Maria ! cold as ice—
 Cold—Cold—but still how fair ! ”

The hermit upraised the stiffened form,
 And he bore to the holy well :
 Three Paters or more he muttered o’er,
 And he filled his scallop shell.

He sprinkled the lymph on the maiden’s face,
 And he knelt and he prayed at her side—
 Not a minute’s space had he gazed on her face
 Ere signs of life he spied. * * * *

Spring had invested the Charnwood oaks
 With their robe of glist’ning green,
 When on palfreys borne, one smiling morn,
 At the Holy Well Haw was seen

A youth and a lady, passing fair,
 Who asked for the scallop shell :
 A sparkling draught each freely quaffed,
 And they blessed the Holy Well.

They blessed that well, and they fervently blessed
 The holy Hermit too ;
 To that and to him they filled to the brim
 The scallop, and drank anew.

“Thanks, Father thanks to this Well and thee”
Said the youth, “but to Heav’n most,
I owe the life of the fairest wife
That Charnwood’s bounds can boast.

“The blushing bride thou seest at my side,
(Three hours ago made mine)
Is she who from death was restored to breath
By Heaven’s own hand and thine.

“The Prior of Ulverscroft made us one,
And we hastened here to tell
How much we owe to kind Heav’n and thee
For the gift of the Holy Well.

“In proof of which—to the Holy Well Haw
I give, as a votive gift,
From year to year three fallow deer,
And the right of the challenge drift.

“I give, besides, of land two hides,
To be marked from the Breedon Brand :
To be held while men draw from the Well in this Haw
A draught with the hollow hand.”

The Hermit knelt, and the Hermit rose,
And breathed “Benedicite—”
“And tell me,” he said, with a hand on each head,
“What heav’n-sent pair I see ?”

“This is the lost De Ferrars’ child,
Who dwelt at the Steward’s Hay ;
And, Father, my name—yet unknown to fame,
Is simply EDWARD GREY.”

Audley End,

THE magnificent seat of Lord Braybrooke, whether regarded in relation to its present splendour, or the haunting associations of its earlier possessors, holds a foremost rank amongst the baronial halls of Great Britain.

It is situated in the county of Essex, where, in the parish of Saffron Walden, there was a manor anciently vested in the Crown, as well as an abbey called Walden, appropriated by it at the dissolution. The two properties, when united, were granted by Henry VIII. to Sir Thomas Audley, who succeeded the illustrious Sir Thomas More in the tenure of the Great Seals; and the whole estate has been, from the name of its new proprietor, henceforward called Audley End. The Chancellor, thus rewarded with spoils of the monastic corporations, the dissolution of which he had actively promoted, was in 1538 raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Audley of Walden.

Margaret Audley, his daughter and heiress, married first, Lord Henry Dudley, younger brother to the husband of the Lady Jane Grey; and afterwards, on his decease without issue, she became the second wife of Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk. After the early death of his three wives, the latter nobleman entered into a treaty of marriage with Mary Queen of Scots, when the blood which aspired to a throne flowed upon the block. Margaret Audley was thus successively allied to the two most ambitious houses that appeared during the dynasty of the Tudors, and which each in turn endeavoured to grasp a crown matrimonial.

From the first marriage of the fourth Duke of Norfolk, the bearer at the present day of that illustrious title is descended. Of the second marriage were two sons—William, the younger, ancestor of the Earls of Carlisle, and the Howards of Corby; and Thomas, the elder, who, inheriting from his mother the estate of Audley End, was, in consideration of his noble birth, and in reward of his naval services, summoned to Parliament by Queen Elizabeth, as Baron Howard of Walden.

As the bright but baneful influence of the malignant star of the Scottish Queen had involved the house of Howard in ruin, James, through perhaps some sentiment of filial piety and gratitude, commenced his reign with a determination to re-establish it in surpassing honour; and, as an

earnest of his intention, he, on the 21st of July, 1603, raised Lord Howard to the title of Earl of Suffolk, and shortly afterwards appointed him Lord High Chamberlain. In execution of the routine of his office, it was the Earl's duty to ascertain that the necessary preparations were made for the opening of each session of Parliament; hence, on the 4th of November, 1605, he visited the houses of Parliament in company with Lord Monteagle, a letter to whom had given the first intimation of the gunpowder plot; and then entering the cellars under them, and casting an apparently careless glance on the coal under which the barrels of gunpowder were concealed, he observed to Guy Faukes, who was present under the designation of Percy's servant, that his master had laid in an abundant provision of fuel. The next morning, a little after midnight, Faukes was arrested at the door of the vault. In 1618 the Earl of Suffolk was constituted Lord High Treasurer of England; but in about four years more, having, as the father-in-law of the fallen courtier, Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, become obnoxious to the new favourite, Buckingham, he was charged with peculation, deprived of his staff of office, and committed for a short period to the Tower, together with his Countess, to whose rapacity the ground afforded for this painful accusation has been principally ascribed. It was this Earl who erected the magnificent palace of Audley End. He died in 1626, leaving a large family. Of his younger children, his second son, Thomas, was created Earl of Berkshire, and is ancestor of the present Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire. His fifth son, Sir Robert, a gallant cavalier soldier, was but too notorious in his own day for his intrigue with the Viscountess Purbeck, the beautiful and ill-assorted daughter of Chief-Justice Coke; and his sixth son, Edward, was created Baron Howard of Escrick.

Theophilus, the eldest son of the first Earl of Suffolk, succeeded to the title and the chief mansion of his father, and had a son and successor, James, the third Earl, who, about the year 1668, sold the park and mansion of Audley End to King Charles II. Henceforward this now royal palace often became the resort of the gay court of the witty monarch, the hereditary residences of whose ancestors had, in several instances, been destroyed during the wars of the Commonwealth. Earl James left at his decease two daughters, the coheirs of the barony of Howard of Walden. His earldom of Suffolk passed successively to his surviving younger brothers, and then remained for some time with the descendants of the youngest of them.

The purchase money of Audley End was £50,000, and of this £20,000 was left in mortgage on the estate, and continued unpaid at the Revolu-

tion. In 1701, therefore, the demesne was conveyed back again to the family of Howard; and the fifth Earl of Suffolk, on receiving it, relinquished his claim upon the Crown for the remainder of the debt. His descendant, the tenth Earl, died without issue in 1733; when the earldom devolved on his distant cousin, Henry Bowes Howard, fourth Earl of Berkshire.

But the estates of Audley End were destined to take a different direction. Their possession was disputed between the second Earl of Effingham, who claimed under a settlement in his favour, executed, after suffering a recovery, by the seventh Earl of Suffolk; and the heir of the two daughters of the third Earl of Suffolk; and as it turned out that the seventh earl was only tenant for life of the property, the courts of law rejected the title of him whom he had nominated. The successful claimants on the part of one of these daughters, the Lady Essex Howard, wife of Lord Griffin, were the Honourable Elizabeth Griffin, married first to Henry Neville Grey, Esq., and secondly, to the Earl of Portsmouth, and her sister Ann, wife of William Whitwell, Esq. It is not here necessary to render the history more complicated, by noticing the heir of the second daughter of Lord Suffolk.

Lady Portsmouth had no issue by either of her husbands; but Mrs. Whitwell had a son, in whose favour the abeyance of the barony of Howard of Walden was terminated, and who acquired the inheritance of his aunt and his mother. This Lord Howard had no children; and consequently, in consideration that his mother was sprung, through her maternal grandmother, from the ancient and historic stock of Neville, he successfully used his influence to procure for himself another barony, that of Braybrooke, with a remainder to his relative, Richard Neville, whose father, Richard Aldworth, Esq., maternally descended from the house of Neville, had assumed its name.

On the death of Lord Howard, which took place in 1797, Richard Neville, who has just been mentioned, succeeded to his kinsman's title, as second Lord Braybrooke, and, under a previous arrangement with the deceased peer's only surviving sister and heir, the wife of the Rev. Dr. Parker, Rector of St. James's, Westminster, obtained immediate possession of the mansion and unentailed portion of the estate. The other part his lordship succeeded to, at the decease *s. p.* of the same lady, who had assumed the surname of Griffin. Richard, second Lord Braybrooke, married Catherine, daughter of the Right Honourable George Grenville, herself deducing a maternal pedigree from Theophilus, second Earl of Suffolk, one of the ancient proprietors of her husband's seat. By this

lady he had issue, Richard, the present Lord Braybrooke, who, by the composition of an interesting and elegantly-written quarto volume, on the history of Audley End and its ancient possessors, has evinced his deep interest in all the ennobling associations connected with the venerable mansion which has so auspiciously devolved upon him.

The house, we have already mentioned, was erected by the first Earl of Suffolk, who on its construction is said to have expended about £190,000, a stupendous sum, if we consider the scarcity of money in that age. The name of Bernard Jansen and John Thorpe are competitors for the fame of its architect; but those who have most attentively investigated the matter incline towards the latter.

For the appearance it wore in 1654 we will quote the high authority of John Evelyn—"It is," says the author of the *Sylvae*, "a mixed fabric between ancient and modern, but observable for its being completely finished, and is one of the stateliest palaces in the kingdom. It consists of two courts, the first very large, winged with cloisters. . . . It has a bowling alley, and a nobly well-walled wooded park. The river (Granta) glides before the palace, to which is an avenue of lime trees; but all this is much diminished by its being placed in an obscure bottom. For the rest, it is a perfectly uniform structure, and shews without like a diadem by the decorations of the cupolas and other ornaments on the pavilions."

The architecture of the time of James I., like the mind of the reigning monarch, allowing some intrusion of classic decoration, still retained much of the Gothic. Thence we meet with the huge mullioned windows, occupying a considerable proportion of the sides of the house, and occasionally a profusion of elaborate stone tracery, grotesque, yet beautiful, like the wreathings of some ancient illuminated manuscript, while in the centre of the building appear columns surmounted with Grecian capitals.

This vast pile has, in the lapse of time, been subjected to considerable alterations and curtailments; but it has for the most part been treated with that taste and consideration which seems to have been transmitted to the present Lord Braybrooke, together with the noble estate on which it is his fortune to be able to display it.

Scattered through the rooms are many interesting portraits; some of them likenesses of the ancient possessors of the domain. Amongst these will be viewed with interest that of Lord Chancellor Audley, by Holbein, and of his daughter, the Duchess of Norfolk, who, if Lucas de Heere were no flatterer, had other attractions besides her broad lands.

Pixton Park, near Dulverton, Somerset.

“Here lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspis glide.”—GOLDSMITH.

SOMERSETSHIRE is not unknown in story, and till within late years the remoteness of its geographical position caused both the county and its inhabitants to retain much of what was primitive in scenery, in dialect, and in manners. In this county the glorious banner of the Cross was first planted, and the piety of holier times is here found in frequent and melancholy contrast with the destructive intolerance of religious fanaticism. Many beautiful and interesting ruins attest this—Glastonbury, the Palace at Wells, the Abbey of Cleve, &c. &c. The wild excitement of the people, and the eager avarice of a capricious tyrant, involved in a blind and fatal destruction edifices and institutions which might have been purged of any existing follies or misdeeds, and, by a judicious reformation and reconstruction, have been saved for the public weal, and remained to this day memorials of the enlightened benevolence of our ancestors, and the respectful gratitude of their posterity. Passing by, however, these considerations, and the many striking historical events connected with Somersetshire, from the concealment of Alfred in the Isle of Axholme, to the battle of Sedgemoor, we will confine this article to a short description of one of those ancient homes which may be well said to bear out Falstaff’s speech to Justice Shallow, “You have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.” The estate of Pixton and its dependant manors were formerly parcel of the extensive domains of the Acland family, now so worthily represented by the respectable and highly respected Baronet of Kellerton, Sir Thomas Dyke Acland. The second Earl of Carnarvon, of the illustrious lineage of Herbert, married in 1796, Elizabeth Kitty, daughter and sole heiress of Colonel John Dyke Acland, eldest son of Sir Thomas Acland, Bart., but the Colonel dying before his father, the title, with the Kellerton estates, devolved on the present Baronet, and the Pixton portion became the inheritance of the Countess of Carnarvon, and is now in the possession of her son, the present Earl. This beautiful and interesting property possesses so many charms, retains such old associations, there is so much of salubrity and exhilaration about its healthy uplands and its echoing vales, that the attachment of every member of the family to this spot is

not to be wondered at, and it is in this lovely retreat that the present noble proprietor spends a portion of his time every year, in that calm and placid retirement so congenial to minds imbued with the love of nature, and anxious for literary ease and leisure. Part of the old gabled mansion was pulled down by the late Earl, and the plain and unadorned structure which took its place, standing boldly out on an abrupt eminence commanding the valley of the Barle, and sheltered and surrounded by deep woods of ancient oak, is, particularly as you approach it from the south-east, at once striking and picturesque. The road from Tiverton to Dulverton passes through the domain, and after rounding the base of Ellersdown, it enters a beautiful and spreading vale, now winding through dark recesses of ancestral groves, now emerging on the steep banks of the Barle, which, in a wild and rapid torrent, pours its giant might over ledges of opposing rock, foaming and roaring in its course.

The general aspect of this district is hilly ; the eminences are rounded, seldom presenting any romantic formations, in the distant outlines ; many are cultivated to the very summit, whereas some, particularly as you approach the wilds of Exmoor, present tracks of heathland as far as the eye can reach. The park of Pixton is of a peculiar character, wild, steep, and undulating. As seen from the mansion, nothing can be more picturesque. To the left is a rising bank, studded with beeches and groves of fir ; in front, the ground falls into a romantic glen, the favourite resort of herds of fallow deer, which, reposing in this sheltered spot, shew their “forked heads” above the luxuriant fern, or graze in groups along the sunny glades. This is a lovely spot, refreshing to the eye to gaze upon. The ancient thorn, the fantastic oak, the leafy chesnut, aid with their charms this forest scene, and constitute a foreground oftener described than witnessed. From this glen the ground again rising eastward loses itself in a grove of majestic oaks ; while to the right, and far below, is the lovely vale of the Barle, with its verdant meads, its murmuring waters, and its hanging woods.

It is an unusual peculiarity of this fine property, that it is intersected and watered by no less than three rivers of some magnitude, the Exe, the Barle, and the Haddeo, each flowing through its own valley, and each possessing its peculiar attractions and characteristics. The Exe, rising in the neighbouring Forest of Exmoor, flows through a delicious and well-cultivated vale, washing in its course the now scanty and ivied ruins of an ancient Priory,* about two miles above Pixton, till suddenly arriving at

* A great portion of the ruins of this monastic house were removed by a neighbouring proprietor, and used to build a summer-house on the hill above.

Exebridge, to the south it pursues its course by Tiverton and Exeter to the sea. The Barle, rising in the same direction, is, as we before stated, a swift and restless stream, forcing its way through narrow vallies amid opposing rocks, till, after passing the town of Dulverton, it unites its waters with the Exe, at the point where it quits the Pixton domain. Among the bleak hills where this river takes its rise, is the remote parish of Hawkridge, the road to which is a mere mountain path, but leading through a succession of fine and varied scenery, such as, once seen, can never be forgotten. Perhaps one of the wildest and most picturesque spots in this county is to be found in this district, at the point where the rapid Dane's-brook, pouring its waters from the distant moors, unites with the Barle. An isolated eminence standing boldy apart from the precipitous hills around, and covered with wood to its very summit, here parts the streams till they join at its eastern base, and then, in one long and beautiful reach, pursue their way through rocks and overhanging woods till they approach the old tower of Dulverton Church, rising from its glassy slope above the surrounding buildings.

But the Haddeo, or, as the inhabitants term it, the Haddon Yeo,* is the glory of the Pixton domain. From its source to its junction with the Exe, it rarely, if ever, leaves the property, and the varied scenes of tranquil beauty and almost savage wildness through which it passes are far beyond our bounds to describe. The road from the little hamlet of Berry skirts, "the extremest verge of the swift brook," sometimes hemmed in by thick copses of primæval oak, sometimes opening out in view of the wild heathery summits of Haddon, and it presents during its whole course, to the admiring traveller, scenes of beauty and interest certainly not surpassed in this or even in the adjoining county. This district is the resort of the few herds of red-deer that yet survive the modern law of extinction. These last tenants of the ancient free warren and free chase, of once "merrie Englande," are seen occasionally at early morn, or dewy eve, to wend their way slowly and cautiously down the steep sides of this narrow vale to quench their thirst and bathe their dappled skins "in the swift brook that brawls along the wood." Here, under the shade of "melancholy boughs," they drink and lave their panting sides, and, as if conscious that their hours are numbered, and their kingdom all but lost, they are startled at the least sound, and hastily seek the covert of those tangled brakes, which ere long are probably destined to destruction for the purposes of what we suspect may in the end prove but a profitless cultivation. The care with which

* *Yeo* is doubtless a corruption of the word *eau*; shewing Norman occupation.

these interesting remnants of a former age are preserved and cherished by the noble owner, is alike creditable to his principles and his taste. But legislation soon will do its work, and all that still remains of the scenery and manners of sports of other days will soon be swept away before the utilitarian notions of the present age. This was the county of wonderful exploits in flood and field, when the hardy proprietors of these dales turned out to hunt the deer ; and many a tale of marvellous feats still lingers round the Christmas hearth, and cheers the long evenings in the moorland farm. Fresh inclosures, however, are rapidly driving the deer to their wildest and remotest haunts, and like the aborigines of other lands, they will soon only live in rural tradition. The staghounds were, if we are correctly informed, for many years a kind of heir-loom at Pixton, and the bold Aclands were ever foremost in promoting the sport and protecting the game. The branching antlers of many a noble buck now grace the hall, and to each of these there is probably some wild tradition attached, which ere long will sound incredible to degenerate ears. How far the annihilation of these hardy sports, and of the constant intercourse and kindly feelings thus promoted between the lords of the soil and their tenants and dependents, will result in a better social system, we doubt. We view with sorrow not unmixed with anxiety, the mighty changes which are taking place in the various relations of social life, and we feel how much all the manlier, confiding, and more generous qualities of the English character are yielding to the spirit of an all-pervading selfishness, and *the love of money*. Lovely Pixton ! long may thy heathy hills and woodland slopes, thy grassy vales and teeming brooks, retain the character of bye-gone days—long may thy hardy peasantry revere their lord, and find in him, as heretofore, their benefactor and their friend—may the simple habits and primitive feelings of thy people know no change but what a more confiding faith, more *rural knowledge*, may confer—and may thy remote and peaceful dales never be visited with the blight of that modern culture, which teaches men to feel the inequalities of life, but gives no principles to bear them.

Vale Royal, Cheshire.

“ Ah, then most happy, if thy vale below
Wash, with the crystal coolness of its rills,
Some mouldering Abbey’s ivy-vested wall.”—MASON.

THE Monastery of Vale Royal owed its origin to the piety of Edward, eldest son of King Henry III. Tradition asserts that the Prince, on his return from an expedition to the Holy Land, was on the point of suffering shipwreck in a dreadful storm, when he made a vow to the Virgin that if she interposed her aid for the preservation of himself and his crew, he would found a Convent for a hundred Monks of the Cistercian Order. The vow, continues the Chronicle of Vale Royal, was instantaneously accepted, the vessel righted itself and was miraculously brought into port: the sailors disembarked, and the Prince landed last of all; the divine protection then terminated, and every fragment of the wreck vanished under the waters. Without further reference to this traditional tale of superstition, certain it is that Edward, shortly after his accession to the throne, planted a colony of the Dernhall Monks, at Vale Royal, and himself laid the first stone of the Monastery on the site of the High Altar. A brilliant concourse of nobles encircled the Monarch, and the Queen herself participated in the ceremony.

The veracious chronicler of Vale Royal does not allow this memorable occasion to pass without comment and monkish fable; he boldly asserts that, for ages before, on the Festivals of the Virgin, amidst the solitude that then reigned on its future site, the shepherds had heard music and celestial voices, and had seen occasional radiance that changed the darkness to day; and he further declares that old people, who had lived at the building of the fabric, had seen the holy pile from turret to foundation stone, glittering in the night with a miraculous illumination, visible to the rest of the country at a surprising distance.

But the Abbey of Vale Royal was intrinsically too grand to require these artificial adornments. For nearly three centuries it exhibited a state of vast splendour and power; its Abbot held a position equal to that of many principal barons. Like them he had his Seneschal, and his under Seneschal; the ordinary law of his court was administered by a coroner and the bailiffs of Over and Weverham, in whom a capital jurisdiction was vested. He had his Page to attend upon him in the Abbey, and his Palfreyman to hold the reins of his horse on his journeys, in which he appears to have travelled with a powerful retinue, and to have been attended by considerable families of the county.

At the dissolution of the Monasteries, Vale Royal was granted to Sir Thomas Holcroft, (second son of John Holcroft, of Holcroft,) a successful courtier who acquired his fortune by his situation of esquire of the body to King Henry VIII., and was one of the Cheshire gentlemen who received Knighthood at Leith, in 1544. In his family, the beautiful lands of the dissolved Religious House remained vested two generations, and were sold in 1616, to Mary, Lady Cholmondeley, widow of Sir Hugh Cholmondeley, of Cholmondeley, and daughter of Christopher Holford, Esq., of Holford. This richly portioned heiress had the honour of a visit from King James I., in 1617, and ever after bore the designation of "The Bold Ladie of Cheshire," which the Monarch had applied to her. Referring to the Royal coming, the White Gate Register records, that "on the 21st daye of Auguste, being Thursdaye, King James came to Vale Royale, and there kept his Court until Mondaye after."

Lady Cholmondeley survived, until 15th August, 1625, when by Inquisition, she appears to have died, seized, *inter alia*, "of the site of the late dissolved Monastery of Vale Royal," and to have given it to her fourth son, Thomas Cholmondeley, Esq. This gentleman, a stanch Royalist, was distinguished in the great civil war, and, after many privations, had to compound for £450. His son, THOMAS CHOLMONDELEY, Esq., of Vale Royal, High Sheriff of Cheshire, at the Restoration, was included in the list of those on whom it was intended to confer the order of the Royal Oak. He married in 1684, Anne, eldest daughter of Sir Walter St. John, Bart., of Battersea, and by her was father of CHARLES CHOLMONDELEY, Esq., of Vale Royal, M.P. for Cheshire, whose grandson, the present possessor of this broad domain, is Thomas Cholmondeley, BARON DELAMERE.

The mansion of Vale Royal, as it now stands, consists of a centre with two projecting wings of red stone. Of the original Abbey there is nothing remaining save a few doorways in the offices, but much of the portion erected by the Holcrofts may still be traced. The most striking feature in the edifice is the Great Hall ; a magnificent apartment, seventy feet in length, with a coved roof, supported by carved ribs of oak in the style of the seventeenth century, and superior to most College halls.

During the Civil Wars, the Cholmondeleys of Vale Royal were very active in support of the Royal cause, and consequently suffered severely. A detachment from General Lambert's army, then engaged in besieging Beeston Castle, plundered their residence, and after stripping it of every valuable article of decoration or furniture, burnt one of the wings, which appeared to have been the refectory of the Abbey, from the marks on the bare walls, which were standing till within these few years. With this event, tradition has connected the singular tale of the household being for some time solely sup-

ported by the milk of a white cow, which had found means to escape from the soldiers, who had seized and were conveying her to their camp with the other cattle. Whatever might be the truth, it is certain that her posterity has been preserved from feelings of gratitude, and white cows with red ears, of the very same breed, are still kept at Vale Royal.

The apartments of the present mansion exhibit a great number of family and other portraits; some of them of distinguished merit: Among the latter are CHARLES THE FIRST and JAMES THE SECOND, by Sir Peter Lely; the GREAT DUKE OF SOMERSET, by Reubens; the EARL OF LONDONDERRY, and his sister MRS. CHOLMONDELEY; Governor PITT; SIR LIONEL and LADY TOLLEMACHE; LADY SALISBURY, his mother; and the last SIR HUGH CHOLMONDELEY; the latter is a full-length in green armour, painted on board, and placed at the end of the gallery called Sir Hugh's. Here also is a very curious painting on wood of Charles the First putting on his cap previous to his decollation: this was executed by Deniers, 1649. Another painting represents MR. JOHN THOMASINE, the celebrated writing-master of TARVIN; many specimens of whose beautiful penmanship are preserved here: he lived in the family. The library is very large and valuable: among its most choice rarities are *writings* called “*The Prophecies of Nixon*,” the famous Cheshire Prophet: these are preserved with the greatest care, no stranger being permitted to see them.

A few words referring to this extraordinary man—“The Prophet” Nixon—will not inappropriately terminate this sketch of the residence of his patrons.

In a pamphlet published at Chester, purporting to contain his original predictions, it is said that he was born at a farm called Bridge House, in the parish of Over, near New Church, and not far from Vale Royal, in the year 1467; but in the account of his life, written by John Oldmixon, Esq., he is affirmed to have lived in the reign of James the First. The latter assertion is most consonant to the general history with which tradition has accompanied the narration of his prophecies; but if actually true, it destroys the validity of various prophetical speeches that have been attributed to him, and, by a natural consequence, throws a shade of considerable doubt over the whole; yet whatever opinion may be entertained by many on this subject, it is certain that numbers of the inhabitants of Cheshire have given the most unlimited credit to the predictions of their oracular countryman. His infancy and boyhood are reported to have been only remarkable for expressing a heavy and sluggish apprehension, which bordered on stupidity. So feeble, indeed, was his intellect, that even the most common employments of husbandry could not be taught him

without considerable fatigue. As his years increased he became distinguished for stubbornness of disposition and sullen taciturnity. His manners were rude and clownish, his appetite voracious, his figure unpleasing, and his voice harsh; though the latter defect was not often perceived, the *cacoethes loquendi* seldom influencing his conversation to a greater extent than *yes* and *no*.

Trained to the lowest occupations of rustic labour, he never soared to a higher situation than that of a rustic ploughman: here his attainments centered; and with any other subject, excepting at the times when inspiration is said to have guided him, he was as little acquainted as the clod he was employed to cultivate. On these occasions, tradition affirms that he spoke with more than customary intelligence; but as soon as the unknown power that propelled him to discourse had ceased to operate, he clapsed into mental imbecility, and driveling idiotism. Previous to the utterance of his prophecies, he generally fell into a trance; and whatever means were employed to awaken his dormant energies, he remained fixed and insensible, till the bodily paroxysm had abated, of the nature, or even of the presence, of which he appears to have had no acquaintance.

Some mystical expressions, which he uttered on recovering from one of the fits, and of which the whole neighbourhood rang with fulfilment, occasioned him to be noticed by Thomas Cholmondeley, Esq., of Vale Royal. This gentleman had taken him into his house, and intended to have had him educated; but his ignorance proved too powerful for the arts of tuition to remove, and he was suffered to pursue the occupation of guiding oxen to the plough, to which his capacity seemed only adapted.

While in this family, he is said to have predicted many things that were soon afterwards actually fulfilled; and others that were not to be accomplished till after the expiration of many years: among the latter events were the civil wars, the death of Charles the First, the Restoration, and the Revolution.

In the lives of *NIXON* above alluded to, are various detached particulars connected with the literal fulfilments of several of his prophecies, and particularly of those which more immediately related to the Cholmondeley family. To those we can only refer, as they involve too many circumstances to be introduced into the present sketch, and might also be misunderstood, unless we had sufficient space to enter into an extended examination of the different relations. The fame attendant on his supposed prescience, was the cause of his being sent for to the Court of James the First, who wished to converse with the man that possessed such extraordinary powers. Nixon was unwilling to attend, declaring that his reason for reluctance was, the certainty of being *starved*, should he be obliged to

comply with the Monarch's command. The plea seemed founded on an event too improbable to be credited, and he was forced to visit the palace, where the King assigned him a station in the kitchen, that he might no longer be in fear of perishing with hunger. This, however, is said to have really happened ; for the King having departed suddenly for Hampton Court, at a time when Nixon, for some mischievous prank, was locked up in a closet, he was entirely forgotten for three days, at the expiration of which he was found lifeless, being literally starved to death.

Basing, Hants.

BOLINBROKE : What ! will not this Castle yield ?

PERCY : The Castle royally is mann'd

Against the entrance.

SHAKESPEARE.

OUR great civil war of the seventeenth century—the hard-fought contest of the Cavaliers and Roundheads—exhibits in a marked degree the superiority of the English character over that of other European nations. The conflict was boldly waged on the battle-field : the nobles rallying round the throne, fought with a devotion that set at nought all considerations of personal advantage, and with a gallantry that recalled the early ages of chivalry. The “rebel Commons,” deserve, too, their meed of praise : they drew the sword in vindication of what they deemed the liberties of their country, and they sheathed it not, until they had placed those liberties on a firm constitutional basis. Yet, in all the rancour engendered by these animosities, and amid all the ill-feeling that civil war never fails to call forth, no deed of premeditated vengeance—no blood spilt on the scaffold when the battle strife was hushed, sullied the fair fame of either party. Englishmen, be their political opinions what they may, recall those stirring times with a sensation of national pride and pleasure. The active loyalty of a Langdale, a Falkland, a Granville, and a Pawlet, and the stern patriotism of a Hampden, a Cromwell, a Waller, or a Fairfax, are alike applauded, and alike combine to render the pages of our history, which narrate their achievements, a highly honorable episode in the world's annals. Weak, indeed, must be the nationality of an English reader, who can peruse the record without experiencing a sentiment of honest exultation at the spirit and energy that pervaded the whole war.

Instances of the most brilliant as well as the most desperate examples of bravery, both in public and private encounters occurred during the progress of the struggle : the nerve of England was strained to the utmost, and mighty, indeed, were its efforts. The great battles—the two Newburys, Marston Moor, Edge Hill, and Rowton Heath, require but to be

named: their details are familiar to all. The minor contests, however—contests of equal, though more circumscribed, daring—have a peculiar and perhaps a more attractive interest. History is seldom so amusing as when, descending from the lofty regions of general description, it dwells for a moment on some ancient place or renowned individual, excluding as it were the world's vast prospect, and limiting our sight to the less extensive, but more clearly defined view of some favored spot. These few cursory remarks on the days of English loyalty and English revolt, have been suggested by the subject before us—the old fortress of Basing, one of the most determined in its resistance to the Parliamentary forces.

Basing is a considerable village in Hampshire, about two miles north-east from Basingstoke. The name is Saxon, and signifies a coat of mail; to which it is said the place once bore some resemblance, referring perhaps to its military strength. That it was, previously to the Conquest, a place of more importance than Basingstoke, there is no reason to doubt, from the Saxon addition of stoke (or hamlet) added to the latter. Basing's first military glory dates from the memorable battle fought between the Danes and the Saxons, commanded by King Ethelred and his brother Alfred, in the year 871, in which the latter were defeated. It became still more famous, however, for the gallant stand made against the forces of the Parliament, in the reign of Charles the First, by John Pawlet, Marquis of Winchester, a lineal descendant of Hugh de Port,* Lord of Basing, who, at the period of the Doomsday Survey, held fifty-five lordships in Hampshire. Basing, the head of these extensive possessions, appears to have been very early the site of a castle, as mention of the land of the old castle of Basing occurs in a grant made by John de Port to the neighbouring priory of Monk's Sherborne, in the reign of Henry the Second. William, his grandson, assumed the name of St. John; and Robert, Lord St. John, in the forty-third of Henry the Third, obtained a license to fix a pole upon the bann of his moat at Basing, and also permission to continue it so fortified during the King's pleasure. In the time of Richard the Second, Basing, with other estates of this family, was transferred by marriage to the Poynings; and again, in the time of Henry the Sixth, to the Pawlets, by the marriage of Constance, heiress of the former, with Sir John Pawlet, of Nunney Castle, in Somersetshire.

Sir William Pawlet, Knt., third in descent from this alliance, created

* It appears that Hugh de Port, Lord of Basing, held at least two manors, Cerdeford and Eschetune, by inheritance from his ancestors, before the Conquest; he took the habit of a monk at Winchester. His son, Henry de Port, Lord of Basing, was buried at Cerusie in Normandy.

Baron St. John, of Basing, by Henry the Eighth, and Earl of Wiltshire and Marquis of Winchester by Edward the Sixth, was a very polished nobleman, and greatly in favor at court through most of the successive changes that occurred in the reigns of Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, Mary, and Elizabeth. He held the office of treasurer nearly thirty years.* Being asked how he contrived to maintain his situation in such perilous times, wherein so many great changes had taken place in church and state, he answered, "By being a willow, and not an oak." He rebuilt the castle at Basing in a magnificent and even princely style; so much so, indeed, that Camden, in allusion to the vast expense of living entailed on his family by its splendour, observes, that "it was so overpowered by its own weight, that his posterity have been forced to pull down a part of it."

Here King Edward the Sixth honoured the Marquis of Winchester with his presence, for four days. King Philip and Queen Mary, whom the Marquis had accompanied to Winchester after their marriage, were also entertained at Basing for five days. Here, also, in the year 1560, his lordship received Queen Elizabeth with "all good cheer," and so much to her satisfaction, that she playfully lamented his great age; "for, by my troth," said the delighted sovereign, "if my lord treasurer were but a young man, I could find in my heart to have him for a husband before any man in England." The Marquess died in 1572, at the age of 97, having lived to see 103 of his own immediate descendants: he was buried in Basing church.

William, his great grandson, and fourth Marquis of Winchester, had likewise, in the year 1601, the honor of having Queen Elizabeth for a guest, and that for a period of "thirteen days, to the greate charge of the sayde Lorde Marquesse." During her Majesty's sojourn, the Duke of Biron, accompanied by about twenty of the French nobility, and a retinue of nearly four hundred persons, were lodged at the Vine, the seat of Lord Sandys, which house had been purposely furnished with hangings and plate from the Tower and Hampton Court, "and with seven score beds and furniture, which the willing and obedient people of the countrie of Southampton, upon two dayes' warning, had brought in thither to lend the Queene." When Elizabeth departed from Basing, she affirmed that "she had done that in Hampshire that none of her ancestors ever did, neither that any Prince in Christendome could doe: that was, she had in her progresses, at her subjects' houses, entertained a royal ambas-

* He is said to have left a manuscript account of his life; and also gave a particular detail of the siege of Boulogne, where he was one of the principal commanders.

sador, and had royally entertained him." This Marquis died in 1628, at Hawkwood, now Hackwood, the present seat of his descendants.

John, his son, the fifth Marquis of Winchester, was the brave nobleman who rendered his name illustrious by his gallant defence of Basing House, in the cause of Charles the First, during a tedious siege and blockade, or rather a succession of them, with short intermissions, continued upwards of two years.

The noble mansion of Basing was built upon a rising ground, and was surrounded with a brick rampart, which was lined with earth, and all encompassed with a dry ditch. Basing House is not to be confounded with the castle ; to the east of which it is situated at a small distance, some remains of the foundations still existing.

In the beginning of the Civil Wars, this garrison much distressed the Parliamentarians by the command it had of the western road, insomuch that it was several times besieged by their forces under Colonel Norton, Colonel Morley, and Sir William Waller, who greatly distressed, but could not take it. The Marquis declared, that "if the King had no more ground in England than Basing House, he would hold it out to the extremity." At first there were none but the Marquis's own family, and one hundred musqueteers from Oxford, but afterwards the King supplied him as occasion required. To inspire the garrison with courage, and perseverance in the resolute contest, he wrote with a diamond in every window "Love Loyalty;" for which reason the house was called Loyalty House, and the words in French, *Aimez Loyaulté*, afterwards became the motto of the family arms, as they are to the present day.

The investment commenced in August, 1643 : the first material assaults were made by Sir William Waller, (called from his former successes, William the Conqueror,) who thrice, within nine days, attempted to take it by storm, with 7000 men, but was repulsed, and obliged to retreat with great loss to Farnham.

The final investment of Basing House appears to have been undertaken by Cromwell. When the king's cause declined everywhere, Oliver, coming with his victorious troops out of the west, attacked Basing House, and so vigorously pushed on the siege, that the Royalists saw it impossible for them to hold out as they had formerly done, and thereupon desired a parley ; but the General was resolved to chastise them for their obstinate loyalty, and would hearken to no proposals, intending to take it by storm. Having therefore posted his army around the house, the attack was begun, and Sir Hardress Waller's and Colonel Montague's regiments having forced the works of the besieged, mounted the walls and entered the house before the defendants perceived their danger. Thus Basing House, which had

held out so long, and had been thought almost impregnable, was at length taken by storm, Oct. 14th, 1645, and burnt to the ground. Seventy-two men were lost on the king's side, and about 200 (another account says 400) taken prisoners, among whom was the Marquis himself, and several other persons of distinction, whom Cromwell sent up to Parliament. Oliver's letter, still preserved in the British Museum, thus narrates the siege:—

“ I thank God I can give you a good account of Basing. After our batteries, we settled the several posts for the storm; Colonel Dalbert was to be on the north side of the house, near the Grange, Colonel Pickering on his left hand, and Sir Hardress Waller's and Colonel Montague's regiments next him. We stormed in the morning at six o'clock. The signal of falling on was the firing of four of our cannon, which being done, our men fell on with great resolution and cheerfulness; we took the two houses without any considerable loss to ourselves. Colonel Pickering stormed the new house, passed through, and got to the gate of the old house, whereupon they summoned a parley, which our men would not hear. In the meantime, Colonel Montague's and Sir Hardress Waller's regiments assaulted the strongest work, where the enemy kept his court of guard, which, with great resolution, they recovered, beating the enemy from a double culverine, and from that work; which, having done, they drew their ladders after them, and got over another work, and the house wall, before they could enter. In this Sir Hardress Waller, performing his duty with honour and diligence, was shot in the arm, but not dangerous. We have little loss; many of the enemy our men put to the sword, and some officers of quality: most of the rest we have prisoners, amongst which, the Marquis and Sir Robert Peake, and divers other officers, whom I have ordered to be sent up to you. We have taken about ten pieces of ordnance, and much ammunition, to your soldiers a good encouragement. I humbly offer to you to have this place utterly slighted, for these following reasons; it will take about eight hundred men to manage it; it is not frontier; the country is open about it; the place exceedingly ruined by your batteries and mortar-pieces, and a fire which fell upon the place since our taking it. If you please to take the garrison at Farnham, some out of Chichester, and a good part of the foot which were here under Dalbert, make a strong quarter at Newberry, with three or four troops of horse, I dare be confident, it would not only be a curb to Dennington, but a security and a frontier to these parts, inasmuch as Newberry lies upon the river, and will prevent any incursion from Dennington, Wallingford, or Farringdon, into these parts, and by lying there will make the trade more secure between Bristol and London, for all carriages: and I believe the gentlemen of Wiltshire and Hampshire will, with more cheerfulness, contribute to maintain a garrison upon a frontier than in their own bowels, which will have less safety in it. Sir, I hope not to delay, but march towards the West to-morrow, and be as diligent as I may in my expedition thither. I must speak my judgement to you, that if you intend to have your work carried on, recruits of foot must be had, and a course

taken to pay your army, else, believe me, Sir, it will not be able to answer the work you have for it to do. I entreated Colonel Hammond to wait upon you, who was taken by a mistake whilst we lay before this garrison, which God safely delivered to us, to our great joy, but to his loss of almost all he had, which the enemy took from him. The Lord grant that these mercies may be acknowledged with all thankfulness. God exceedingly abounds in his goodness towards us, and will not be weary until righteousness and peace meet; and that he hath brought forth a glorious work for the happiness of this poor kingdom, wherein desires to serve God and you with a faithful hand,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL."

The number of soldiers slain before the walls, from the commencement of the siege, is recorded to have been upwards of 2000. The plunder obtained on this occasion amounted to 200,000*l.* in cash, jewels, and furniture, among which was a bed worth 1,400*l.* A private soldier is said to have received 300*l.* as his share of the booty. Among the distinguished persons taken prisoner was Sir Robert Peake, who commanded the garrison under the Marquis. Lieut-Col. Wilburn, and Sergeant-Major Cufaude, of the Loyalists, tradition narrates, were slain in cold blood. Dr. Thomas Johnson, the celebrated botanist, being with the royal army, received a wound of which he died. Six Catholic priests (the Marquis being a Catholic) were also among the slain. Robinson, a stage-player, was killed by Major-Gen. Harrison, who is said to have refused him quarter and shot him in the head when he had laid down his arms. Hollar, the celebrated engraver, who was there at the time, made his escape. Dr. Thomas Fuller, author of the "Church History of Britain," and other works, being a chaplain in the royal army under Lord Hopton, was for some time shut up in Basing House while it was besieged. Even here, as if sitting in the study of a quiet parsonage far removed from the din of war, he prosecuted his favourite work, entitled "The Worthies of England;" discovering no sign of fear, but only complaining that the noise of the cannon, which was continually thundering from the lines of the besiegers, interrupted him in digesting his notes. Dr. Fuller, however, animated the garrison to so vigorous a defence, that Sir William Waller was obliged to raise the siege with considerable loss, by which the fate of Basing House was for a considerable while suspended. When it was besieged a second time and fell, Lord Hopton's army took shelter in the city of Exeter, whither Fuller accompanied it.

Hugh Peters was at the taking of Basing House, and being come to London to make a report of it to the Parliament, said it was a house fit for

an emperor to dwell in, it was so spacious and beautiful. The Marchioness of Winchester, second wife of the Marquis, was distinguished for courage and prudence, like the celebrated Blanche, Lady Arundel, who so nobly held Wardour Castle. The Marchioness valiantly aided in the defence of Basing House, which was taken during her absence. She wrote a journal of the proceedings relative to the siege.*

After the original house was destroyed, a mansion was built on the north side of the road opposite the ruins. This house was pulled down about fifty or sixty years ago, and the materials carried to Cannons near Kingsclere.

The brave Marquis, whose property was thus reduced to ruins in the cause of his sovereign, lived to the Restoration, but received no recompense from an ungrateful court for his immense losses. His loyalty was the more remarkable as coming from a Catholic subject to a Protestant King. During the latter part of his life he resided at Englefield, in Berkshire, where he built a noble mansion, the front of which resembled the face of a church organ. Dying in 1674, he was buried in the parish church; the epitaph on his monument was written by Dryden:—

“He, who in impious times undaunted stood,
And midst rebellion durst be just and good ;
Whose arms asserted, and whose sufferings more
Confirm'd the cause for which he fought before,
Rests here ; rewarded by a heav'nly Prince
For what his earthly could not recompense.
Pray, reader, that such times no more appear ;
Or if they happen, learn true honour here.
Ark of this age's faith and loyalty,
Which, to preserve them, Heav'n confin'd in thee,
Few subjects could a King like thine deserve ;
And fewer such a King so well could serve.
Blest King, blest subjects, whose exalted state
By suffering rose, and gave the law to fate !
Such souls are rare ; but mighty patterns given
To earth, and meant for ornaments to Heaven.”

The Marquis translated from the French the “*Gallery of Heroic Women*,” 1652 ; and Talon's “*Holy History*,” 1653.

The first wife of the Marquis was Jane, the accomplished daughter of Thomas Viscount Savage: she was taught Spanish by James Howell, Esq., who addressed a very curious letter to her Grace. (See his *Familiar*

* The Journal of the siege of Basing House, printed at Oxford in 1645, is considered as one of the most eventful pieces of history during the civil war.

Letters, vol. 1.). She was mother of Charles, first Duke of Bolton, but died in the delivery of her second child, in the 24th year of her age. An epitaph to her memory was written by Milton. There was a Cambridge collection of verses on her death, among which Milton's lines appeared, being written while he was a student at Christ's College. Ben Jonson wrote an Elegy on the Lady Anne Pawlett, Marchioness of Winton. She was sister to the Earl of Essex, and to the Marchioness of Hertford.

Her son Charles Paulett, sixth Marquess of Winchester, was elevated to a dukedom, 9th April, 1689, as Duke of Bolton. His grace *m.* 1st Christian, eldest daughter and co-heiress of John Frecheville, of Stavely, afterwards created Lord Frecheville, by whom he had no surviving issue; and 2ndly, Mary, eldest illegitimate daughter of Emanuel Scroop, Earl of Sunderland, and widow of the Hon. Henry Carey, and by that lady had two sons and three daughters—Charles, his heir; William, who *m.* twice, and left issue by both marriages; Jane, *m.* to John, Earl of Bridgewater; Mary, *d. unm.*; and Elizabeth, *m.* to Toby Jenkins, Esq. Of this duke, Burnet says, “This year (1699) died the Marquess of Winchester, whom the king had created Duke of Bolton. He was a man of a strange mixture. He had the spleen to a high degree, and affected an extravagant behaviour; for many weeks he would not open his mouth till such an hour of the day when he thought the air was pure. He changed the day into night, and often hunted by torchlight, and took all sorts of liberties to himself, many of which were very disagreeable to those about him. He was a man of profuse expense, and of a most ravenous avarice to support that; and though he was much hated, yet he carried matters before him with such authority and success, that he was in all respects the great riddle of the age.” His grace was *s.* by his eldest son, Charles, 2d Duke of Bolton, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, in 1717, who was father of Charles, 3d Duke of Bolton, K.G., constable of the Tower of London, and Lord-Lieutenant of the Tower Hamlets. His grace *m.* 1st, Anne, daughter and sole heiress of John Vaughan, Earl of Carberry, which lady died childless; and 2ndly, Miss Lavinia Bestwick, well known as an actress in the character of Polly Peachum, by whom he had no legitimate issue, but had three sons prior to the decease of the first duchess. He *d.* 23rd Aug. 1754, when the honors devolved upon his brother, Harry, fourth Duke of Bolton, whose son Charles, fifth Duke, Lieutenant of the Tower of London, and Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, had an illegitimate daughter, Mary Jean Paulett, who eventually succeeded by entail to the greater part of his Grace's extensive estates, and married Thomas Orde, Esq., afterwards Baron Bolton.

Holland House, Middlesex.

“Here Rogers sat—and here for ever dwell
With me, those pleasures that he sang so well.”*

ABBOTS KENSINGTON, of which Holland House is the Manorial residence, appears in Domesday Book as “Chrenistun,” and in other ancient records is styled “Kenesitune.” After passing through the illustrious family of De Vere, it came into the hands of William, Marquess of Berkeley, who gave it to Sir Reginald Bray: subsequently, it fell to Sir Walter Cope, Knt., and was conveyed, in marriage, by that gentleman’s only daughter and heiress, Isabel, to Sir Henry Rich, K.B., Captain of the King’s Guard, who, not long after, being raised to the peerage, assumed his title of nobility from his wife’s inheritance. From this period, Holland House, the cherished home of men “writ in the annals of their country’s fame,” has held a foremost place among our English mansions. Its situation, close to the metropolis; its attractive style of architecture affording a correct idea of the baronial mansion of the reign of James I.; and, above all, the historical and literary associations which hang around its venerable walls, combine to invest this splendid abode with no common claims to public favour. London, with its smoke, its din, and its busy hum of men, is scarcely two miles distant, and yet Holland House has its green meadows, its sloping lawns, and its refreshing woods. Here still sings the nightingale; here is the pleasant shade; and here may yet be seen the gables and chimneys of the good old times of the Stuarts. An eloquent contemporary thus deplores the possibility of a change coming over so classic a spot, and graphically refers to the glories of this stately pile:—

“ Yet a few years, and these shades and structures may follow their illustrious masters. The wonderful city which, ancient and gigantic as it is, still continues to grow as a young town of logwood by a water privilege in Michigan, may soon displace these turrets and gardens, which are associated with so much that is interesting and noble; with the courtly magnificence of Rich; with the loves of Ormond; with the counsels of Cromwell; with the death of Addison. The time is coming when perhaps a few old men, the last survivors of our generation, will in vain seek, amid new streets, and squares, and railway stations, for the site of that dwelling, which in their youth was the favourite resort of wits and

* These lines were inscribed by the late Lord Holland in an alcove in the quaint old garden of Holland House, where the Bard of Memory was accustomed to sit.

beauties, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers, and statesmen ; they will then remember with strange tenderness many objects familiar to them—the avenue and terrace, the busts and the paintings, and the carving, the grotesque gilding, and the enigmatical mottoes. With peculiar tenderness they will recall that venerable chamber, in which all the antique gravity of a college library was so singularly blended with all that female grace and wit could devise to embellish a drawing-room. They will recollect, not unmoved, those shelves loaded with the varied learning of many lands and many ages ; those portraits, in which were preserved the features of the best and wisest Englishmen for two generations : they will recollect how many men, who have guided the politics of Europe, who have moved great assemblies by reason and eloquence, who have put life into bronze or canvas, or who left to posterity things so written that it will not willingly let them die, were there mixed with all that is loveliest and gayest in the society of the most splendid of capitals. They will remember the singular character which belonged to that circle, in which every talent and accomplishment, every art and science, had its place. They will remember how the last debate was discussed in one corner, and the last comedy of Scribe in another ; while Wilkie gazed with modest admiration on Reynolds' Baretta ; while Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation ; while Talleyrand related his conversations with Barras at the Luxembourg, or his ride with Lannes over the field of Austerlitz. They will remember above all, the grace, and the kindness far more admirable than grace, with which the princely hospitality of that ancient mansion was dispensed ; they will remember that temper, which years of sickness, of lameness, of confinement, seemed only to make sweeter and sweeter ; and that frank politeness, which at once relieved all the embarrassment of the youngest and most timid writer or artist, who found himself for the first time among ambassadors and earls. They will remember that, in the last lines which he traced, he expressed his joy that he had done nothing unworthy of the friend of Fox and Grey ; and they will have reason to feel similar joy, if, in looking back on many troubled years, they cannot accuse themselves of having done anything unworthy of the men who were distinguished by the friendship of Lord Holland."

But we must revert to the regular descent of the manor, and the history of its successive possessors. Sir Henry Rich, Lord Kensington, the husband of the heiress of Cope, was a courtier, and had the honour of being employed to negotiate a marriage between Prince Charles and the Spanish Infanta. The negotiation proved abortive, but the services of Lord Kensington were well appreciated and rewarded, by an Earl's coronet and the Insignia of the Garter. The new title chosen by his Lordship was Holland, and thence the Manor House of Kensington, built by the Earl's father-in-law, Sir Walter Cope, in 1607, received its present appellation. Thus esteemed by the gallant race that then filled the throne of England, the Earl of Holland repaid

the royal favour he enjoyed, by the most devoted zeal in the cause of King Charles. At last, when his Majesty became captive in the Isle of Wight, his Lordship took up arms, with other loyal persons, to effect his restoration, but miscarrying at Kingston-upon-Thames, 7th July, 1648, he was made prisoner and committed to the Tower, where he remained until after the execution of the King, when, being brought to trial, with the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Norwich, and Sir John Owen, he was condemned to death, and executed by decapitation, before the gates of Westminster Hall, 9th March, 1649. His son, ROBERT RICH, second Earl of Holland, succeeded his cousin as fifth Earl of Warwick, and thus united the two coronets of his family. He was father of EDWARD RICH, Earl of Warwick and Holland, whose widow, Charlotte, daughter of Sir Thomas Middleton of Chirk Castle, married in 1716, the Right Honourable JOSEPH ADDISON, and thus, by linking with the associations of Kensington the memory of that illustrious man, has invested with a classic halo the groves and shades of Holland House. The noble alliance brought, however, little comfort to the poet's mind. "The mansion," says Dr. Johnson, "although large, could not contain Mr. Addison, the Countess of Warwick, and one guest—Peace." The courtly pair lived on ill terms together, and it is not unlikely that Addison was first seduced to excess by the manumission which he obtained from the servile timidity of his sober hours. Of the union there was issue, an only child—a daughter—Charlotte Addison, who is stated to have been of weak intellect. She inherited her father's estate at Bilton, in Warwickshire, which she bequeathed to her maternal kinsman, the Hon. John Bridgman Simpson.

The traditions regarding Addison, during his residence at Holland House, are very trifling. "They are simply," says Mr. Howitt, "that he used to walk, when composing his *Spectators*, in the Long Library, then a Picture Gallery, with a bottle of wine at each end, which he visited as he alternately arrived at them: and that the room in which he died, though not positively known, is supposed to be the present dining-room, being then the state bedroom. The young Earl of Warwick, to whom he there addressed the emphatic words—' See in what peace a Christian can die ! ' died also himself in 1721, but two years afterwards."

At the youthful earl's decease, the estate passed to his first-cousin, WILLIAM EDWARDES, Esq., (created a Peer of Ireland, as Baron Kensington), and was eventually sold to the Right Hon. HENRY FOX, the distinguished politician of the time of George II., who, on being created a Peer, adopted the title of Holland. His second son, Charles James Fox, the still more illustrious statesman of the succeeding reign, passed

his early days in the venerable shades of Holland House ; and here lived his nephew, the late kind and accomplished Peer, whose literary tastes and literary friendships collected around him the most intellectual society of the age.

“ The general form of the mansion,” we quote again from the “ Homes and Haunts of the Poets,” “ is that of a half H. The projection in the centre forming at once porch and tower, and the two wings, supported on pillars, give great decision of effect to it. The stone quoins worked with a sort of arabesque figure, remind one of the style of some portions of Heidelberg Castle, which is, what is called on the Continent, *rococo*. Here it is deemed Elizabethan ; but the plain buildings attached on each side to the main body of the house, with their shingled and steep-roofed towers, have a very picturesque and Bohemian look. Altogether it is a charming old pile, and the interior corresponds beautifully with the exterior. There is a fine entrance hall, a library behind it, and another library extending the whole length of one of the wings and the house up-stairs, one hundred and fifty feet in length. The drawing-room over the entrance hall, called the gilt-room, extends from front to back of the house, and commands views of the gardens both ways ; those to the back are very beautiful.

In the house are, of course, many interesting and valuable works of art ; a great portion of them memorials of the distinguished men who have been accustomed to resort thither. In one room is a portrait of Charles James Fox, as a child, in a light blue dress, and with a close, reddish woollen cap on his head, under which shew lace edges. The artist is unknown, but is supposed to be French. The countenance is full of life and intelligence, and the child “ in it, is most remarkably the father of the man.” The likeness is wonderful. You can imagine how, by time and circumstance, that child’s countenance expanded into what it became in maturity. There is also a portrait of Addison, which belonged to his daughter. It represents him as much younger than any others that I have seen. In the gilt room are busts of George IV. and William IV. On the staircase is a bust of Lord Holland, father of the second earl, and of Charles Fox, by Nollekens. This bust, which is full of power and expression, is said to have brought Nollekens into his great repute. The likeness to that of Charles Fox is very striking. By the same artist, there are also the busts of Charles Fox, the late Lord Holland, and the present peer. That of Frere, by Chantry, is very spirited. There are also here, portraits of Lord Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, and family portraits. There is also a large and very curious painting of a fair, by Callott, and an Italian print of it.

In the library, down stairs, are portraits of Charles James Fox—a very fine one; of the late Lord Holland, of Talleyrand, by Ary Scheffer, perhaps the best one in existence, and the only one which he said that he ever sate for; of Sir Samuel Romilly; Sir James Mackintosh; Lord Erskine, by Sir Thomas Lawrence; Tierney; Francis Horner, by Raeburn, so like Sir Walter Scott by the same artist, that I at first supposed it to be him. Lord Macartney, by Phillips; Frere by Shee; Moore; Lord Thanet; Archibald Hamilton; late Lord Darnley; late Lord King, when young, by Hoppner; and a very sweet fancy portrait of the present Lady Holland. We miss, however, from this haunt of genius, the portraits of Byron, Brougham, Crabbe, Blanco White, Hallam, Rogers, Lord Jeffrey, and others.

In the left wing is placed the colossal model of the statue of Charles Fox, which stands in Bloomsbury Square.

In the gardens are various memorials of distinguished men. Amongst several very handsome cedars, perhaps the most luxuriant is said to have been planted by Charles Fox.

The fine avenue leading down from the house to the Kensington road, is remarkable for having often been the walking and talking place of Cromwell and General Lambert. Lambert then occupied Holland House, and Cromwell, who lived next door, when he came to converse with him on state affairs, had to speak very loud to him, because he was deaf. To avoid being overheard, they used to walk in this avenue.

Wressle, co. York.

“ Yet, though deserted and in ruin grey,
The suns of morn upon thy relic stream,
And evening yields thy wall her blushing ray,
And Cynthia visits with her silver beam.”

THIS relic of feudal grandeur is situated about four miles north-west from Howden, on a gently rising ground, within two hundred yards of the east bank of the Derwent, and elevated above that river just as much as is sufficient to be secure from the inundations, which frequently cover the adjoining marshes to a very considerable extent. The prospects which the towers of this once magnificent castle could command are wholly unpicturesque, as the surrounding country, though mostly fertile, presents not the least variety of surface.

It appears from the Doomsday Book that Gilbert Tyson had part of the manor of Wressle ; but from the time of that survey we find no mention of this place till the year 1315, the ninth of Edward II., when it is marked in the record called “ Nomina Villarum ” as one of the lordships of William de Percy. The time when the castle was built is not precisely ascertained ; but Leland ascribes its foundation to Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, in the time of Richard II., and Mr. Savage thinks that the era may be fixed to some part of the period between the years 1380 and 1390, when that nobleman, having grown into favour with the king, and obtained a considerable share in the direction of public affairs, might probably erect this monument of his greatness. This earl, with his nephew Henry Hotspur, son of Henry Percy earl of Northumberland, rebelling against King Henry IV., was taken prisoner at the battle of Shrewsbury, A. D. 1403, and was beheaded the next day ; and in consequence of that event his estates became forfeited to the Crown. The king, after retaining Wressle some time in his own hands, gave it to his son John Duke of Bedford, who died possessed of it in the year 1434, the twelfth of Henry VI., and left it to that king, his nephew and heir. The inhabitants of Wressle have a current tradition, that all the men capable of bearing arms in that parish were with the Earl of Northumberland at the battle of Chevy Chace, where most of them were slain. Dr. Percy says that the first Earl of Northumberland fought the battle of Chevy Chace ; but the well known song of that name has been embellished with several circumstances relating to the battle of Otterburn.

Thomas Percy, knight, son of Henry Percy second Earl of Northumberland, was created baron Egremont on the 20th Nov. 1446 ; and in the year 1457 he obtained a grant of the castle and lordship of Wressle to hold during his life. It is probable that the next possessor was Nevil Lord Montague, brother of the famous Earl of Warwick, who being created Earl of Northumberland by King Edward IV., in the year 1463, had all the estates of the Percys granted to him. But in 1469 Edward revoked that grant, and restored Henry Percy, the fourth Earl of Northumberland, to the honours and estates of his ancestors. This castle and manor continued in the Percy family till the death of Josceline the eleventh Earl of Northumberland, who dying May 21, 1670, without issue male, the title of Earl of Northumberland became extinct ; but the barony of Percy descended to his daughter the lady Elizabeth Percy, who in 1682 married Charles Seymour Duke of Somerset, and transmitted to that family a very rich inheritance, in which was included the lordship of Wressle. The Seymours continued lords of this place till the year 1750, when the Duke of Somerset dying, his estates were separated, those which came by the

lady Percy being divided between Sir Hugh Smithson, baronet, who married the duke's daughter and succeeded to the title of Northumberland, and Sir Charles Windham, baronet, his grace's nephew, who succeeded to the title of Earl of Egremont. To this nobleman fell the Yorkshire estates of the Percys, among which were the lordship and castle of Wressle ; and his son, the present Earl of Egremont, is now the proprietor.

Leland describes Wressle castle as built of very large squared stones, a great part of which was supposed to have been brought out of France. The whole building was a quadrangle with five towers, one at each corner, and the fifth over the gateway. He says that it was moated round on three sides, but without any ditch on the fourth, by which was the entrance ; and he considers it as one of the most superb houses to the north of the Trent. It also appears that its noble possessors paid some attention to letters. For Leland in his Description says, “ One thing I likid exceedingly : yn one of the Toures ther was a study called Paradise, wher was a closet in the middle of eight squares latisd aboute, and at the top of every square was a desk ledgid to set booke on booke on cofers within them ; and this semid as joined hard to the toppe of the closette, and yet by pulling one or al wolde cum downe briste highte in rabbettes and serve for desks to lay booke on. The garde robe yn the castelle was exceedingly fair. And so wer the gardens within the mote and the orchardes without. And in the orchardes were mountes ‘ Opere topiario’ writhen aboute with degrees like turninges of cockle shells to cum to the top without payn. The river of Darwent rennith almost harde by the castelle and aboute a mile lower goith into the Owse. This ryver at greate raynes ragith and overflowith, much of the ground thereaboutes being lowe medowes. There is a park harde by the castelle.”

In this castle the Earls of Northumberland displayed a magnificence resembling, and scarcely inferior to, that of the royal court. Their household was established on the same plan : their officers bore the same titles and their warrants ran in the same style. All the chief officers of the Earl of Northumberland's household, such as the comptrollers, clerk of the kitchen, chamberlain, treasurer, &c. were gentlemen both by birth and office ; and the table at which they dined was called the Knights' board. The number of priests who were kept in this household were not fewer than eleven, at the head of whom was a doctor or bachelor of divinity ; and there was also a complete establishment of singers, choristers, &c. for the service of the chapel. The household book of the Percys exhibits a curious display of the magnificence of our ancient nobility ; and as the number of the Earl of Northumberland's servants, who were in ordinary waiting at his lordship's castles of Wressle and Leckonfield, shew the

grandeur of the feudal times, we shall give the following list from Mr. Savage's extracts :

“ Gentlemen who wait before noon, six : yeomen and grooms of the chamber who wait before noon, ten : yeomen officers, four : groom officers, four : servants to wait in the great chamber in the morning from six till ten o'clock, twenty : gentlemen to wait in the afternoon, seven : yeoman of the chamber, yeomen waiters, and grooms of the chamber to wait in the afternoon, seven : yeomen officers of the household to wait in the afternoon, four : gentlemen to wait after supper, thirteen : yeomen of the chamber, yeomen waiters and groom officers and grooms of the chamber to wait after supper, seventeen : yeomen of the household and groom officers of the household, which shall not attend after supper, eight : chaplains and priests, eleven : gentlemen and children of the chapel attending daily at matins, lady mass, high mass, and evening song, seventeen : yeomen officers, groom officers, and grooms in household, not appointed to attend because of their other business which they attend daily in their offices in the house, twenty-seven : an armourer : a groom of the chamber to the lord Percy to wait hourly in his chamber : a second groom for brushing and dressing his clothes : a groom of the chamber to his lordship's two youngest sons : a groom of the stirrup : a groom sumpter man to dress the sumpter horses and my lady's palfreys : a groom to dress the hobbys and nags : a groom to keep the hounds : a groom miller for grinding corn for baking and brewing : a groom porter for keeping the gates : a groom for driving his lordship's chariot : a keeper of the chariot horses : clerks of the household not appointed daily to attend because of making their books, which they are charged with to write upon hourly, seven : servants belonging to gentlemen in his lordship's house, ten : servants and gentlemen servants not appointed to wait because of their other business which they attend on daily for his lordship, forty-four : in all two hundred and twenty-nine.”

The civil war in the reign of Charles I. proved fatal to this magnificent castle. During that unfortunate contest it was garrisoned by the Parliamentarians ; and though the earl of Northumberland had espoused their cause with considerable activity, yet the losses which he sustained from his own party, were almost incredible. By an account taken at Michaelmas, 1646, it appeared that the damages done by the garrison to his lordship's buildings, woods, inclosures, &c., with the losses arising from the non-payment of his rents, in consequence of the contributions levied on his tenants, amounted to 42,554*l.* a sum more than equivalent to 200,000*l.* in the present century. And after all the zeal which the Earl of Northumberland had shewn for their cause, an order was issued in 1650 for dismantling Wressle Castle, and rendering it untenable, by demolishing three sides of the quadrangle and throwing down all the battlements. It was also required that windows of eight feet in breadth and height, and only

eight feet asunder should be broken out all round the remaining side, and that the demolition should take place before the 17th day of May. In consequence of these orders, three sides of the square which composed this castle were demolished: the south side alone, which contained some of the principal state rooms, was left standing to serve as a manor-house; but even this part was, by throwing down the battlements, deprived of its former majestic appearance.

It appears that after this demolition, Wressle castle was not long used as the mansion of its lords. It was occupied as a farm house till the year 1796, when an accidental fire, which broke out on the 19th February, completed its destruction; and the naked walls are now the only remains of this noble monument of feudal grandeur.

Carisbrooke Castle, Isle of Wight.

“ Time, by his gradual touch,
Has moulder'd into beauty many a tower,
Which, when it frowned with all its battlements,
Was only terrible.”—MASON.

CROWNING the top of a hill, beneath which is a pretty rural village, and at the distance of a mile, or mile and half, from the little metropolis of the Isle of Wight, the ruins of Carisbrooke Castle allure the inquiring tourist. Nor is he disappointed of the object in his pilgrimage. So fair are these ruins, so important the events that they have witnessed, and so romantic and sad, that the Muses of Painting, History, and Tragedy might contend who should mark them for her own.

The ground occupied by this castle is said to have been the site of a Roman camp; and, in the shape of some of its mounds and trenches, antiquarians profess still to trace the hand of the enslavers and civilizers of the ancient world. Having grown into a castle, it was in the year 530 besieged and taken by Cerdic, the founder of the Saxon Kingdom of Wessex. On the Norman conquest, this castle, together with the lordship of the Isle of Wight, was granted to a kinsman of the Conqueror, William Fitz-Osborne, who had been the victor's marshal at the battle of Hastings. Everywhere it was the policy of the triumphant strangers to overawe the natives, by strengthening the old, and erecting new fortresses; and in the time of Fitz-Osborne, or his son Roger Earl of Hereford, this castle is supposed to have received considerable additions. Henceforward the

seignory of the island, together with Carisbrooke, its chief seat, was held by a succession of powerful barons, to whom it passed, sometimes by private inheritance, sometimes by royal grant, till at length, through the favour of Henry VI., Henry Beauchamp, Duke of Warwick, was crowned King of the Isle of Wight. He, however, had no surviving issue; and with him this little kingdom began and ended.

From Edward IV. the brother of his Queen received a grant of this lordship, and, after the King's death, became one of the first victims to the relentless ambition of Richard Duke of Gloucester. Anthony Widvile, Earl of Rivers, stood in the same degree of relationship as Gloucester to the little King, Edward V., and, not being of a lineage which could give him pretensions to the crown for himself, he was the natural guardian of it for his nephew. As such he was feared by Gloucester; and by the command of the paternal uncle, the maternal uncle of the helpless sovereign expired on the scaffold.

Passing on to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we find the castle of Carisbrooke then in the possession of the crown, and receiving considerable additions.

“The principal entrance,” says Mr. Brannon, a native artist, in his accurately illustrated quarto called “*Vectis Scenery*,” “is through an ivy-vested stone gateway, between the two western bastions, which by an inscription over the arch (1598, E. R. 40) appears to have been erected in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This leads to another of higher date and greater dimensions, guarded by two noble round towers, which yet

‘A warlike mien, a sullen grandeur wear,’

and opens to the bare court, or inner fortification. At the north east-angle, on an artificial mount, stands the keep, a multangular tower of untold antiquity.”

How little could Elizabeth, that proud and successful asserter of prerogative, have supposed that, in enlarging this castle, she was but strengthening the prison of one of her imperial successors! Yet such to Charles I. became the royal Castle of Carisbrooke.

After the success of the Parliamentary forces, and after he had been delivered into the power of the conquerors, through the treachery of the Scotch, the unhappy monarch escaped to Carisbrooke, confiding in the loyalty of Hammond, the governor; and thence, at a safe distance, hoping to negotiate with his enemies. He at first had no reason to be aggrieved at the personal treatment which he received; as is evinced by the following letter addressed to Lord Lanerick, one of the three commissioners from Scotland, deputed to treat with the king.

“ LANERICK,—I wonder to hear (if that be true) that some of my friends should say, that my going to Jersey had much more furthered my personal treaty than my coming hither; for which, as I see no colour of reason, so I had not been here if I had thought that fancy true, or had not been secured of a personal treaty, of which I neither do, nor I hope shall repent; for I am daily more and more satisfied with this governor, and find these Islanders very good, peaceable, and quiet people. This encouragement I have thought not unfit for you to receive, hoping at least it may do upon others, though needless to you, from

Your most assured, real, faithful, constant friend,

Carisbrooke, 23rd Nov. 1647.

CHARLES R.”*

The chiefs of the army, however, had views and interests far different from those of either the King or Parliament. They removed his friends from the garrison, and directed that he himself should be treated as a prisoner. During his confinement here, Charles more than once vainly attempted to escape. In the inner court, above the raised chamber, which was once the banqueting hall, is a mullioned window. There is a hole in the top and bottom of the stone centre of each compartment of this window, where an iron had been placed; but it having been discovered that the captive king had nearly succeeded in squeezing his body through this narrow aperture, with the purpose of effecting his escape, the space was still further contracted by introducing two side bars instead of the central one.

His situation at this period is thus described by Clarendon :

“ The King remained under strict and disconsolate imprisonment, no man being suffered to speak with him, and all diligence used to intercept all letters which might pass to or from him; yet he found means sometimes, by the affection and fidelity of some of the inhabitants of the island to receive important advertisements from his friends; and to write and receive letters from the Queen, and looked upon it as a good omen, that in that desperate lowness of his fortune, and notwithstanding all the care that was taken that none should be about him but men of the most barbarous and inhuman tempers and natures, void of all reverence towards God and man, his majesty’s gracious disposition and generous affability still wrought upon some soldier, or other person placed about him, to undertake and perform some offices of trust in conveying papers to and from him.”†

* Burnet’s Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton, p. 326.

† History of the Rebellion.

While in this state of suffering, Charles poured out his soul to God in a prayer, which, though little known, is well authenticated. In the succeeding reign it was published in the following form :—

“ MAJESTY IN MISERY, OR AN IMPLORATION TO THE KING OF KINGS.

Written by his late Majesty King Charles the First, during his captivity at

Carisbrooke Castle, *Anno Dom. 1648.*

Great Monarch of the world, from whose power springs,
The potency and power of kings,
Record the royal woe my suffering sings ;

And teach my tongue, that ever did confine,
Its faculties in truth's seraphic line,
To track the treasons of thy foes and mine.

Nature and Law, by thy divine decree
(The only root of righteous loyaltie),
With this dim diadem invested me ;

With it, the sacred sceptre, purple robe,
The holy unction, and the royal globe ;
Yet am I levell'd with the life of Job.

The fiercest furies, that do daily tread,
Upon my grief, my grey discrowned head,
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread.

They raise a war and christen it THE CAUSE,
Whilst sacrilegious hands have best applause,
Plunder and murder are the kingdom's laws.

Tyranny bears the title of TAXATION ;
Revenge and robbery are REFORMATION ,
Oppression gains the name of SEQUESTRATION.

My loyal subjects, who in this bad season,
Attend me by the Law of God and Reason,
They dare impeach and punish for High Treason.

Next at the clergy do their furies frown,
Pious Episcopacy must go down,
They will destroy the crosier and the crown.

Churchmen are chained, and schismatics are freed,
Mechanicks preach, and holy fathers bleed,
The crown is crucified with the Creed.

The Church of England doth all faction foster,
The pulpit is usurpt by each Impostor,
Ex tempore excludes the *Pater noster*;

The Presbyter and Independent seed,
Springs with broad blades, to make religion bleed,
Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

The corner stone's misplaced by every paviur,
With such a bloody method and behaviour,
Their ancestor did crucifie our Saviour.

My royal consort, from whose faithful womb,
So many princes legally have come.
Is forc'd in pilgrimage to seek a tomb.

Great Britain's heir is forced into France,
Whilst on his father's head his foes advance,
Poor child! he weeps out his inheritance.

With my own power my Majesty they wound,
In the king's name the king himself's uncrowned,
So doth the dust destroy the diamond.

With propositions daily they enchant,
My people's ears, such as do reason daunt,
And the Almighty will not let me grant.

They promised to erect my royal stem,
To make me great, to advance my diadem,
If I will first fall down and worship them.

But for refusal they devour my thrones,
Distress my children, and destroy my bones;
I fear they'll force me to make bread of stones.

My life they prize at such a slender rate,
That in my absence they draw bills of hate,
To prove the king a traitor to the state.

Felons obtain more privilege than I,
They are allowed to answer ere they die—
'Tis death for me to ask the reason, why.

But, sacred Saviour, with thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
Such, as thou know'st do not know what they do.

For since they from their Lord are so disjointed,
As to contemn those edicts he appointed,
How can they prize the power of his anointed?

Augment my patience, nullifie my hate,
Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate,
Yet though we perish, bless this church and state.

Vota dubunt quæ bella negarunt.

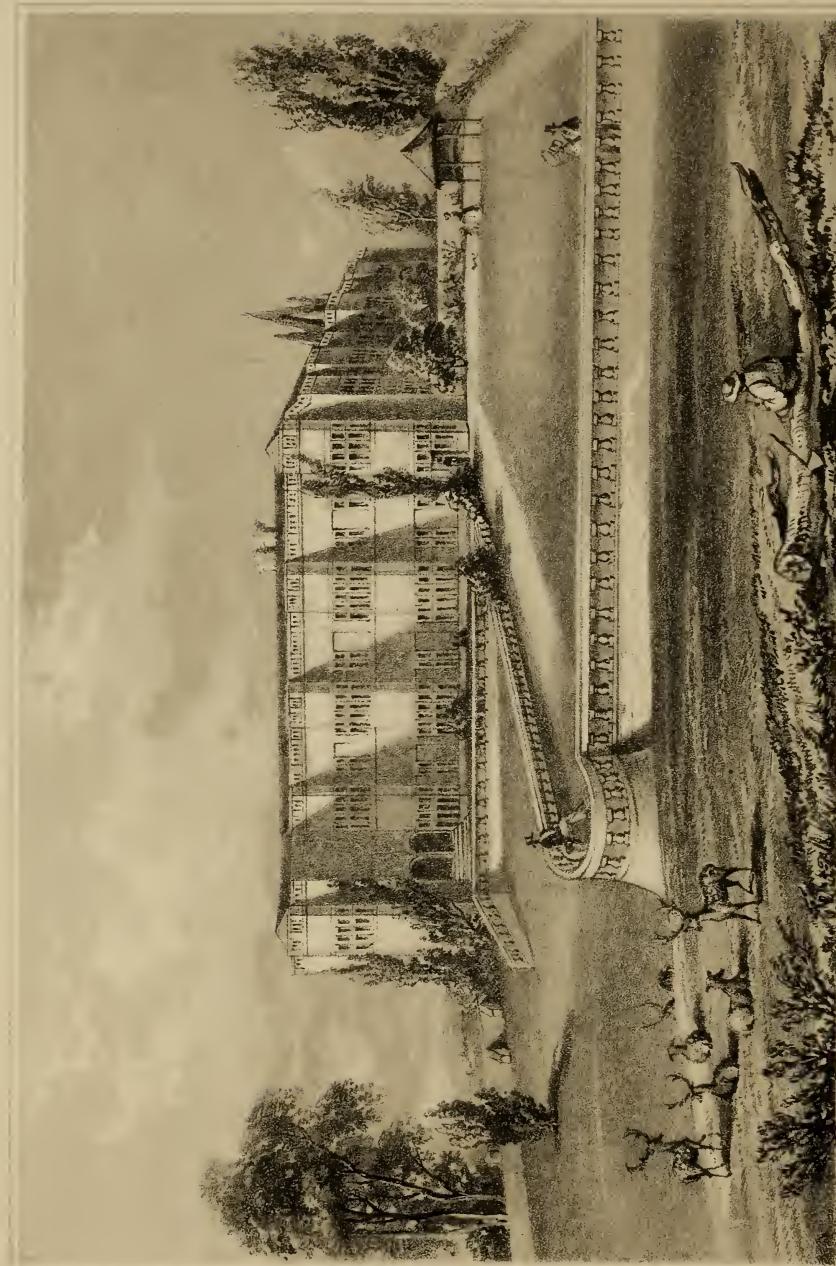
After Charles I. had been beheaded, the castle was used as a prison for some of his children ; and here his daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, died at the age of fifteen. She was buried in the neighbouring church of Newport.

Carisbrooke has no interesting recollections of a later period. It is time, therefore, to draw this slight sketch of its history to a close.

The castle continues to be nominally the seat of the governor of the island ; a sinecure officer, whose emoluments have of late years very properly been abolished.

Within the walls of the castle are some buildings still habitable ; and here Lord Bolton, who was governor at the commencement of the nineteenth century, spent much of his time ; but he was the last governor who made Carisbrooke his abode.

It might be negligent to conclude without stating that amongst the curiosities which the visitors of the castle are expected to admire, is a well of extraordinary depth and purity, said to have been dug by the Romans ; and that, from the keep, a distant glimpse may be obtained of the higher portion of the grounds of her Majesty's marine residence of Osborne House.



W. Gauci, lith.

B R A M S H I L L P A R K ,
H A N T S .

Bramshill, Hampshire.

FEW places afford such an unmixed treat to visitors and lovers of old halls as the fine old house of Bramshill. It is not the largest, nor the finest, nor the shewiest, nor the best plenished of our ancient mansions ; but it is as it was, and as it was intended to be. It has no new wing built “in a modern style of convenience” in the middle of last century, nor has it any *restorations* (!) by Wyatt or his followers, nor improvements by Kent or Brown ; no ! there it stands, as it stood two hundred years ago ; a little more weather-dyed perhaps, but still the same ; and its wild and picturesque park, in all its main features, as it was half a century after it was reclaimed from the heath around it. This, then, is the great charm that Bramshill possesses for those who love to let their thoughts run back to former days, and converse in books, or meet in pictures, with the great-hearted and loyal men of olden time. We look here on the home, such as they dwelt in or visited ; we gaze on the woods and glades such as they loved to gaze upon or to wander in ; we pass through the rooms furnished as they used them.

Bramshill—for let us draw near to it—is situate in the Parish of Eversley, in Hampshire, and almost on the borders of Berkshire. We will approach it from the Basingstoke side, over the plain called Hasely Heath ; and as the house stands nobly before us, or above us, on the crest of the opposite hill, let us look around at the wide expanse, and, though we love that heathy country, with its purple bloom in summer, or its clear brown tint in winter, yet we almost agree in old Fuller’s words, when he tells us that “Bramsell was built in a bleak and barren place.”* Yes ! there it stands, with its park, like a green and wooded island in the midst of the great heathy plain which occupies this part of the country—Hartford-bridge flats stretching away on one side, and this Hasely heath we are now crossing lying on the other side of it. But we have now entered the long straight avenue of old oaks that leads us in a direct arrow-like line up to the west front ; and as we have opened quaint old Fuller’s book, we must agree in the epithet he applies to the house, even more cordially than in those he bestows on the country round : for he calls it a “stately structure,” and so it is : we feel that the quaint old man has just got the right word—it does seem a stately structure, as it looks down on us with its multitude of windows, its airy parapets, its clustered chimneys, and

* Fuller’s Worthies.

its long front, so beautifully broken into light and shade by its projecting wings and richly ornamented centre.

But we have now mounted the hill on which the house stands, and entering the court-yard in front of it between two multangular turrets, we will first, as we stand before the west front, consider a little of the history of the place and mansion, and then wander round the house, and take a glance of the various, yet harmonious design of its different sides.

Bramshill, then, was built by Edward, Lord Zouche, and was completed about the year 1612, as the leaden water-spouts in the south front tell us, some of which bear that date upon them, and some his initials, E. Z. It is said that he built it as a palace for Henry, Prince of Wales, the eldest son of James the First; and some features of the building seem to confirm that tradition, as we shall presently see. The famous John Thorp, who was the architect of so many of our fine Elizabethan houses (as they are called), is thought to have furnished the designs to Lord Zouche for his mansion or palace. It is said, moreover, that Bramshill was never completed to the extent originally intended by Lord Zouche, or proposed by the architect, John Thorp. Fuller, whom I have so often quoted, and now call to my aid for the third and last time, preserves another very curious fact about Bramshill House; namely, that its extent originally was greater than it now is, but that part of it was destroyed by an accidental fire. So I understand him, but here are his words: “Next Basing,” he says, “Bramsell, built by the last Lord Zouche, in a bleak and barren place, was a stately structure, especially before part thereof was defaced with a casual fire.”* I am unwilling to doubt the tradition which assigns to Bramsell a more extensive plan than was ever executed; least of all can I bring myself to call in question truthful Fuller’s statement of a fact apparently within his own knowledge; but it really will puzzle us to devise, as we walk round the house, where Lord Zouche or John Thorp meant to extend the building, or where any part did exist which has been defaced, and has disappeared by the ‘casual fire.’ Here is the house as it stands, in shape like two **T**’s, or a double **T**, if one of those letters stood upon its head and supported its fellow on its foot, as I have seen some posture-masters do, thus,  This is a rough way of explaining the outline of the plan of the house: and it seems such a complete plan, and the aspect of the house itself seems so perfect and so finished, that, as I said, we can scarcely imagine what more was to be added, or what was added and has vanished. It may be that Lord Zouche or his architect intended to form a quadrangle or quad-

* Fuller’s Worthies, i. 401.

rangles to his house, as we see at Burleigh, and elsewhere ; but still the difficulty meets us, where was such a quadrangle to stand ? Not before the beautiful west front, nor on the terrace front. The supposition would be absurd, and the nature of the ground, rapidly falling away on both those sides, forbids our entertaining it. The stable-yard front certainly looks the most unconnected and unfinished, and, at first sight, we may be inclined to think that there, probably, the designer intended to build other sides, and to form a quadrangle ; but such an arrangement would have utterly destroyed the proportions of the beautiful west front. For if the building had been continued in line with the present west front, to form a side of a quadrangle to the stable yard front, the ornamented stone porch, which was evidently intended to be the feature of this front, and, indeed, of the whole house, would not have been in the centre of the west front. Altogether, then, I incline to the belief that, if a more extended edifice was contemplated, or if part of the building has disappeared, such addition must have been beyond the east front, that in which Lord Zouche's statue stands, and that possibly that front may have formed, or been intended to form a side only of a quadrangle. And yet, let us look round the house as we will, we do not feel the want of these proposed or additional buildings ; nay, we should be sorry if they existed ; for the house seems, as it stands, just what it ought to be, and we cannot help thinking that we should lose in compactness and symmetry by the addition of a single stone.

And now to return from a long digression, which you will say has been as inconclusive as such theories usually are, let us think again of Lord Zouche and his building. Whether it was that the death (so exceedingly lamented by the whole nation) of Prince Henry, which took place at the end of the year 1612, while Bramshill was building, deterred Lord Zouche from proceeding further with his intended structure, or whether the "casual fire" reduced it to its present dimensions, it seems certain, that Lord Zouche soon after took up his abode at Bramshill ; for here he was residing when, in 1614, William Browne, a poet of some consideration in his day, dedicated to him his "Shepherd's Pipe," in these pleasing lines :

" Be pleased, great Lord, when underneath the shades
Of your delightful Bramshill (where the spring
Her flowers with gentle blasts, with Zephyr's trades)
Once more to hear a silly shepherd sing." &c.*

This Lord Zouche, of whom, probably, many only know the name as

* Sir E. Brydges' Mem. Peers temp. James I., 74-75.

being the builder of Bramshill, was a very considerable person in his day. He was ambassador to Scotland, when the embassy to Scotland must have been a very important one, and must have required a cautious diplomatist and a wise man to execute it; he was, moreover, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. And besides his official employments, he seems to have been a man of cultivated mind; he was the first horticulturist of his day; Bramshill may satisfy us as to his taste in architecture; and it is pleasant to find poets and literary men appealing to his protection, and on terms of friendship with him.

Here then he lived: and at his death (leaving only two daughters) he bequeathed Bramshill (with other extensive estates in the neighbourhood, which had been granted him by King James I., in 1617) to his kinsman and next heir male, Sir Edward Zouche, Kt., intending, doubtless, to continue Bramshill as the seat of his name and family. But Lord Zouche left the world just as great changes were coming upon his country, and when property was soon to become uncertain and insecure. His relation, Sir Edward Zouche, of Woking, the next possessor of Bramshill, was a dissolute man; he had been one of the favorites of James I., who had made him his Knight-Marshal, and added him to his council. After his death, in 1634, Bramshill was inherited by his son, James Zouche, who, with grateful loyalty to the son of him to whom his family owed so much, raised a troop of horse, as we are told, “at his own proper costs and charges,” for the Royal service in the civil wars, and sent two of his sons to serve in it.* This very act of loyalty was indirectly the cause of Bramshill passing out of the hands of the Zouche family. For the expense of maintaining this troop was so great, that poor James Zouche, or his son—for he died in 1643—was compelled to dispose of Bramshill (probably the most saleable of his estates in the neighbourhood) to raise money for its necessities. He accordingly sold Bramshill to Andrew Henley, Esq., son of Sir Robert Henley, a considerable lawyer, another of whose sons founded the family of the Grange, in this county, from whom Lord Chancellor Northington descended. Bramshill did not, however, long continue in the hands of the Henley family; and there is something very remarkable in their downward course in the world, and something mysterious about their final disappearance. Thus much, however, we can learn; that Andrew Henley, the purchaser of Bramshill, was created a Baronet at the Restoration; he died in 1675, and his son and successor, Sir Robert Henley, dying five years after him, left his estate, encumbered with a debt of 20,000*l.*, to his next brother and successor in the title. He is said to have continued

* Collier's Historical Dictionary, ii.

in a course of extravagance which eventually ruined him ; he seems to have married an inferior person in the neighbouring village of Yately ; and Peter Le Neve, an industrious King-at-arms, at the beginning of the last century, who compiled pedigrees of the Baronets and Knights of his time, and illustrated them with scraps of chit-chat picked up here and there, for the benefit of succeeding generations, tells us, that this last Sir Andrew Henley, “killed a man and fled for it.”* What eventually became of him is unknown ; but with him the connection of the Henleys with Bramshill ceased, for being thus ruined in fortune and in reputation, he sold his estates.

It happened that at the time Bramshill was passing away from the Henleys, the Cope family had migrated, or were migrating, from their ancient dwelling-place in the north of Oxfordshire, where they had “flourished” (to use the words of Philemon Holland, the translator of Camden) “in great and good esteem,” since the reign of Henry VII. Without going fully into the causes of their quitting Oxfordshire, it is sufficient to say, that Sir Anthony Cope, the fourth Baronet, being offended that his brother and presumptive heir had married contrary to his wishes or without his sanction, made such a testamentary disposition of his estates as effectually alienated the greater portion of them from his successors in his title. His death occurred in 1675 ; and after some years of uncertainty, and probably of litigation, a final settlement had been effected in 1688, under which the bulk of the ancient family estates, including what Leland in his *Itinerary*, calls the “pleasant and gallant house at Hanwell,” (of which only enough now remains standing to shew what a noble place it must once have been) passed away to a distant branch of the family. Sir John Cope, the fifth Baronet, thenceforward resided at Chelsea, then the most fashionable and aristocratic suburb of London ; his eldest son had just returned from completing the grand tour, had married in 1696 the daughter of Sir Humphrey Monnoux, had received Knighthood as the eldest son of a Baronet from King William III., and was no doubt desirous of obtaining an estate and mansion which might replace the old house of Hanwell as the family seat. He became then, in 1699, the purchaser of Bramshill, and it has continued from that time to the present, the property and dwelling-place of the succeeding Baronets.

And now, all the while that I have been narrating the history of the descent of the estate, and sketching out the causes of its successive change of possessors, we have been steadily gazing at the beautiful west front. Let us just take a note of its main features before we leave it. Observe the fine

* Le Neve’s *Pedigrees of Barts.* in Coll. Arm.

colour of the red brick, relieved by the stone dressings and stone mullion of the windows, and the admirable effect of light produced by the wings which project by two successive breaks. The great feature here, however, is the centre division, which consists of an arcade of three open arches, forming a kind of terrace-porch to the principal entrance of the house ; above the centre of these, is a projecting semi-circular bay-window, on each side of which rise three tiers of pilasters with niches between them. The whole of this division is enriched with ornament ; which, above the broken cornice at the top, assumes a shape something resembling the Prince's plume surmounted by his coronet, which latter ornament also tops each of the projecting portions of the cornice: this seems in allusion to Henry, Prince of Wales. We have here also a good opportunity for viewing the beautiful design of the pierced parapet which runs round three sides of the house, and the equally elegant, though different pattern of that which surmounts the arcade of the porch. Passing now into the stable-court, let us pause a moment to look at the north front. This is a complete contrast to the side we have just left, inasmuch, as it is without ornament or decoration ; and yet, if we be lovers of that style of domestic architecture, of which Bramshill is so excellent a specimen, we shall find something to admire even here. Look at the projecting ends, with their lofty bay windows, the long line of front topped with gables, and the multitude of mullioned windows, which give such a notion of comfortable accommodation for troops of guests and their retainers. This front, then, may be taken as a good specimen of the plain phase of the Elizabethan style, as the one we have left is of its most decorated. But we have passed the iron gates at the other end of the stable-court ; and, instead of turning close under the garden-wall, let us advance a few steps on the greensward of the park to get a better view of the east front. This is unbroken, save by its broad windows, and by the projecting bay in the centre, above which, rises a stepped ogee gable, flanked by two pyramidal obelisks. In a niche in this gable, stands a statue of Lord Zouche, the founder of the house. Continuing our walk round the house, we may cross the grass to the ancient oak which stands on the knoll ; and sitting on the seat which encompasses its trunk, or lying on the turf at its roots, we have an excellent general view of the south or terrace front. Reserving our remarks on its details till we walk on the terrace, let us now observe the general effect and main features : the projecting ends—the long front between, broken into projecting bays—the light parapet crowning it—the admirable effect of the many windows, now jutting into spacious bays, now in the flat ; and the whole thrown up and given breadth by the balustraded terrace, which separates it from the sloping ground of the park

below. When we have tarried long enough to enjoy this view, we may retrace our steps, in order to seek admittance into the interior; but, as we turn away, we must not lose the beautiful peep into the distance, which opens on us between the trees of the long avenue, and the ivy-clad projecting corner of the house. On our return, we skirt the balustrade of the larger terrace; and, as we pass close under the garden wall, we must stop to look at the old gate (or postern, as Mr. Nash* designates it) with its broken pediment, its quaint obelisks, and its carved pilasters; we almost expect to see some ancient serving-man or park-keeper reposing on the seats in the recessed arches on either side; and we almost wonder that the old gate does not turn on its hinge, and give egress to some fair dame venturing forth from her garden, or to a walking party of stately squires and youthful maidens, habited in the picturesque costume with which Vandyke and his contemporaries have made us so familiar. But we have lingered too long about the exterior; and the interior of the house will almost realize what we are here dreaming about, and bring us face to face with the former inhabitants of the mansion.

Let us, then, return to the west front, and ascend the steps of the principal entrance to seek admission to the house, and, passing through the centre arch of the porch, enter the hall. At the upper end is the haut-pas or dais, and at the lower end is a screen richly carved and ornamented with ninety-two shields, three of which are surmounted by coronets. It has been not inaptly suggested† that these shields, though now blank, were most probably intended to have borne the descent and alliances of the Zouches, and that the three coroneted escutcheons were designed for the three Baronies, (viz. Zouche of Haringworth, St. Maur, and Cantalupe), which the builder of Bramshill united in his own person. Two arches in the screen lead to the butler's pantry and domestic offices. The fireplace in the hall is very beautiful. Premising once for all, that I do not pretend to give a complete catalogue of the paintings, but only to name those that impressed themselves on my memory either on account of their merit, or of their history being interesting or remarkable, or of the persons they represent being connected with the house and family, let us look at those around us in the hall. With the exception of a modern picture of Sir John Cope's hounds, (in which is introduced a view of the west front of the mansion, and likenesses of the present Baronet and many of his personal friends,) and a curious old drawing of the terrace and south front of the house, the pictures in this hall are all portraits. Among them are :

* Nash's Mansions of the Olden Time. Second series,

† Collectanea Topographica, viii., 60.

“The wife of Wadham Wyndham, Esq.” I presume Catherine, daughter of Edward Chandler, Bishop of Durham, and wife of Wadham Wyndham, Esq., of Eversley (uncle to Ann, Lady of Sir Richard Cope). She died in 1784, at the age of 79.

“Sir Wadham Wyndham, knt.” sitting, in his robes, grey hair, and coif. He was of Norrington in Wiltshire, was made a Justice of the King’s Bench at the Restoration, and was ancestor of the Wyndhams of Salisbury, &c. He was great-grandfather of Ann, Lady Cope.

A duplicate of this picture was in the parlour at Hawkchurch, in Dorsetshire. See Hutchins’ History of Dorset, vol. iii. p. 331.

“Thomas, Lord Wyndham,” Lord Chancellor of Ireland, in his robes, standing, with the purse and other insignia of the Chancellor. He was youngest son of John Wyndham of Norrington in Wilts, Esq., and grandson of Sir Wadham Wyndham above mentioned. He became Lord Chief Justice of the King’s Bench in Ireland, was promoted to be Lord Chancellor of that kingdom in 1726, and resigned the seals in 1739. He was created Lord Wyndham of Finglas, which title expired at his death in 1745.

There is an engraved portrait of him ; but, as I have never met with a copy, I am uncertain whether it is from this picture.

“Sir Monnoux Cope,” seventh Baronet.

“Penelope, Lady Cope,” his wife. She was only daughter of the Hon. Harry Mordaunt, second son of John, Viscount Mordaunt, by his second wife Penelope, daughter and heiress of William Tipping of Ewelm, in Oxfordshire, Esq., and inherited her mother’s property.

We pass through a door at the upper end of the hall, and crossing the foot of the stair-case enter the small drawing-room. Here are the following pictures :

“Sir John Mordaunt Cope,” the eighth Baronet, in the uniform of the North Hants Militia, of which he was Colonel. He was only son of Sir Monnoux Cope, whom he succeeded in title and estates in 1763, and died in 1779.

“Marie de Medicis,” by Vandyke.* She is sitting, in black, with white turnover and cuffs, a velvet skull-cap ; the hair in loose curls at the sides ; her right arm leans on a table on which is a crown, the hand holding red roses, the table-cover ornamented with *fleurs-de-lis*.

This beautiful picture was in the possession of Charles I., in whose Catalogue it is thus described, “No. 22, a picture of the Queen’s Mother

* It is shewn as Catherine de Medicis ; but independently of the picture being identified by the engravings of it, and by Charles I.’s Catalogue, Catherine de Medicis died ten years before Vandyke was born.

of France, sitting in an arm chair in a black habit, holding in her right hand a handful of roses; half a figure, so big as life, in a carved gilded frame; done by Sir Ant. Vandyke; bought by the King.”*

It was sold at the dispersion of Charles I.’s pictures. I do not know when it came into the possession of the Cope family.

Of this picture there are the following engravings:—The “head and neck” only, *reversed*, in an ornamental frame, inscribed, “*Maria conjux Henrici IV. Magni Galliarum et Navarræ Regina invictissima. P. Van Sompel, sculpsit.*” Another to the hips; the crown on table on the wrong side of the figure, *reversed*; inscribed, “*Maria de Medices, Regina Franciæ, Trium Regum Mater. Paul. Pontius, sculp.*” Another as the last, but not reversed, in an oval within a square frame, inscribed, “*Maria de Medices, Trium Regum Mater. Petrus de Jode, excudit.*”

The eventful life of this Queen, and the strange reverses she experienced, belong to the history of her time. She was daughter of Francesco Maria de Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany; her marriage with Henry IV. was celebrated with great splendour at Lyons, in 1600. After her husband’s assassination she became Regent of the kingdom, but through the machinations of Richelieu she was forced into exile, in 1631. She came to this country in 1638, on a visit to her daughter Queen Henrietta Maria, at which time she probably sat to Vandyke for this portrait, at the request of her son-in-law. She was then in her 63rd year, which is about the age represented in the picture before us. She died at Cologne, in great distress, in 1642.

“Sir Anthony Vandyke,” by himself. He is leaning on a pedestal, dressed in brown, with light bushy hair; a most beautiful and interesting picture. The head (which represents him a young man) full of character and expression; the hands exquisitely painted. Engraved as far as the waist by Paul Pontius, and inscribed “*Antoine Van Dyck, Chevalier du Roi D’Angleterre.*”

A somewhat similar picture, but of smaller dimensions, is described in Smith’s Catalogue, part iii., pp. 210, 211.

“Henry VIII. and Anna Bullen,” by Hogarth. In the foreground the King making love to his future Queen, who is attended by a negro boy; in the background his wife, Catharine of Arragon, turns with a look of anger and jealousy to Cardinal Wolsey.

This was one of the pictures which Hogarth painted for his friend Jonathan Tyers, the proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens, in the old great room of which place of amusement it used formerly to hang. It was

* Vertue’s Catalogue, p. 111.

finely engraved by Hogarth himself, as early as 1729, and again by Cook.*

“Abigail meeting David.” by old Franks.

“A Holy Family,” said to be by Rubens. (?)

We have lingered long in this room, yet surely not too long to examine the works of art with which its walls are decorated. The two admirable portraits by Vandyke particularly deserve attention, not only for their merit as paintings (which is very great), but also as conveying to us representations of one who filled a remarkable and a strange part in the busy history of her time, and of the great painter himself, whose works are so familiar to us here in England. The expression of the face and eyes is so truthful, that we bear it away in our memories rather as the recollection of one we have known than of a picture we have looked upon.

Leaving the room by a door opposite to that by which we entered, we pass into the dining-room, a spacious antique-looking apartment, hung with curious tapestry representing forest scenery.

At the extremity of this room a door opens into the billiard-room, which concludes the suite of apartments shewn to visitors on the ground floor. It contains—

“A full length of Queen Elizabeth.”

“A full length of a Lady” standing near a table, covered with a green table-cover, on which are two dogs. This curious and interesting picture is placed in a bad light. I do not know whom it represents.

Retracing our steps through the rooms we have just left, let us ascend the stair-case, which is of ample proportions, such as the old architects constructed who understood how roomy and noble an air a spacious hall and stairease give a house. They made it part—and an essential part—of their design; whereas now it is too commonly cramped up in a dark corner as if it were altogether an afterthought. And now, while we have been thus discoursing of staircases, we have mounted the three broad flights of this one, and, as we have attained the spacious landing-place, let us take a survey of the pictures which cover the walls.

That on the right is a “Scene from Cymbeline,” by William Hamilton. It was, I presume, painted for Boydell’s Shakesperean Gallery, though it is not one of those engraved in his work.

In front of us is a full length of William, third Earl of Pembroke. It is said in the MS. Catalogue to be by Vandyke; but he died before Vandyke came to England. I rather think that it is by Cornelius Jansen. It

* Nichols’ Hogarth, p. 26.

represents him with his white staff as Lord Chamberlain to James I. He is habited in black with the ribbon and George ; an architectural perspective on his left. He was eldest son of Earl Henry by

“ The subject of all verse,
Sidney’s sister, Pembroke’s mother,”

succeeded his father in 1601, and received the Garter in 1603, at the accession of James I., with whom he was much in favor. He was Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and held divers great offices. He died in 1630. There are several engravings of him ; I rather think that engraved by Cooper, as far as the middle, is from this picture.

The family pictures which hang around are

“ Hugh Bethel, Esq.,” of Rise, in Yorkshire. He died in 1752.

“ Anne, his wife,” daughter of Sir John Cope the sixth Baronet.

“ Mrs. Tipping”—Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Colet, of Chelsea, Esq., wife of William Tipping, of Ewelm, in Oxfordshire, Esq., and mother of the Honorable Mrs. Mordaunt, whose only daughter married Sir Monnoux Cope.

“ The Honorable Harry Mordaunt,” in a blue uniform, red waistcoat, &c. He was second son of John, Viscount Mordaunt, and brother of Charles, Earl of Peterborough. He was a lieutenant-general in the army and treasurer of the ordnance. He died in 1720. His daughter married Sir Monnoux Cope.

“ Frances, Lady Gould,” (in white) by Kneller, daughter of Sir Humphry Monnoux, Bart., and sister to Alice, Lady Cope. She was first married to Sir Edward Gould, of Highgate, Middlesex, Kt., who left her a widow in 1728, and afterwards to John Venables, Esq., who resided in a curious old house named Woodcote (still standing), at Bramdean, in Hampshire.

“ Penelope Mordaunt” (in red), by Kneller. She was daughter and heiress of William Tipping, Esq., of Ewelm, in Oxfordshire, and second wife of the Honorable Harry Mordaunt : her only child by him married Sir Monnoux Cope.

“ Anne, Lady Cope,” by Gibson. She was daughter of Mr. Philip Booth, and wife of Sir John Cope, the fifth Baronet. She is the fair lady whose marriage provoked the displeasure of his elder brother, and caused the alienation of the estates from the family, as I have narrated in page 67.

I presume that this is the picture bequeathed by her son Anthony Cope to his nephew, Sir Monnoux Cope, as “ the half length of his (testator’s) mother, with his own and his wife’s portrait pictures, painted by Gibson ; also two small pieces, in crayons, of himself and his wife, by Armstrong ;

and a half length of himself by Vanderbanck." There are two other portraits of her in the house, but this is the only "half-length."

"Sir John Cope" (second of that name) the fifth Baronet, husband of the last named. A half length in armour with a red scarf, holding a truncheon. He was second son of Sir John Cope, the second Baronet, by the Lady Elizabeth Fane, daughter of the 1st Earl of Westmoreland. He "spent many years of his youth in travel in France, Italy, Germany, Flanders, and Holland."* He was in the army, and held a command at Dunkirk, when that fortress was sold by Charles II. to the French. He died in 1721, at the age of 87.

"Charles, third Earl of Peterborough," by Mary Grace, after Annoni ; full-length, in uniform, leaning on a cannon. He was celebrated for his victories in Spain, in the reign of Queen Anne ; received the Garter from her successor, and was employed in several diplomatic missions. He died in the year 1735. He was uncle to Penelope, Lady Cope.

"Mrs. Poyntz and her son," by Mary Grace—full-lengths. She is represented according to the fashion of the day in the character of some Heroine or Goddess, perhaps Minerva ; her helmet lies on the ground, her spear is in her right hand, her left on her son's shoulder, who is represented as about 10 or 12 years of age. Anna Maria, daughter of the Honorable General Lewis Mordaunt (and cousin to Penelope, Lady Cope), married Stephen Poyntz of Midgham, in Berkshire, Esq. ; a diplomatist of the early part of the last century. I do not know which of her two sons is here represented ; her eldest was grand-father to the present Lady Clinton, Countess Spencer, and Marchioness of Exeter, the co-heiresses of the Poyntz family.

But let us pass on into the principal drawing-room : and here we shall find a fulfilment of the observation that at Bramshill we see, not only an ancient house, but an ancient house in its ancient state. For it is not only the ample proportions of this fine apartment which strike us, or its fretted ceiling, or deeply recessed windows with their broad mullions and latticed panes, or its mantel-piece of various coloured marbles piled up to the very ceiling—such as these we have seen elsewhere—but it is that all and everything in the room agrees, and is in keeping with these. No modern grate usurps the place of the massive and-irons (or chimney dogs) piled with logs. The walls have escaped the house decorator and paper-hanger, and are hidden by the tapestry hangings. The couches, too, of an olden shape, covered with the handiwork of some fair damsel, whose picture smiles upon us in the adjoining rooms—(which the worsted-working ladies of our party will learnedly discourse upon, and curiously examine, to learn by

* See his will in Prerogative Court of Canterbury.

what forgotten stitch such wondrous effects are produced)—the inlaid tables—all seem to belong to a period long past; and nothing modern glares upon the eye, and breaks the spell of the old house and its contents.

But this room contains somewhat well worth a close examination for the merit of their design and curious history—**THE TAPESTRIES.** Let us carefully inspect them; but first let me tell you somewhat of their subject and history. They represent events in the life and death of Decius Mus, who we know, or ought to know, devoted himself, that is sacrificed himself and threw away his life to appease the Infernal Gods (as he believed), and to secure the safety of the people. They are worked from cartoons by Rubens.

I find the great painter thus writing of these very tapestries to Sir Dudley Carleton, (from whom he was anxious to obtain a collection of marbles, by giving him in exchange some of his own pictures and a set of tapestries worked from his designs,) in a letter to Sir Dudley, dated Antwerp, 26th May, 1618 :

“ Toccante le Tapizzarie Mandara a v. e. tutte le misure del mio cartone della storia di Decius Mus, Console Romano, che si devovò per la vittoria del popolo Romano, ma bisognara scrivere a Brusselles per averle giuste, havendo io consignato ogni cosa al maestro del lavoro.

“ In respect of the tapestries, I will send your Excellency the whole measurements of my cartoons of the History of Decius Mus, the Roman Consul, who devoted himself for the success of the Roman people; but I shall write to Brussels to have them correct, having given everything to the master of the works.”*

Sir Dudley Carleton, however, did not eventually obtain these tapestries, as it appears that he made choice of another set, representing the History of Scipio. How they found their way to Bramshill—whether they were brought by Rubens to this country on his visit in 1629-30, or whether, as is very probable, they were purchased by Sir John Cope, the second of that name, during his residence abroad, or by his son, the purchaser of this house—I have not been able to ascertain.

The cartoons of Rubens, from which they were worked, were sold in 1779, in the collection of M. Bertells of Brussels, for fifteen hundred florins; and two of them were afterwards in this country, and were exhibited at the European Gallery in 1791. I do not know where they now are.

* Smith's Catalogue, part ii., 101, 2, 3. These descriptions are taken from the pictures in the Lichtenstein Gallery. I am not quite sure that the description of the second subject exactly corresponds with its representation in the tapestry.

Rubens also executed a set of pictures from these designs, which are now in the Gallery of the Prince of Lichtenstein, near Vienna. He added two others to these four, as there are six pictures in the Lichtenstein Gallery.

Having thus traced something of the history of these tapestries, and of the cartoons from which they were executed, let us examine their several subjects. The one at the farthest end of the room, represents "Decius consulting the priests, previous to the battle with the Gauls and Samnites."

"The General, clad in armour, over which is cast the paludamentum, stands before the priests, awaiting the result of their divinations: one of the latter, habited in splendid sacerdotal robes, is by the altar; and the second priest stands on his right holding the entrails of the victim; a stag lies on the ground in front; on the left are two men bringing forward a white heifer." This has been engraved by Schmuizer.

The next is "Decius addressing his soldiers previous to the battle." "The noble warrior is on an elevation on the right, in the attitude of addressing his troops, some of whom, chiefly officers, bearing the Roman banners and ensigns, stand before him with profound attention. The time appears to be indicated by the sun breaking forth in the east." Engraved also by Schmuizer.

At the other end of the room is "The Death of Decius." "In the midst of the battle and confusion of an obstinate and sanguinary conflict, is seen the noble Decius falling backwards from his plunging charger, pierced by a spear in the neck—while one of his valiant troops, mounted on a spirited piebald horse, is avenging his death. Among the dead and dying, with which the field is covered, is one lying prostrate on his back in the foreground, with a spear broken in his breast." Engraved by G. A. Muller.

The fourth represents "The Obsequies of Decius." "The dead soldier is extended on a couch, on each side of which are several of his companions in arms. Among those on the left, is a subaltern, rudely holding a female by the skirts of her dress with one hand, and a captive by the hair of the head with the other. The former has an infant in her arms and another by her side; near them is a second soldier dragging forward a young woman by the hair of her head; three prisoners lie bound in front, and the rich spoils of victory, consisting of gold and silver vases, &c., are distributed on the right. The head of the couch is decorated with trophies, composed of arms, banners, and the heads of enemies." Engraved in a large plate by Adam Bartsch.

Of these designs, a critic observes that they are "most striking, bold,

vigorous, and rapid ; ”* and another that “ they do honour to the name of the master ; the creative mind of Rubens reigns throughout, in the grandeur and simplicity of the compositions.”†

As these curious tapestries cover almost the whole extent of the walls of this room, there are but two pictures, one over each door ; viz. : “ A View in Rome,” by Vercoli, over the door by which we entered ; “ A Seapiece,” by Ramsay, over that by which we now pass into the library ; in which is a large and doubtless valuable collection of books, and above the presses containing them, a large number of family pictures, among which I can only specify the following.

“ Mary, wife of Anthony Cope,” so called in the house, but I know of no person of the name answering the description. Is it not rather “ the portrait picture of his wife,” (Ann, daughter of the celebrated nonjuring Bishop, Nathaniel Spinckes,) bequeathed by Anthony Cope ? (See p. 73.)

“ Sir John Cope,” the third of the name. He was the sixth Baronet, and the purchaser of this house ; was long in Parliament in the reigns of Queen Anne and the two first Georges ; he succeeded his father in 1721, and died in 1749.

“ Alice, his Lady.” She was the daughter of Sir Humphrey Monnoux, of Wooton, in Bedfordshire, Bart. ; was married in 1696, and died within a month after her husband.

“ Alice, Lady Monnoux,” her mother. She was daughter of Sir Thomas Cotton, of Connington, in Huntingdonshire, Bart., and granddaughter of the celebrated Sir Robert Cotton, the collector of the Cottonian Library.

“ Sir John Cope,” the third of that name, in a large flowing wig ; in an oval.

“ Anne, his lady,” in blue ; a cap and lace kerchief.

“ Sir Robert Cotton.” I suppose from the dress that this must be Sir R. C., of Hatley St. George, in Cambridgeshire, brother to Alice, Lady Monnoux, above mentioned.

“ Galen Cope,” with a cap ; a scroll in his hand ; youngest son of Sir John Cope, the fifth Baronet. He served for some time as a Captain of Horse, but afterwards taking orders, was presented by his brother to the family living of Eversley. He was grandfather of the present Baronet.

“ Albian Cope” and “ Daniel Cope,” two sons of the fifth Baronet, who died young.

“ William Cope,” sixth son of the fifth Baronet. He was appointed an Ensign in the Coldstream Guards, in 1706, and was murdered in the Tower

* Murray’s Handbook of Southern Germany, 172

† Smith’s Catalogue.

guardroom soon afterwards. The curious circumstances relating to his murder, and to the discovery and conviction of the murderer, may be found in the State Trials.

Between the windows are—

“Mrs. Pitt.” I presume Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Wyndham of Hawkchurch in Dorsetshire, Esq., who married William Pitt of Kingston, in the same county, Esq.

“Anne (Booth) Lady Cope.” This portrait represents her younger than either of those before mentioned.

Over the doors are—

“Lady Bolingbroke.” I do not know the painter of this charming portrait, nor have I been able with certainty to identify the person it represents; but *I believe* it to be Marie Clare des Champs de Marsilly, the second wife of the celebrated Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, the minister of Queen Anne’s reign. She was niece to Madame de Maintenon, and widow of the Marquis de Villette. She was a person of remarkable talent and delightful manners.

“Rachael, Dowager Countess of Bath,” daughter of Francis Fane, Earl of Westmoreland, and sister to Lady Elizabeth Cope, mother of the fourth and fifth Baronets. She married Henry Bourchier, first Earl of Bath, and after his decease, Lionel Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex.

The rooms through which we have passed, are all situated in the south front of the house, and look out upon the terrace; but, traversing the library, we are admitted to the gallery. The great length of this apartment (130 feet) which extends along the whole east front of the house, (the cross piece of our plan, p. 64) the lightness of effect of its numerous windows—three sides of it being almost all glazed—the deeply recessed bay in the centre, and its panelled walls, all contribute to give it a pleasing air of antiquity. Its “plenishing,” too, is well calculated to lead us back to the days when groups of knights in doublet and hose, and dames in ruff and farthingale, promenaded in it, or traced the measured step of the *coranto*. Quaint high-backed chairs, and old fashioned furniture, which have grown too ancient and infirm for the more decorated drawing rooms, seem to have found their way here to spend their time in ease and solemn retirement. The walls too are garnished with a multitude of prints—some of men of renown in their day, when their likenesses, no doubt, were eagerly sought after, but whose very names are now almost forgotten; some of objects and scenes of exciting interest at the time, which now exist only in the pages of the historian—some exceedingly curious maps and plans—a few pictures—Roman baths by an Italian painter of the last century—a *Lucretia* (of which I think there is an engraving), a por-

trait of George II., and some few family pictures (mostly, I think, in a faded state)—make up the garnishing of this ancient-looking, and therefore, I must say, charming gallery.

But we must leave it : and returning through the library and drawing-room, across the staircase, we enter the chapel room, an apartment of peculiarly light and elegant appearance ; the two deep recesses of the windows, in which separate parties might ensconce themselves almost as much apart as if in separate rooms, are a curious feature. Let us enter that formed by the circular bay over the principal entrance, and look forth at the extensive prospect ; just below us is the long straight avenue, bordered by its rows of dark oaks ; beyond, the flat heathy country, stretching away in the extreme distance to the woods of Highclere.

This room is rich in the productions of Lely's pencil. The three pictures on each side of the fire-place (six in all) are by him.

“ Charles II.,” his “ Queen, Catharine of Braganza,” and “ Nell Gwynne.” Of these it is unnecessary to give any account ; but the three on the other side are not perhaps so generally known.

“ Lady-Upper Ossory.” If this picture is rightly named, I do not know who it represents. Bryan Fitz-Patrick, the Lord Upper-Ossory of Charles the Second's time, was thrice married : it may be one of these ladies, his third wife. Emilie de Nassau, Countess of Ossory, was a celebrated beauty at the Court of Charles II. ; her picture by Lely is at Hampton Court.

“ Lucy Walters,” daughter of Richard Walters, of Haverfordwest, in Pembrokeshire, Esq. She is said to have been secretly married to King Charles II., when a young man. She had by him a son and a daughter ; the son was the celebrated James, Duke of Monmouth, ancestor of the Dukes of Buccleuch.

“ Margaret, Lady Pratt.” She was daughter of Sir Humphrey Forster, Bart., who resided in the fine old mansion of Aldermaston, in Berkshire, in the neighbourhood of Bramshill ; she married Sir George Pratt, of Coleshill, also in Berkshire.

Over the fire-place is a portrait of “ Mr. Tipping,” by Dobson ; sitting, (in brown) his left hand on the head of a large dog ; an admirable picture. Dobson was an English artist, who painted much in the manner of Van-dyke, who recommended him to King Charles I. This picture certainly gives us a very high idea of his capabilities as a portrait painter.

Over a door, “ William Cope,” Cofferer to King Henry VII., by Holbein. Though this picture bears an inscription with this name (evidently much later than the original painting), I much doubt the authenticity of it : either there is an error in the name of the painter or of the person represented, for William Cope, who was cofferer of the household, and high in

favour with Henry VII., and who was the founder of this branch of the Cope family, died in 1513; he was then at an advanced age, for his eldest son was at that time upwards of forty years old;* but Holbein was then not more than 15 (having been born in 1498), and did not come to England till many years after William Cope's death. The person here represented is a man of between thirty and forty. As far as my knowledge extends, I think the picture is most probably by Holbein: certainly not by an earlier painter. It seems highly probable that it is the portrait by Holbein of Sir Anthony Cope, the son of the Cofferer, William Cope. He being a person of considerable eminence in his day—a man of learning and an author, connected with the court of Henry VIII., where he eventually became chamberlain to Queen Katharine Parr—was a very likely person for Holbein to have painted; either on his arrival here, or possibly abroad; for Sir Anthony was for a considerable time abroad, and on terms of friendship with many of the learned foreigners of the period. The age of the portrait agrees perfectly with this supposition, for there is documentary evidence† that, at the time of William Cope's death, this, his second son, had not attained the age of 26; and he may probably have been considerably under that age.

We have been long looking at this picture, and considering who it represents; yet it seems but fair not to raise a doubt as to the authenticity of a portrait, without distinctly stating the reasons why such a doubt exists, and supporting the suggestion of another name by clear evidence.

Between the windows are two pictures of children of Hugh Bethell, by Sir Peter Lely. I take them to be the two sons of Hugh Bethell, by Ann Cope, his wife, in their infancy.

There are here also two small, highly-finished pictures of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., by Holbein. A portrait of Miss Greenwood, daughter of Benjamin Greenwood, of St. Mary Cray, Kent, Esq., and aunt to the present Baronet.

There are also some Dutch pictures in the room, well deserving a careful inspection. Over the door, as we come out, is a Sea-piece, with a lighthouse, by W. Vandervelde.

We have lingered so long, that we can only glance at some of the furniture here, which is very handsome, and at some curious articles of ornament, as ancient china, &c., which are worthy of a close inspection. The ceiling, too, of this apartment (as of many of those we have traversed) is highly ornamented, and worked with pendants and enriched cornices.

* *Inquis. p. mortem.* 5 Hen. viii. 31.

† *Inquis. p. mortem.* 5 Hen. viii. 31.

As we descend the stair-case, we may observe among the portraits which hang in the inner hall or lobby, that of “Anthony Cope, Esq.,” by Vanderbanck, which he bequeathed to his nephew. He was the second son of the fifth Baronet, married the daughter of the nonjuring Bishop Spinckes, and died in 1750.

Here is also an exceedingly pleasing picture of “Ann, Lady Cope,” daughter of Thomas Wyndham, of Yately, Esq., and wife of Sir Richard Cope, Sub-Dean of Westminster, the sixth Baronet, whom she predeceased in 1785; and, I think, some other portraits of her family, the Wyndhams.

A door at the foot of the great staircase leads us to the terrace, which is formed along the south front of the house, between the projecting ends, beneath which it terminates under an arcade of two arches; a balustrade separates it from the park, with which it communicates by a flight of steps. As we walk along the velvety turf of the terrace, we have a good opportunity of examining the details of this front, of which we before took a general and distant view. Passing under the ornamental arches at the eastern end, a door admits us to the second terrace; this is of considerable dimensions and of a square form. It was in olden time appropriated to some ancient game, and the ring through which the ball was driven still remains erect in the centre of this terrace.

We have now completed our circuit of the house and its “pleasaunces,” and taking a last look at its fair walls and gallant buildings, let us look abroad upon the scenery of the Park. It “is,” as an intelligent writer observes, “singularly wild and romantic. The wild heather blooms in rich and luxuriant beauty on the velvet turf, as though the foot of man had never been there to trample on its blossoms.”* The tall and graceful fern, too, waves in feathery beauty in its more retired nooks, while the smooth greensward stretches around the mansion and beside the water. Here, too, are many goodly trees, especially some fine ancient specimens of the fir tribe, to which this soil seems particularly congenial. Some of these doubtless have reared their stately heads over Bramshill Park since the days when Lord Zouche made the first plantations around his new built house. He was, as I have said, a celebrated horticulturist; and it is more than probable that some of the older trees were planted by him, and not unlikely that some of the Pines and other Evergreens may have been among the earliest specimens of their kind introduced into England. But when we think of Lord Zouche and look upon his trees, Bramshill Park assumes an historical importance:—for here it was that the Puritan Archbishop of Canterbury, George Abbot, in the summer of 1620, met with the sad accident of shooting the park-keeper. The Archbishop was out

* *Environs of Reading*, p. 15.

of health, and, being advised to try change of air, visited the Lord Zouche, the friend of literary men, at Bramshill. Here, notwithstanding that he had strenuously resisted the Book of Sports two years before, he (with an inconsistency not uncommon in persons of his opinions) relaxed himself by shooting at the buck ; and, with an awkwardness which (we may at least hope) proves his inexperience in the sport, he lodged the arrow in one Peter Hawkins, a park-keeper, who bled to death in a short time. The King, the Clergy, and the people were astounded and horrified at this event. “The like had never happened in our Church nor in any other, in the person of a Bishop and Metropolitan.”* His suspension, the controversies that ensued, the refusal of his suffragans elect to receive consecration from his blood-stained hands, and his subsequent pardon under the Great Seal, and restoration to the duties of his office—these are matters of History † and need not be related here. But the Archbishop’s own affliction and deep repentance are not so well known. As long as he lived he rigidly observed Tuesday, the day on which the accident occurred, as a fast, in perpetual recollection of his mischance ; he allowed an annuity to the widow of the unfortunate park-keeper ; and I observe that he provides for her in his will.‡ The noble Hospital which he founded at Guildford, the place of his birth, for a master, twelve brethren, and eight sisters, has been said to be also one of the fruits of his repentance ; but this is a mistake : for he had sketched out the plan of that charity, and indeed had laid the first stone of the edifice, the year before his fatal hunting in Bramshill Park ; though it is very likely that the extent of his endowment and the amount of his alms deeds may have been increased in his affliction for the bloodshed of which he had been guilty.

So much for the ancient history of Bramshill ; let us record one fact of recent occurrence to be chronicled in its future traditions. The visit of Queen Victoria :—who with the Prince Consort went over the mansion on 21st January, 1845 (the Court being then at Strathfieldsaye), and expressed herself much pleased with the view of this ancient English house, in its olden English state.

* Hackett’s Life of Archbishop Williams, p. 65.

† See a full account of them in the *Biographia Britannica*, vol. i. art. Abbot.

‡ Speaker Onslow’s Life of Archbishop Abbot.

Lancaster Castle.

TIME-HONORED Lancaster, a town among the most ancient and the most historic in England, the seat of the red rose, and the capital of the fairest duchy that appertains to the sovereignty of these realms,—Lancaster, rich in byegone deeds of fame, rich also in judicial events and recollections, though now no longer a place of regal pomp and pride, preserves attractions which are more perennial—those exceeding beauties of scenery amid which it has its locality. There is, indeed, no other town in England that can boast of such fine views about it as Lancaster. Of one of its aspects, that from Highfield, Mrs. Ann Radcliffe, the renowned romancist, thus speaks in her *Tour to the Lakes*:

“There is a view from this hill as pre-eminent for grandeur, and comprehending an extent of sea and land, and a union of the sublime in both, which we have never seen equalled. In the green vale of the Lune below lies the town, spreading up the side of a hill over-topped by the old towers of the castle and church. Beyond, over a ridge of gentle heights which bind the west side of the vale, the noble inlet of the sea, that flows upon the Ulverstone and Lancaster sands, is seen at the feet of an amphitheatre formed by nearly all the mountains of the Lakes; an exhibition of Alpine grandeur, both in form and colouring, which, with the extent of water below, composes a scene perhaps faintly rivalling that of the lake of Geneva. To the south and west, the Irish Channel finishes the view.”

But we must leave the town itself to more particularly contemplate its main and most decorative feature, the Castle. This is one of the surpassingly magnificent buildings of England. In appearance it somewhat resembles the royal abode of Windsor, which, at various periods of our annals, it rivalled in stately splendour and stirring events. To detail more minutely the Lancastrian edifice’s historic and architectural greatness, we recur, with satisfaction, to a very able description, published at Lancaster by Mr. Barwick, and here acknowledge the assistance it affords us.

“Lancaster Castle occupies, with the church, a commanding position on a hill to the west of the town. The Roman Castrum was commenced on the site of the present castle, the outline of the camp being an ellipsis, with a double wall and moat round the summit of the entire hill. Part of the moat yet remains. The form of the castle, as erected by the Romans, was a polygon. Two round towers are remembered by persons

yet living, corresponding in shape with the foundations of other Roman towers since discovered, and which lead to the belief that the castle once consisted of seven of these towers, distant from each other about twenty-six paces, and joined by a small and open gallery. The present towers are the Dungeon tower, Adrian's tower, the Well tower, the Gateway tower, and the large square central citadel called the Lungess. Of these, the lower part of Adrian's tower, the small square tower on the south side of the castle called the Dungeon tower, and the Well tower are supposed to be Roman. The large square tower built by Roger of Poitou, the Norman baron, rises in imposing majesty above the rest of the pile. Many antiquarians have supposed that the foundations of the Lungess tower are of Saxon origin. Be this as it may, there is little doubt that the superstructure is Norman, and of such massive strength as to bid defiance for many ages yet to come to the attacks of time. The castle was anciently surrounded by a cemented and almost indestructible mass called the Wery wall, made by the Romans. The Wery wall might be seen in many places less than a hundred years ago, together with the ditch outside of it. This wall, when described by Stukely, ran west of the castle and church, towards Bridge-lane, pointing directly on the river. At Bridge-lane it made an angle, and ran along the brow of the hill, to Church-street.

“ The Gateway tower, though of less vast proportions than the Norman keep, is the most picturesque part of the building. It was built by John o'Gaunt, whose statue occupies a niche over the entrance. The lilies of France, semi-quartered with the lions of England cut in a shield, were placed on one side of the entrance ; with a label ermine of three points, the distinction of John o'Gaunt, on the other. The Gateway tower is flanked by two octagonal turrets, 66 feet high, surrounded by watch towers. Round the towers and over the curtain are over-hanging battlements, supported by three rows of corbels, perforated in a perpendicular direction, to allow of boiling water or molten lead being poured down upon assailants, in the event of an escalade. The castle underwent a thorough repair and restoration by John o'Gaunt. It had suffered greatly from the fury of the Scots, who, in 1322, invaded England, and burnt Lancaster, doing great damage to the castle. John o'Gaunt deepened and restored the ancient moat, placed a drawbridge in front of his Gateway tower, and put up a portcullis of thick wrought iron, the place of which may still be seen at the entrance gate.

“ The Castle of Lancaster in the time of John o'Gaunt was at the height of its grandeur and magnificence. Ever since the creation of the barony of Lancaster by the Norman Conqueror, Lancaster Castle had been not

only a strong military fortress, but also the baronial residence. But its palmiest days were under the earls and dukes of Lancaster, before the duchy became an appendage of the crown. Either members of the royal family of England by birth, or in alliance with the blood-royal by marriage, the dukes and earls of Lancaster held their court in the Castle of Lancaster in something like royal state. It became the resort of the flower of England's chivalry. Barons, knights, and esquires who had won immortal honour on the well-fought plains of France, as well as ladies of high birth and gentle breeding, were entertained as guests within its walls, or formed the suite of these powerful nobles and their families. The dresses of the court were, as we have seen, of the richest character. Many were the gay processions of high-born dames upon their palfreys, and gallants in attendance upon their chargers, that wended their way down the Market-street of that day, upon some excursion of health or pleasure. Hawking was a favourite sport, in which the ladies of the court took great delight ; and the chief falconer on such occasions became an important personage. The pleasures of the chase often summoned the nobles and knights from their early repose ; a large red deer, with horns much larger than our present bucks, being found in great plenty in the forest of Bowland, in Wyersdale, Roeburndale, Hindburndale, &c. On other occasions the men-at-arms and archers were marched out for military inspection and review, while the dames of the court were sure to lend animation to the scene by their presence. Archery was a favourite pastime ; and the meadow to the south-west of the castle, in which the modern Toxopholites (known as the John o'Gaunt's archers) meet for practice, has probably often been the scene of friendly trials of skill, in which archers in suits of "Lincoln green" have contested the prize with the sturdy Lancashire bowmen. The walls of the castle itself were daily the scenes of brilliant pageants and princely festivities. The barons and vassals of the honor held of the Earls of Lancaster as in chief, and were under a sovereign allegiance and fealty to them, as they to the king. The surrounding barons, knights, and tenants, were bound to frequent the palace of the earl, both to do feudal suit and service, and also to grace his court with their presence. To these, on state occasions, magnificent hospitality was tendered ; nor were these state feasts, at which the ladies of the court were entertained, without the further sanction which the presence of bishops, priors, and other ecclesiastics could confer. The noble baron of beef, the foaming tankard of ale, and the wine of Bordeaux for the guests above the salt ; the affability of "the good Earl," and, afterwards, of "the good Duke" of Lancaster ; the rude mirth and good humour of the feuda

era ; the peals of laughter which followed the witticisms of some favourite and privileged jester, all testifies that

‘ ‘Twas merry in the Hall,
When beards wagged all.’

“The castle gradually went into decay until the reign of Elizabeth. The threatened Spanish armada caused the various castles and forts along the coast to be put into a state of defence, and Lancaster Castle underwent a thorough renovation. In the battlement of the Lungess Tower may be seen a stone with the inscription,

‘ E. R.
—
1585 R. A.’

The first initials are, of course, those of the Queen ; the latter denote the High Sheriff of the County in 1585 (Ralph Ashton, Esquire). The castle suffered greatly during the civil wars, and its history since that period has been simply that which attaches itself to it as the County Gaol and Debtors’ Prison.

“The history of the political and criminal trials of which Lancaster Castle has been the theatre, would make a most bulky but interesting volume.”

To speak of the castle as it is, the structure occupies an elevated situation to the west of the town. It is come at either by a steep ascent from the higher end of Market-street, or by the Church steps from Church-street, which also conduct to the Church yard. The approach from Market-street gives the best idea of the commanding position of the castle. The Gateway tower is here seen in all its picturesque and compact beauty. The interior of the Gateway tower contains the Governor’s office, and an apartment in which are preserved arms and ammunition, fetters, handcuffs, &c. During the shock of an earthquake on the morning of March 17, 1843, which was severely felt in many of the northern provinces, the fetters and other prison implements in the Gateway tower clanked against each other with great violence.

The first view of the interior of the Court is grand and imposing. Before is the huge square Lungess tower, looking like a pile hewn square from the solid rock. The various modern prison buildings to the right and left, with their smooth and solid masonry and architectural disposition, are seen to great advantage from the castle yard, which contains a fine open area of 2800 square yards. Most of the buildings abutting on the castle yard are modern, and date from 1788, when the castle was enlarged and improved under the authority of an act for improving prisons.

The Great Tower is of enormous strength. A winding staircase of low narrow stone steps at the S.W. angle of the Great Tower leads to apartments occupied by the male crown prisoners. The old Shire Hall, a lofty and spacious room with a deeply recessed window and strong iron bars, is contained in the Great Tower, and is now used as an hospital. The old Crown Court is west of the debtors' arcade and rooms, and is now occupied by the Duchy Court and Council Room. Adjoining it are two apartments of great size and height called the Howard and Hanway rooms, used for sleeping rooms for the better conducted felons, and well ventilated. The modern portions of these buildings were erected in 1793.

The winding staircase before mentioned conducts to the summit of the Great Tower. The only turret of this tower remaining is one called John o'Gaunt's chair. The view from this commanding elevation is thus depicted by the poetic pencil of the authoress of the "Mysteries of Udolpho." "Overlooking the Lune and its green slopes, the eye ranges to the bay of the sea beyond, and to the Cumberland and Lancashire mountains. On an island near the extremity of the peninsula of Furness, the double point of Peel Castle stands up from the sea, but is so distant that it resembles a forked rock. This peninsula, which separates the bay of Ulverstone from the Irish channel, swells gradually into a pointed mountain called Black Combe, thirty miles from Lancaster, the first in the amphitheatre that binds the bay. Hence a range of lower, but more broken and forked summits, extends northwards to the fells of High Furness, rolled behind each other—huge, towering, and dark; then, higher still, Langdale Pikes, with a confusion of other fells that crown the head of Windermere and retire towards Keswick, whose gigantic mountains, Hellvellyn and Saddleback, are, however, sunk in the distance, below the horizon of the nearer ones. The top of Skiddaw may be discerned when the air is clear, but is too far off to appear with dignity. From Windermere Fells the heights soften towards the vale of Lonsdale, on the east side of which Ingleborough rears his rugged front, the loftiest and most majestic in the scene. The nearer country from this point of the landscape is intersected with cultivated hills, between which the Lune wends its bright but shallow stream, falling over a weir, and passing under a very handsome stone bridge at the entrance of the town, in its progress to the sea. A ridge of rocky eminences shelters Lancaster on the east, whence they decline into the low and uninteresting country that stretches to the channel."

On the east side of the castle, near the vestiges of Adrian's Tower, is the Record office of the duchy and county palatine. The apartment in

this tower in which the archives of the county are kept is called John o'Gaunt's Oven, and is thirty-eight feet high.

The new Crown and County Courts on the north-west and north sides of the castle next claim attention. They are approached by a beautiful terrace of stone, and present an extensive frontage of modern Gothic architecture. The Crown Court is a square and lofty Hall, which will contain 1500 persons.

The Shire Hall and Nisi Prius Court is a most elegant structure. It is formed by the moiety of a space of fourteen equal sides. The roof is supported by seven clustered columns of four single shafts each, which spread into Gothic arches of great lightness and beauty. The ceiling is of open stone work. Here, as in the Crown Court, the body of the Court is raised along the whole breadth by broad steps. The east side of the Hall is ornamented by an alcove of tracery-work, terminating in finials, foliage, and miniature turrets.

The Castle terrace is a delightful promenade, with a solid stone pavement always clean and dry, and overlooking a romantic combination of land and water, bay and mountain. Beneath the raised stone terrace are a lower terrace and parade, containing a lawn and a few young trees. The latter terrace and the Church yard are a favourite promenade, which, in point of beauty, few towns can equal.

The book from which we borrow, thus very sagely remarks as to the fact of Lancaster Castle being preserved for the purposes of a seat of justice, a use certainly not unworthy of its former greatness :

“ Some writers, who yet allow that Lancaster Castle is one of the finest objects in the kingdom, are perverse enough to complain of the integrity and usefulness of the structure. In the place of these magnificent towers, occupying a commanding site, and conveying the idea of vast strength, they would have ruined walls and crumbling battlements overgrown by ivy, and speaking of partial demolition and decay. Such are not our notions of the requirements of the picturesque, nor will they be those of the majority of intelligent visitors. The associations of baronial splendor—of feudal haughtiness—of princely hospitality—and of the pomp and circumstance of chivalry—are recalled much more vividly by those seemingly impregnable walls, than by any of the broken lines and dismantled battlements of those who hold that

Beauty never dwells
Till use is exiled.

“ Long, therefore, may the proud Norman Keep, the magnificent Gate-

way, and the rest of those ducal towers rear their mighty heads, untouched by the tooth of time or of neglect."

So say we: and long may they continue to be graced, if not by sovereignty itself, then by that ermined majesty of England, which wields the sword and poises the balance of Justice in a manner unrivalled at any time by any other country of the universe.

Harewood Castle, Yorkshire.

THIS picturesque and interesting ruin possesses peculiar claims on the attention of the antiquary, as well on account of its extreme antiquity and curious reminiscences, as in consequence of the remarkable fact, of its having uninterruptedly continued in the possession of the lineal descendants of the original grantee, Robert de Romelli, (who received this fair domain, together with its numerous manors, and dependent lordships, as well as all Craven and Richmond, from the immediate gift of the Conqueror), until the year 1654, when Robert de Rythre removed from Harewood Castle to the Isle of Axholme, in Lincolnshire.

The untimely death of the "boy of Egremond," in the river Wharfe, on the memory of which "the poet's pen" has set the impress of immortality, constitutes an incident in every way calculated to lend an additional interest to the—

"streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, corn-field, mountain, lake,"

surrounding this "chiefless castle," and to invest with a melancholy charm, those

"Gray but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells."

Other consequences were also the result of that event; on the Lady Avicia de Romelli, sister of the "boy of Egremond," devolved, as sole heir, the vast possessions of Robert de Romelli, in Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, &c. This "well-dowered dame" married William de Meschines, nephew of the Conqueror, brother of the Earl of Chester, and Lord of Coupland, and other places; the result of which union, was the birth of two daughters, between whom, as coheirs, the ancestral estates were ultimately divided. The younger of these, the Lady Cecilia, married into the Royal Family of Scotland, whilst the elder, Avicia, Lady of Harewood, Skipton, &c., carried her moiety to her husband, Warine FitzGerald, eldest son of Warine

FitzGerald, Chamberlain to Henry the First; from a younger son of whom, the Ducal House of Leinster, in Ireland, is derived. The line of FitzGerald terminated in an heiress, through whose marriage with Lord de Courci, Baron of Stoke Courci, Harewood passed into that family, the eldest branch of which, also being finally represented by an heiress, who intermarried with Lord de Lisle, of Rougemont, the castle became the principal residence of his lordship's descendants. This Lord de Lisle was remarkable, as being one of the first Knights of the Garter. His lordship's heiress, Elizabeth de Lisle, having married William, Lord Aldeburgh, who was summoned to the House of Lords, in 1373, Harewood Castle became the residence of that family. Edward Baliol, King of Scotland, having about this time been driven out of his own dominions, was, throughout a considerable period, most kindly welcomed and hospitably entertained at Harewood Castle, by his kinsman, Lord Aldeburgh, in commemoration of which event, and also of the consanguinity of the parties, Lord de Aldeburgh caused the royal arms of Baliol to be elaborately sculptured, and placed over the principal entrance of the castle, in immediate proximity with those of Aldeburgh. His lordship's only son, Sir William de Aldeburgh, dying in the lifetime of his father, and without issue, Harewood Castle, with its numerous lordships and manors, devolved on his daughters, Sybilla and Elizabeth, the former of whom became Lady de Rythre, having married Sir William de Rythre, of Rythre Castle, Yorkshire, the lineal descendant and representative of William, Lord de Rythre, who was summoned to Parliament in 1297. Sir William and Lady de Rythre, by a deed, executed in the 15th of Richard II., conveyed certain lands, in their manors of Kyrkeby Orblawers, and Kereby, in Nottinghamshire, to the Monastery of Beauvale, in the same county, for the appointment of two priests to sing masses daily, and for ever, for the souls of themselves and their descendants, and also for the soul of their relation, Edward Baliol, King of Scotland. Lord Aldeburgh's other daughter, Elizabeth, married first, Sir Bryan Stapleton, second son of Lord Stapleton, of Bedal, co. York, and his wife, Agnes, only child and heir of Lord Fitzalan. This marriage was unproductive of issue. Her ladyship married, secondly, Sir R. Redmayne, and had issue, a son. Between the descendants of these sisters, the De Aldeburgh peerage fell into abeyance until, on the extinction of Lady Redmayne's descendants, it became vested exclusively in the representative of Lady de Rythre. The subjoined extract, from Thoresby's Leeds, may not prove uninteresting. "These unfortunate Saxons falling into the immediate grasp of the Conqueror, lost their chance of compounding for an inferior tenure under a new grantee, and appear to have been wholly dispossessed of this fair domain of Hare-

wood. At the time of the Domesday Survey, there was neither church nor castle here, but the erection of both is attributable most unquestionably to Robert de Romelli, the first grantee from the Conqueror. The first notice of the former, however, appears in the grant of the Lady Avicia de Romelli to the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre in York Cathedral, and a Norman arched window, yet remaining, will carry up the date of that portion, at least, to the earliest period of the twelfth century. This is a fortunate place; blessed with much beauty and fertility, and in the compass of a country village, with an entire, though dismantled castle, surrounded by a wide extent of plantations and pleasure grounds, and a parish church, filled with unmutilated sculpture of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. But one portion of the place is fraught with interest to the lover of genius and of virtue; for while the long series of the Lords of Harewood produced nothing but ordinary knights and barons, who fought, and hunted, and died, and were forgotten, Gawthorpe was the patrimonial residence of Chief Justice Sir William Gascoigne, and the favorite retreat of his illustrious but unfortunate descendant the Earl of Strafford. The following quotation will demonstrate what delight the place was capable of affording to that great man, before the charms of ambition had seduced him from the better occupations and sincerer pleasures of a country life; had he never abandoned his pleasure grounds, lakes, gardens, and fish-ponds, he would have died indeed, a country gentleman, but probably, in a good old age, and in the course of nature."

"Sir Thomas Wentworth, to Sir George Calvert, principal Secretary of State.

"Our harvest is all in; a most fine season to make fish-ponds; our plums are all gone and past; peaches, quinces, and grapes almost fully ripe, which will, I know, hold better relish with a Thistleworth palate. These only, we country gentlemen muse of, hoping, in such harmless retirement, for a just defence from the higher powers, and possessing ourselves in contentment, pray with Dryope, in the poet—

‘Et si qua est pietas ab acutæ vulnere falcis
Et pecoris morsu frondes defendite nostras.’

"*Gawthorpe, Aug. 31, 1634.*"

I shall begin with the castle and its lords. This once singularly fine and stately edifice stands on the steep slope of the hill, rising southwards, to which the lower floors are adapted. The principal entrance has been from the north-east, and beneath a square turret, adorned with the shields of De Aldeburgh and Baliol, a compliment from Lord de Aldeburgh to his royal kinsman, Edward Baliol, whom his lordship protected and entertained here, when driven out of his own dominions in Scotland. On the

occasion of the sojourn here of the King, Lord Aldeburgh provided a costly service of gold and silver vessels, on which were inscribed certain sentences in the Latin language, commemorative of the royal exile's residence at Harewood Castle. The walls of the great hall were decorated with expensive hangings, and portraits of his lordship's ancestors, Lords of Harewood, chiefly done by Italian masters, whilst silver lamps, fed with fragrant oils from the Levant, were tastefully pendant from the ceiling and profusely disposed amongst the hangings. Finely trained steeds, and hounds of divers kinds, also contributed to alleviate the misfortunes of the illustrious guest ; nor did the anxious concernment of the host confine itself to things temporal ; the spiritual welfare of his Majesty was attended to with like care, as appears by the institution of two priests at the Monastery of Beauvale, to sing masses for the soul of Edward Baliol, by Sir William de Rythre, the heir and son-in-law of his lordship.

Between the shields of Aldeburgh and Baliol is the predestinarian motto of the founder in black letters, “ Wat Sal be Sal.” A beautifully sculptured apartment over the space between the outer and inner doorway of this tower has been the domestic oratory, richly adorned with shields and arms. The great hall, which is of the most ample dimensions, is rendered extremely remarkable by a recess near the upper end of the west wall, which has almost every appearance of a tomb contemporary with the building, and a tomb it has been repeatedly affirmed to be. But of whom ? Of the founder, certainly, if it were a tomb at all ; yet is he known to have been interred in the parish church ; besides, whoever dreamed in those days of being buried in unconsecrated earth ; or, what heir would have permitted so incongruous a circumstance in a scene of conviviality ? Besides, the original slab has been removed, and, instead of a stone coffin, nothing appears but a mass of solid grout-work, while, instead of kneeling figures of priests or children, beneath is discovered, on a sort of frieze, a light and elegant enrichment of vine leaves and grapes.

From the last circumstance, combined with its situation at the head of the high table, it would appear to have been an ancient side-board. The union of Gawthorpe and Harewood has never been distinctly accounted for ; Gawthorpe being in the township of Harewood, and never enumerated amongst the mesne manors dependent on the honor, does not appear to have been a manor at all, but merely a portion of Harewood. But it gave name and residence to a family, whose heirs brought it to the Gascoignes, in which name it continued till another heiress brought it to the name of Wentworth ; this lady was mother of Sir Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford.

However, the evidence of various inquisitions clearly demonstrates that

Gawthorpe was a subinfeudation of Harewood, held by the Gascoignes from the Lord de Lisle, Lord Aldeburgh, and subsequently from the De Rythres, the heirs and lineal representatives of those noble families ; holding, as has been shewn, by subinfeudation, the Gascoignes were consequently vassals of the De Rythres and their ancestors during several centuries.

The Gascoignes appear to have been a prudent, thriving, and circumspect family ; the De Rythres, generous, hospitable, unsuspicious, and confiding, and as a natural effect of such conduct, the vassal, as in many other instances, ultimately supplanted the lord ; for at the time when the fee of Gawthorpe vested in the heiress of the Gascoignes, and through that lady in her son the Earl of Strafford, the male line of the De Rythres was surviving.

Robert De Rythre, the last of the name who inhabited Harewood Castle, appears from an inquisition to have been aged twenty-one years, A° 38 Elizabeth. In 1634 he finally removed from this stately habitation of his ancient and lordly line, and retired to the isle of Axholme, in Lincolnshire, one of the hereditary estates of the family, where he died in 1637, aged 87.

It is a singular fact, that after the intermarriage of the two co-heirs of Lord Aldeburgh with Sir William De Rythre and Sir R. Redmayne, respectively, the two families thus united, during eight descents of the one and nine of the other, seem to have lived on such cordially intimate and friendly terms, that they not only kept the estate undivided, but inhabited the castle alternately, and not unfrequently together. Throughout this very lengthened period, Rythre Castle, near Selby, with its lordly dependencies and valuable manors, including the broad and fertile lands of Scarcroft, remained in possession of that family.

The entire succession of the hereditary lords of Harewood from the period of the Conqueror, is distinctly exhibited and deduced with the greatest accuracy in the elaborate pedigree hereunto annexed ; heralds' visitations, and successive inquisitions, together with numerous records of the most authentic nature, form the materials out of which it has been constructed. The De Rythre arms repeatedly occur in sculpture and stained glass. In the great hall they were formerly exhibited with the following quarterings, and are still extant in the church of Harewood :— 1st, azure, three crescents or ; 2nd, argent, eight cross crosslets fiché, in centre a lion's head erased azure ; 3rd, gules, a cross vairé flory, argent and azure ; 4th, gules, a lion rampant argent, charged on the shoulders with a fleur-de-lis, azure ; 5th, or, a fesse between two chevron s sa ; 6th lozengy, argent and gules ; 7th, ermine, a chevron gules, charged with

three shells argent ; 8th, azure, three crescents or. Harewood Manor, when in possession of the De Rythre family, had annexed to it the following manors, lordships, honors, and dependencies :—Gawthorpe, Wyke, East Keswick, Hetheric, Weardley, Wiscoe-Hill, Barton, Leonard, Thorpe-Ash, Loft-House Head, Stubbs, Tick-Hill, Sea-Croft, Ouston Balne, &c. In consequence of Sir Robert Aske, son-in-law of Sir Ralph De Rythre, having been implicated as leader in the insurrection termed the “Pilgrimage of Grace,” which occurred in the year 1536, and had for its object the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic religion, and in which the leading nobility and gentry of Yorkshire and other counties had almost universally participated, a very large proportion of the De Rythre estates underwent confiscation, although it would appear that Sir Robert Aske was merely in possession of them as trustee for his brother-in-law, Henry De Rythre, who was then an infant. Yet in these days of arbitrary power the injustice was submitted to, although the lands were, and in all probability still are, reclaimable by the lineal heir and representative of the De Rythres.

On the suppression of the insurrection, Sir Robert Aske was executed, drawn and quartered, at York ; Sir Thomas Percy, son of the earl of Northumberland, together with many other persons of rank and distinction were subjected to a similarly unhappy fate. It may not be uninteresting to introduce here the advertisement by which this fine property was recommended to public notice. It will serve to convey some idea of its nature and extent, and also to exhibit the difference which obtains between the unpretending and unexaggerated productions of those times and the puff of a modern auctioneer. This occurred shortly after the death of the unfortunate Earl of Strafford, into whose possession it had come through the instrumentality of the causes already detailed, namely, the cunning and gradual encroachments of his maternal ancestors, the Gascoignes, on their confiding and improvident lords, the De Rythres, and the effects consequent on the attainder of Sir Robert Aske. This occurrence took place shortly after the removal of Robert de Rythre to Axholme, when, for the first time, Harewood Castle ceased to be the residence of an hereditary proprietor, after having been, throughout a period of more than six centuries, uninterruptedly the principal seat of an unbroken line of hereditary knights and nobles.

“ 10th Novembr 1656.

“ A particular of the Castle and manor of Harwood, conteyneinge the dependency of Gawthorpe, and divers lands, tenements, Hereditamts, hereafter mentioned, in the Co. of York.

“ THE CASTLE DECAYED ;

"The seigniory of great extent, though formerly greater before the out-parts thereof were cut off.

"The castle of Harwood decayed, yet the stones thereof being much ashler, and the timber that is left fit for building an hansom new house, &c., may save a deale of charges in the stone work, or (else if allowed to the tenants of Harwood towne for repairs and buildinge) would be very useful and necessary for that purpose, considering it is a market towne. Therefore the castle may be adjudged to be well worth £100. There is belonging to the same a very large barne.

"There is a charter obtaecined by Sir William de Rythre for a market to be held every Monday in this towne of Harewood. 2 head faires, besides a fortnight faire in summer tyme; which if well managed might bring in tyme the market to a good height. There is a mannor of great extent, with court leet and court baron, waives and estrayes and Felon goods, &c., belonging to the same, also large commons; the whole well stored with all kinds of Wild Fowles; the river of Wharfe affording greate store of Fishe, as salmon, trout, chevins, oremus, and eyles. The lord of the mannor being the Impropriator hath the presentation of the vicar to the vicaridge. In the groundes contained in this particular there is great store of timber trees, and wood besides the hedgerows, and besides wood to bee left for the repayer of Houses and mill dams worth at least £2000. The opinion of divers is that all the wood contained in this particular is worth £3000. The stank or pond att Hollin Hall is well stored with carp, and eyles. The stank or pond att Gawthorpe with trout, roch, gudgeons, and eyles. Gawthorpe Hall most part of the walls built with good stone, and all the houses covered with slate and a great part of that new building. Four rooms in the oulde buildings all waynescotted. Five large rooms in the new building all waynescotted likewise, and collored like wall tree. The matereals of which house if soulde would raise £600 at leaste. To this belongeth a parke in former tymes well stored with deere; a park like place it is with a brooke running through the middle of it, which turns four pair of mill stones att 2 milles. Upon the river of Wharfe there is a corn mill with 2 pair of milstones, the dam of which was almost all made new laste yeare and cost near unto £100. There is a garden and orchards about 6 acres in compasse, fenced round with high stone walles. The garden towards the north side hath four walles lying one above another; both the gardens and orchards well planted with great store of fruit trees of several kindes. The court leet and court Baron att present extend over the following townships—Harewood, East Keswick, Wyke, Wigton, Weardley, Weeton cum Westcoe Hill, Dunkeswick."

The church of Harewood having been given by the lady Avicia de Romelli to the chapel of St. Mary, in York Cathedral, the donation was contested by Warine Fitz Gerald, who had married her grand-daughter. This was in the 10th of John, 1209, and appears to have been successful; but in the year 1353, Lord de Lisle of Rougemont, considering that his an-

cestors, Lords of Harewood, had been benefactors to the priory of Bolton in Craven, gave the advowson of this church to that house, on condition that they should grant to him and his heirs a rent charge of 100*l.* per annum, out of Howden, Wigton, and other lands; and that a chantry of six priests (differing from a college only in the terms of the incorporation) should be founded at Harewood, and seven at the priory of Bolton, to sing masses daily for the souls of Robert Lord de Lisle, his father, and Margaret Lady de Lisle, his mother, besides a special collect for himself, his children, and his lineal heir or representative, in every generation for ever. A benefice which could sustain such a charge, must have been very opulent indeed. The advowson of the vicarage was vested in the prior and canons of Bolton until the dissolution, when it appears to have returned to his lordship's hereditary successors, the De Rythres, Lords of Harewood. The present church surpasses any parish church in the county, in the number, beauty, and perfect preservation of the tombs of its lords; those which exhibit the greatest taste, and most elaborate sculpture, belong to the De Rythre family, with regard to whom this curious particular is observable, namely, that for some centuries after 1370, they had sepulture alternately here and in Rythre church. The most interesting tomb, independently of the mere merits of the structure, is that of Sir William Gascoigne of Gawthorpe, on which he is represented in his scarlet robes, with his coif covering his head as of old, and an antique purse at his girdle; the effigy of Elizabeth, his wife, is also exhibited; she was the daughter of Sir William Mowbray, of Kirklington. A brass fillet surrounding the tomb, which was torn away during the civil wars, bore the following inscription:—

“ Hic jacent Willielmus Gascoigne, nup. cap. just. de Banco Hen. nup. Regis Angliae quarti. Et Elizabetha uxor ejus qui quidem W ob. die dominica IV. die decembris anno dni M.CCCC.XII.XIV. Henricis IV. factus judex. M.CCCC.I.”

Opposite to this is the truly magnificent tomb of Sir William de Rythre, and his wife Sybilla, the daughter and coheiress of Lord de Aldeburgh; the statues of these, which are finely sculptured, are cumbent and nearly entire. The monument of the Redmayne family is also in a very high state of preservation. The figure of Lord de Lisle, an ancestor of the De Rythres, distinguished by the armorial bearings of his family, a fess between two chevrons, exhibited on his tabard, was perfectly entire, in the east window of the north chapel, until the church was repaired in 1793, when it was removed to a lumber room in Harewood House, and forgotten. On a subsequent search it could nowhere be found. This circumstance is very much to be regretted, as, independently of the merits which it possessed as

a work of art, a very considerable degree of interest must necessarily have attached to it, not only through the consideration of its high antiquity, but on account of his lordship having been the first Knight of the Garter, and one of the most munificent benefactors of the church itself. The west end of the church opened into the former pleasure grounds of Harewood Castle. It is kept with the neatness of a Cathedral, and seems to have suffered principally by the removal of the screens and lattices, a proceeding which sadly interferes with the religious solemnity of the scene. Another innovation, the bad taste of which cannot be sufficiently condemned, occurred in the destruction of the gorgeous canopy, which heretofore formed a most appropriate sepulchral appendage to the tombs of the De Rythres. "Instead, however, of deplored what is gone in compliance with the rage of tasteless innovation, there is more cause to rejoice on account of what remains, and it is to be hoped that these beautiful memorials of the De Rythres and Gascoignes will long be preserved, ranking as they do amongst the most valuable and interesting remnants of ancient art."

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* the following lines occur; they appear to have been written in depreciation of the intended removal of Robert de Rythre, or Ryther, from Harewood Castle to his estate of Axholme in Lincolnshire. They are but a fragment of the poem, and remarkable for the partial realization of the prophecy which they embody—

" Whilst over proud Harewood De Rythre holds sway,
 His sun shall not set, nor his grandeur decay ;
 But if from the hall of his fathers he goes,
 There 's ruin to him, and success to his foes ;
 Then let him remain, nor to others give place,
 Lest Gascoigne, his vassal, should whelm his race—
 His honors, his name, his proud lordships, and all
 Shall stand if he stays—if he goes they shall fall ;
 Whilst a century doubled and more, shall roll by,
 Ere to heir of his name its lost honors shall hie."

In the manuscripts of the Cottonian library, a very curious and original letter of James Rythre to the Earl of Sussex, is preserved. It bears date at Harewood, January 6th, 1569-70, and is thus marked and described : "Cal. B. IX. 250. James de Rythre to the Earl of Sussex, about several seizures of property on the borders (orig.)"

It appears by a confirmation charter of Henry II., that a Sir William de Rythre, of Rythre Castle, was then Chancellor of England. This personage held very considerable possessions in Yorkshire and other counties per Baroniam.

Sir Hamelin de Rythre, grandson of the former, and also a baron by tenure, is referred to in a deed, executed by his son, Sir William de Rythre; this deed appears to have been dated a few years subsequent to 1228, and conveys certain lands to the church of St. Peter, in York. It is entitled, "Carta Willielmi Filii Hamelini de Rythre, vel Ridera, chiv," and, independently of its curious structure and form, it is interesting as shewing concurrence in brothers of the same name; a practice sometimes permitted when a desire to preserve an ancient or loved family name sought to increase the charms of its retention by the adoption of the means to which reference has been made. Sir William, father of Sir Hamelin, conveyed by deed the church of Rythre to the Priory of Nun-Appleton, in the reign of Richard I. In the confirmation charter of King John the donation is thus described: "Exodno Willielmi de Rythre militis ecclesiam de Rythre cum omnibus pertinentiis suis." His name, and that of his daughter Agnes, occur as witnesses to a deed conveying other grants to the same priory.

In the church of Rythre this family had sepulture antecedently to their acquisition of the Harewood estates, and occasionally afterwards. It is in the Ainsty of York, and contains in the south aisle, a series of monuments, of which the following description is extracted from "The Sepulchral Monuments of Great Britain." "The first is a cross-legged knight (that position being the badge of a crusader) in a round helmet, with a rib down the front, mail gorget and sleeves, with wrist-bands, mail gloves, greaves and shoes; sword straight from middle of waist; on his shield three crescents, De Rythre; a lion at his feet. By his side, on a distinct slab (both slabs laid on brickwork), a lady in a cap, the cape of her gown up to her chin, and behind her head, and falling at her ears, long straight-buttoned sleeves, and others pendant; her mantle faced with fur, and a dog at her feet. The knight represents Sir William Lord De Rythre, who accompanied Edward the First, in his twenty-fifth year, in his expedition into Gascoigne, and the year following, and three more, into Scotland, in all of which wars he greatly distinguished himself by his martial daring and knightly accomplishments, and who was summoned to Parliament from twenty-eighth Edward I. to second Edward II. The lady represents his wife. At their head is an alabaster knight in plaited armour, his hair straight in front, curled at sides; mitten gauntlets, straps at elbows, gorget of mail, his collar fastened by a heart, from which hangs a lion, sword, and dagger, collared dog under right foot, and under left a bearded head, open mouthed; under his head a helmet, the crest gone. His body has the rich reticulated mitred head-dress, with a jewel in front; angels support her cushions; in her hands a heart. She wears long sleeves, a plaited petticoat; the hem of her gar-

ment is studded ; at her feet a flap-eared dog with a studded collar. On the north front of the tomb, in four pair of niches, four knights in plaited armour ; the fourth in a mantle, holds in his left hand a shield resembling that of St. George, his right hand lifted up, or on his sword. Four ladies with the mitred head-dresses, fillet in front, and veil behind, hold the same shields ; one has a book open over it ; two have their right hands elevated and open ; the third holds in her right hand a rosary. At the west end are three such ladies ; and at the east end three such knights. This tomb has a ledge. This is the monument of John second Lord De Rythre, and son and successor of William ; he was governor of Skipton castle, second Edward II. His lady was sister of Guy Earl of Warwick, of the family of Beauchamp. At the head of the last tomb is one more ancient, with a blue slab, whose ledge has labels of the scroll form, and on the south side of the tomb a shield with three crescents. This probably is the tomb of Sir Hamelin de Rythre, who accompanied Richard Cœur De Lion to the wars of the Crusades. In the east window of the south aisle (which probably was the chantry chapel) are azure, three crescents, or. Rythre. In the east window of the chancel are azure, three crescents, or. ; and a good figure of a woman's head praying, and 'Qui me istius ecclesiæ fieri fecit.' In the north window lions segant or, and azure, and the arms of Rythre." Sir William de Rythre, to whom allusion has been made, married Ella, daughter of Sir William Fitzwilliam ; her mother was Ella, daughter of William de Warren, Earl of Surrey, who was descended from Gundred, daughter of William the Conqueror ; her mother was Maud, daughter of the Earl of Flanders, and granddaughter of Robert King of France. John second Lord de Rythre was succeeded by his son Robert, whose son and heir, Sir William, married the only child of Sir William Tunstal, of Holdemene, from which marriage sprang Sir William, who married Sybil, daughter and co-heir of Lord de Alburgh of Harewood Castle ; their son, Sir William de Rythre of Harewood Castle, was lord of Scarcroft and high sheriff of Yorkshire in the seventh and ninth of Henry VI. He married Matilda, daughter of Sir Thomas Umfraville of Harbottle Castle, co. Northampton, and co-heir of her brother, Gilbert de Umfraville, fourth Earl of Angus. Sir William died in 1441, and Lady de Rythre in 1435. They had two sons, Sir William and Gilbert. Sir William married Eleanor, daughter of Sir John Fitzwilliam, of Sprotburgh, and dying in 1476, was buried at De Rythre church. His surviving issue were Sir Ralph, Thomas, and Nicholas, who settled at Scarcroft, where his descendants, who, it is presumed, became ultimately extinct, resided for several generations. Sir Ralph, the eldest son, married Lady Katherine Percy, only daughter of Henry, fifth Earl of Northumberland, and dying at a very advanced age, was succeeded by his only

son, Henry de Rythre, who married Agnes, only daughter of John Lord Hussey, and died without issue in 1543. Thomas, second son of Sir William and Lady de Rythre, held the high court appointment of cofferer to Edward IV. ; he was attainted in 1483, but restored in blood in 1485. He left two sons, George and Thomas. William, eldest son of George, was esquire of the body to Queen Mary, and succeeded at Harewood on the death of his cousin Henry de Rythre, in 1543. He married Mary, daughter of Sir James Hales, and dying in 1563, was succeeded by his son James, who was esquire of the body to Queen Elizabeth ; his lady was Elizabeth, daughter of William Atherton, Esq., of Atherton. Robert, his only son, was born in 1631, and died in 1692, when he was succeeded by his only son, Robert de Rythre, barrister at-law, who died in 1698, having bequeathed his estates to his sixth cousin, John de Rythre of Scarcroft, he being the nearest relation of whom he had any knowledge ; in this will he settled the estates on the name, in the strictest manner permitted by the laws of entail. Alluding to the subject he uses the following words : “ In order that a portion of the vast estates which belonged to our extravagant ancestors may be preserved in our ancient family.” Thomas de Rythre, second son of the cofferer, settled at Muckleston, in Staffordshire, and married Rachel, daughter of Henry Pole, or Poole, Esq. ; his eldest son Edward settled at Carrington, in Cheshire, where John, only son of Edward, was born. About this time, it would appear, that the practice of pronouncing the surname, Ryder, was introduced ; as we find the ancient and modern orthography indifferently employed in reference to this John de Rythre, Ryther, or Ryder, in the university entries. He received his education at Jesus College, Oxford, where he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts on the 3rd February, 1580, and that of Master on the 5th of July, 1583, shortly after which he obtained the living of St. Mary, Bermondsey, to which the crown had presentation ; about this time he compiled his celebrated English and Latin Dictionary, to which he added more than four thousand words, which were not to be found in the most copious dictionaries then extant. This work was published at Oxford, in quarto, which, says Mr. Ryder, in his preface, “ I have not done without great pains and charges.” In this undertaking, however, he received considerable assistance from the exertions of his friend, the Earl of Sussex. The book was universally regarded by the learned as an invaluable contribution to English literature, and elicited many very flattering compliments in Greek and Latin verse, some of which are prefixed to the work. That of Dr. Underhill is as follows :—

“ Quantum Thomasio Calepinus cedere debet
Tantum præclaro Thomasius ipse Rydero.”

When the rich living of Winwick, in Lancashire, became vacant, he was presented to it by the patron, William, Earl of Derby, between whom and Mr. Ryder a family connexion subsisted. Possessing a sort of hereditary interest at court, and being moreover a great personal favourite of Elizabeth, he was, in obedience to Her Majesty's commands, elected Dean of St. Patrick's, in the year 1597. The following letter of Archbishop Loftus, addressed to the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, and written in reply to the misive which the Queen had caused to be written, “requiring that John Ryder, A.M., should be elected to the deanery of St. Patrick's, Dublin,” occurs in *Strype's Ecclesiastical Annals*.

“IT MAY PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP,—Immediately after the receipt of your letter, signifying Her Majesty's pleasure and commandement, in the behalf of Mr. Ryder, to the Deanery of St. Patrick's, I assembled my chapter, and made the same known unto them, whom I found humbly willing, according to Her Majesty's pleasure, to make election of him; but forasmuch as they made a scruple to elect him until he were a member of themselves, which they alledge to be done by them in discharge of their consciences, being sworn to the form of this foundation, I have, to remove that scruple, reserved a prebend, now void, and in my gift, for Mr. Ryder, which presently, on his arrival here, I will admit him unto; and have taken the hands of my chapter thereupon to elect him, which I assure your Lordship, upon my credit (which I would not break with you for all the deaneries and bishopricks in Ireland), shall be done within ten days next after Mr. Ryder's coming. Whereunto I find my said chapter the more willing (although there be among themselves as many learned Graduates as belong to any one Church that I knowe in England), because they acknowledge your Lordship to be a chief pillar for the upholding of the Church. And so, hoping that your Lordship will rest well satisfied for this time with the proceedings aforesaid, I commend you with all my prayers to God's blessing.

“Your Lordship's humble servant at command,

“AD. DUBLIN.

“From Dublin, 29th of November, 1597.”

Before Mr. Ryder left England, he was constrained to enter into an engagement with the Lord Treasurer, to continue, after his election and installation, the payment of three hundred marks per annum throughout the remainder of the term during which his predecessor, Meredith, would, had he lived, have been bound to pay the same. In conformity with this arrangement, Mr. Ryder executed a bond, and bound himself, in a penalty of £1000, to pay the sum of three hundred marks annually, for five years, from the first of April, 1598. This bond was cancelled on the 30th of September, 1602; the Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and the Master of the Rolls, having

signified that they had received full satisfaction from Dean Ryder. On the 16th March, 1598, the Dean was presented by the Crown to the rectory of Geashill, in the diocese of Kildare. The subjoined details of his controversy with Fitz Simon the Jesuit, are calculated to throw some illustration on the manners and peculiarities of the period, and to shew that the extension of the Dean's hospitality and friendly offices were perfectly uninterfered with by considerations having their origin in the rancorous debasement of bigotry, or festering asperities of sectarianism.

Henry Fitz Simon, the learned Jesuit, was not only the frequent recipient of Dean Ryder's hospitality, but indebted to his unceasing and benevolent exertions in his behalf for those comforts and that considerate indulgence which alleviated the rigours of a lengthened imprisonment, to which, in consequence of some grave political offence, he was subjected. The Dean ultimately enjoyed the satisfaction arising from the consciousness of having been instrumental in procuring for the Jesuit the restoration of his liberty, in virtue of an order of King James to the Lord Deputy and Council, dated 12th of March, 1603.

Fitz Simon's tract was entitled “A Catholike confutation of Dean Ryder's clayme of Antiquitie, and a caulming comfort against his caveat ; in which is demonstrated, by assurances even of protestants, that al antiquitie, for al points of Religion, in controversie, is repugnant to protestancie : secondly, that protestancie is repugnant, particularlie to all articles of beleefe : thirdly, that puritan plots are pernitious to Religion and state : and lastly, a replye to Dean Ryder's rescript, with a discovery of puritan partialitie in his behalfe. By Henry Fitz Simon of Dublin, in Ireland, of the Societie of Jesus, Priest.”

The Jesuit, in his advertisement to the reader, says, “that the dispute between the dean and himself was occasioned by various table conversations which happened from time to time at the deanery of St. Patrick's, but that it was more immediately referable to an argument which occurred on the 29th of November, in the year 1600, at the deanery, between William Nugent, Esquire, a Roman Catholic gentleman of education and fortune, and the dean. Mr. Nugent affirmed that there was no diversity of belief, or religion, between the modern Roman Catholics and the Primitive Christians of the apostolic times ; contrary to which assertion, the dean maintained that the difference was as great as between Protestancy and Papistry, and the faith of the Primitive Catholics was the same as that of Protestants ; these opinions being very opposite, both parties agreed to seek a solution of the learned, which, if it should justify Mr. Nugent's persuasion, then Mr. Ryder would recant ; if it did not, then Mr. Nugent

would become a Protestant. To obtain the said solution, a letter was written by Mr. Ryder, dated on the 21st of the following October, and addressed from doubtful Catholics to all priests and Jesuits, and Seminarians, requiring of them to shew whether the doctrines of the Primitive Christians did accord with that of modern Roman Catholics, in the following articles, *viz.* :—first, that the body of Christ is actually present in the blessed sacrament ; secondly, that the Scriptures should not be perused by the vulgar ; thirdly, that prayers for the dead, and the doctrine of purgatory, ought to be credited ; fourthly, that prayers should be addressed to saints ; fifthly, that the ceremonial of the mass did obtain in ancient times ; and sixthly, that the supremacy of the Pope was admitted and acknowledged."

Mr. Nugent affirmed that the Jesuits and Roman Catholic priests of Ireland were able to prove, by the Scriptures and fathers, the affirmative of these several propositions to be doctrines apostolical and catholic, and that the church of Rome, and the Roman Catholics of Ireland, hold no opinion touching the same, but what the Holy Scriptures and primitive fathers held, within the first five hundred years after Christ's ascension. The answer to this appeal was required within three months ; and it was desired by both sides that Fitz Simon, who was then in confinement in Dublin Castle, should take on him to maintain this controversy. He accordingly, on the second of January, sent his answer to Dean Ryder, by Michael Taylor, Esquire, written in the name of the Catholic priests of Ireland. The dean read the reply with a great deal of pleasure, and having expressed much satisfaction, promised to prepare a rejoinder to it very speedily. Four days afterwards he waited on Fitz Simon in the castle, informing him, that if his signature were subscribed to the treatise, the reply should soon be made ; the Jesuit consented, and on the 28th of September, 1602, Mr. Ryder published his reply, a copy of which was forthwith transmitted to the Jesuit : it was entitled, "A Friendly Caveat," &c. Having read this elaborate and very learned production with great care and attention, and occupied about three months in assiduous consideration of the various arguments therein contained, and the numerous authorities by which they were supported, Fitz Simon intimated to the dean, that if he would allow him access to books, a communication with his brethren, and an amanuensis to engross his writings, he would join issue with him, before the Lord Deputy and Council, and Fellows of the College of Dublin. Mr. Ryder cheerfully acquiesced in this proposal, and applying to the government in reference to the subject, obtained all the indulgence solicited, as to books, the intercourse of friends, and the printing-press. In addition to these favors, the dean supplied him with a catalogue of the

books in the new library of the university, all of which were at his command without any hindrance or restriction whatsoever. Notwithstanding these facilities, however, the Jesuit's rejoinder did not make its appearance until after the lapse of many years, although several letters passed between them on the subject, both before and after his liberation, which, as has already been observed, was owing altogether to the benevolent interference of the dean. However, the Jesuit transmitted to Mr. Ryder certain observations, written on about two reams of paper, of which his rejoinder, printed at Roan in 1608, was a mere amplification. Having read these arguments very carefully, and shewed the production to many considerable persons, and to the fellows of the university, the dean very speedily published another book in reply, which caused a very considerable sensation, on account of the argumentative ingenuity and theological erudition by which it was characterised. After his enlargement, several private meetings took place between them, and according to the Jesuits' own account, a short time previously to that event, a disputation also occurred in the presence of the constable of the castle, and some other personages of distinction, after which the dean dined with his adversary and some other prisoners. In page 210 of his "Catholike Confutation," Fitz Simon says, that Dean Ryder had yearly 1700 barrels of corn, idly and without price, as tithes of his deanery. In page 227, he relates the following anecdote :— " Whilst I was in confinement at the castle, I was taking the air on Saint Martin's eve on the north-west tower, when Dean Ryder came to visit one Mr. Browne, and I requested him to come up ; after some conversation, he asked me to inform him of a certain point which a great statesman had made dubious to him ; whether I was a Jesuit, or a priest, or both. I answered that I was unworthily both. He replied, would you prefer yourself before a simple secular priest ? I answered that I never had a controversy about pre-eminence with any. The dean seemed a little confounded with this answer. I then desired him to do me the favour of answering a like question ; whether himself was a bare minister, a dean, or both ? He answered he was a minister, but not a dean according to my notion of the term. I answered, then you are a Puritan, inasmuch as you refuse the name of dean, but as you hold the deanery you are Protestant, which answer made him laugh very heartily." Fitz Simon's book, which is in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, contains certain marginal observations, written in the dean's own manuscript, in which he emphatically contradicts this, as well as other assertions, charging him with entertaining Puritanical principles.

In 1601, Mr. Ryder published his celebrated letter "Concerning the News out of Ireland, the Spaniards' Landing, and the present state

thereof." On the 12th of January, 1612, he was consecrated Bishop of Killaloe, and on the 4th of the following July, he obtained a dispensation from the archbishop, which was on the same day confirmed by King James the First, to hold the rich benefice of Winwick, Lancashire, in commendam with his bishopric, "Quoad vixerit et prefuerit." He died on the 12th of November, at Killaloe, and was buried there in St. Flannan's church. His lordship was the author of several books and treatises relating to various departments of literature, and displaying close research, extensive acquirements, and abilities of the very highest order; his poetical productions were remarkable for point and elegance. He married Fridiswid, second daughter of Edward Crosby, Esquire, of Crosby Place, Staffordshire, and left an only son, Thomas, who was Secretary of Legation to the English embassy at Paris; whilst so residing in the French capital, his sons Henry and Thomas were born there, the former of whom was educated at Westminster school, from whence he was admitted into Trinity College, Cambridge, and afterwards to an *ad eundem* degree in Trinity College, Dublin; his first promotion was to the prebend of Malahiddert, in the archdiocese of Dublin, after which he became Archdeacon of Ossory, from whence he was advanced to the see of Killaloe (which his grandfather had held) by letters patent, bearing date 5th of June, 1693, and consecrated on Trinity Sunday following, in the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, in the diocese of Meath, by Narcissus, Archbishop of Cashel, assisted by the Bishops of Limerick and Killala. He died at Wyanstown, on the 30th of January, 1695, and was buried in the church of Clonmetheran, in the diocese of Dublin. His lordship's eldest son Thomas went into holy orders, and in the year 1720, was promoted to the rectory of Mitchelstown, county of Cork. He married (see Burke's "Landed Gentry") Martha, daughter of Bretridge Badham, Esquire, M.P. for Rathcormack, and had issue Henry, and two younger sons, St. George and John. Henry died in 1749, leaving an only son, Abraham St. George, who married Frances, daughter of William Harrington, of Grange-Con Castle, Esquire. His eldest and only surviving son is Captain William Ryder, of Riverstown-House, representative and heir of the Lords De Rythre, of whom he is the direct lineal descendant, through Thomas De Rythre, treasurer to Edward the Sixth.

The third son of Thomas Ryder of Maccleston was Sir William Rythre, or Ryder, of London, who received the honour of knighthood from Elizabeth. He was uncle to the Lord Bishop of Killaloe, and father of Mary, who married Sir Thomas Lake, afterwards principal Secretary of State to James I. Lady Lake, it would appear, inherited an immense fortune, and was possessed of singular fascinations of manner, and personal attractions of no ordinary description, whilst her husband, Sir Thomas Lake, was uni-

versally considered to be inferior to no gentleman of the day, either in ability or accomplishments. Their daughter, Elizabeth, even excelled her mother in beauty, whilst her mind, bold, original, and capacious, received all the cultivation derivable from the concurrence of wealth, opportunity, and an insatiable desire for self-improvement. Yet all these advantages, seldom indeed existing separately, and so very rarely united, were completely counterbalanced by a misconception, which, having received admission into her mind, gradually effected such a modification in the exercise of its faculties, as caused it eventually to convert every incident, circumstance, and occurrence, into proofs of the delusion,—the infatuation—under whose vile despotsms it laboured ;—an infatuation, which ultimately proceeded to the adoption of measures the most odious in contrivance, and criminally execrable in purpose, to which, perhaps, any female, otherwise pure and undraped, had ever resorted. This overmastering feeling, which would have been speedily dissipated by a vigorous exercise of the high reasoning powers with which she was endowed, was jealousy, under the fatal influence of which the deadliest emotions were engendered, and the fairest prospects of human felicity utterly blasted, and laid desolate for ever. “After Sir Robert Cecil had attained the ministrations of affairs, the place of Secretary of State was divided into two, and Sir Thomas Lake appointed to one of them, and so continued, says A. Wood, with honourable esteem of all men, till malice and revenge, two violent passions, overruling the weaker sex, concerning his wife and daughter, involved him in their quarrel, the chief and only cause of his ruin.”* “Lord Roos, in February, 1616, married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Thomas Lake, principal Secretary of State, by Mary, daughter and heir of Sir William Rythre ; and in July of the same year, his title of Lord Roos, which had been disputed by the Earl of Rutland, was adjudged in his favour. He returned from Spain in March, 1616-17, and in August following secretly withdrew himself out of England, leaving his estate in great disorder, after having sent a challenge to his brother-in-law Arthur Lake ; and though he was required by the Lords of the Council to return, refused to comply with their order.”† Saunderson, who was Secretary to Lord Roos, in his embassy to Spain, gives the following account of the dispute between Francis Countess of Exeter and the Lake family.

“The Lord Roos, through Sir Thomas Lake’s credit, was sent ambassador extraordinary into Spain, in a very gallant equipage, in the year 1611, with hopes of his own to continue longer, to save charges of transmit-

* Saunderson’s “Life of James I.”

† Birch’s “Life of Prince Henry.”

ting any other. In his absence here fell out a deadly feud (no matter for what) between the Lady Lake, and her daughter's stepmother the Countess of Exeter, which was fully described in a letter, and sent from England to me at Madrid. A youthful widow this countess had been, and virtuous, the relict of Sir Thomas Smyth, Clerk of the Council and Registrar of the Parliament, and daughter of William fourth Lord Chandos ; and so she married and became bed-fellow to this aged, diseased, gouty, but noble Earl of Exeter, who was the maternal grandfather of the Lord de Roos. Home comes the Lord Roos from his embassy, whereupon he fell into great neglect of his wife and her kindred, and refused to increase the allowance to her settlement of jointure, which was promised to be completed at his return ; not long after he stays in England, but away he gets into Italy, and turned a professed Roman Catholic, being cozened into that religion here by his public confident Gondamore.

“In this last absence never to return, Lady Lake, and her daughter Lady Roos, accuse the Countess of Exeter of former incontinency with the Lord Roos, whilst he was here, and that therefore he fled from his wife, and from his marriage bed, with other devised calumnies, by several designs and contrivements, to have impoisoned the Ladies Lake and Roos. The quarrel blazoned at court to the king's ear, who, as privately as could be, singly examines each party. The countess, with tears and imprecations, professes her innocence, which to oppose, the Ladies Lake and Roos counterfeit her hand to a whole sheet of paper, wherein they make her with much contrition to acknowledge herself guilty, and crave pardon for attempting to impoison them, and desire friendship for ever with them all. The King gets sight of this, as in favour to them, and demands the time, place, and occasion when this should be writ. They tell him that all the parties met in a visit at Wimbledon (Lord Exeter's house), where in dispute of this difference she confessed her fault, and desirous of absolution and friendship, consents to set down all under her own hand, which presently she writ at the upper end of the great chamber at Wimbledon, in the presence of Lord and Lady Roos, Lady Lake, and one Diego, a Spaniard, his lordship's confiding servant. But now they being gone and at Rome, the King forthwith sends Master Dendy, one of his Serjeants at Arms, sometime a domestic of Lord Exeter's, an honest and worthy man, post to Rome, who speedily returns with Lord Roos's, and Diego's hands, and other testimonials, that all the said accusations, confession, suspicions, and papers, concerning Lady Exeter, were notoriously false and scandalous, and confirm by receiving their eucharist, in assurance of her honor and her innocence. Besides, several letters of her hand, compared with this writing, concluded it counterfeit. Then the King tells the Ladies Lake and Roos,

that the writing being denied by Lady Exeter, their testimonies as parties would not prevail without additional witnesses. They then adjoin one Sarah Wharton, their chambress, who they affirm stood behind the hangings, at the entrance of the room, and heard Lady Exeter read over what she had writ; and to this she, swears before the King. But after a hunting at New Park, the King dined at Wimbledon, and in that room observes the great distance from the window to the lower end, and placing himself behind the hangings, (and so different lords in their turn) they could not hear a loud voice from the window. Besides, the hangings wanted two feet of the ground, and might discover the woman if hidden behind; the King saying ‘oaths cannot conceal my sight.’

“And the hangings had not been removed in that room for thirty years before, of which particular the King fully satisfied his mind. Nay, more than all these, the Ladies Lake and Roos counterfeit a confession in writing of one Luke Hutton, that for 40*l.*, the Lady Exeter should hire him to impoison them, which man, with wonderful providence, was found out, and privately denies it to the King. And thus prepared, the King sends for Sir Thomas Lake, whom in truth he valued, tells him the danger to embark himself in this business, advising him to leave those who were really implicated in the quarrel to the law, the matter being ready for a star-chamber adjudication.

“He humbly thanked his Majesty, but could not refuse to be a father and a husband; and so he put his name with theirs in a cross-bill, which at hearing, took up five several days, the King sitting in judgment. But the former testimonies, and some private confessions of Lady Roos and Sarah Wharton, which the king kept in secret, made the cause for some days of trial appear doubtful to the court, until the King’s discovery, which concluded the sentence pronounced upon the parties. Sir Thomas and Lady Lake were fined ten thousand pounds to the King, five thousand pounds to Lady Exeter, and fifty pounds to Hutton. Sarah Wharton was sentenced to be whipped at the cart’s tail about the streets, and to do penance at St. Martin’s church. The Lady Roos for confessing the truth and plot in the midst of the trial was pardoned by the most voices from penal sentence, although she it was whose groundless jealousy of Lady Exeter and representations to her mother on the subject had originated this ruinous proceeding. The King, I remember, compared “the crime to the first plot of the first sin in paradise, the lady, to the serpent, her daughter, to Eve, and Sir Thomas Lake to poor Adam, whose love to his wife, the old sin of our father, had beguiled him. I am sure he paid for all, which as he told me, cost him thirty thousand pounds, the loss of his master’s favour, and offices of honour and gain, but truly with much pity and

compassion at court, he being held an honest man." A descendant of Sir Thomas Lake's was raised to the peerage by the style and title of Lord Viscount Lake, in consequence of his brilliant services, and distinguished military achievements.

Beaumanor.

LEICESTERSHIRE is exceedingly rich in spots of historic interest, Leicester Abbey, Bradgate Park, Bosworth Field, will probably be remembered,

"To the last syllable of recorded time."

It is rich, too, in baronial castles and ancestral halls ; Belvoir Castle has a world-wide fame, and Donington, Gopsal, Lowesby, Garendon, Coleorton, &c., &c., are beauty spots on the face of a most beautiful county.

It has lately received an "added charm," by the re-erection of two of its stateliest halls, those of BEAUMANOR, the seat of William Herrick, Esq., and Prestwold, the seat of C. W. Packe Reading, Esq., M.P. The very name of Beaumanor is suggestive of territorial beauty. Situated in a lovely vale on the eastern boundary of Charnwood Forest, and combining an intermixture of the richest woodland with pleasant slopes, and the wild and picturesque rocks of the Forest, the ancient park, partially disparked as it has long been, is still a tract of unusual loveliness. Crowned and embellished as it now is, by the noble Elizabethan mansion just completed, it may fairly take rank in the first class of those great ornaments of England—the country seats of the aristocracy.

There are mansions whose sole charm is the picturesque scenery by which they are surrounded ; there are some which architectural beauty alone invests with interest ; and there are others which are hallowed by associations or memories of the past. Beaumanor combines all these charms. At so early a period as the reign of Henry II., the demesne was the bright oasis of the desert that environed it. The first house erected upon it was probably built by Geoffrey Le Despenser, ancestor of the two distinguished but unfortunate Hughs of that name. This must have been about the commencement of the 12th century, when he obtained the privilege of erecting a chapel in his *fundus* of Little Haw, which was evidently a part of the ancient manor. The earliest recorded mention of Beaumanor *by name*, occurs in an inquisition taken after the battle of Evesham, in which the names of all the Leicestershire adherents

of Simon de Montford (and consequently the names of the Le Despensers), and the value of their lands, are carefully specified ; and this record shews that a certain place called Beaumanor was then the possession of John Le Despenser. Hence, it is evident that the name was not derived, as has been erroneously conjectured, from the later possessors, the Beaumonts. The park was, however, during their time, sometimes termed “ *Parcum de Bellamont.*” To shew how just a claim Beaumanor has to be reckoned among our “ Historic Lands,” we will now proceed to give a brief sketch of the distinguished persons who have successively been its lords. The first family, as we have already stated, was the Le Despensers ; the origin of this house, whose members make so considerable a figure in history, has always been involved in much doubt. A local historian* of considerable merit, asserts that they did *not* derive from Robert Dispenser, the steward of the Conqueror, but from a steward of the Earls of Leicester, and their early location in the heart of the possessions of those ancient Earls, gives great force to this conjecture. That Beaumanor was frequently the abode both of Hugh Le Despenser, Earl of Winchester, and of his volatile, but highly gifted son, Hugh, Earl of Winchester and Gloucester, is gathered from some statements in the “ History of the Honour of Winton.”

By the attainder of the two Spencers in 1325-6, Beaumanor came to the crown, and was conferred on a person scarcely less eminent than those two remarkable men,—HENRY DE BEAUMONT, whose origin, too, has equally been a subject of dispute amongst genealogists. It appears, however, pretty clear that he was descended from Lewis, grandson of Lewis IX. of France, and that he was nearly related to Eleanor of Castile, the heroic wife of Edward I.

In 1330, this distinguished nobleman began the erection of the *second* mansion at Beaumanor, and commenced imparking the portion of the domain called the Great Park, which, according to Camden, he enclosed with a stone wall:—“ *Saltus de Charnwood sive Charley longè expanditur, in quo Beaumanor vivarium cernitur, quod Domini de Bellomonte, ut accepi, lapideo muro circumsepserunt.*”

The circumference of this park has been stated by some writers to have been twenty miles ; and if this admeasurement were correct, it must have then included the ancient park of Quorndon, or Barrow Park.

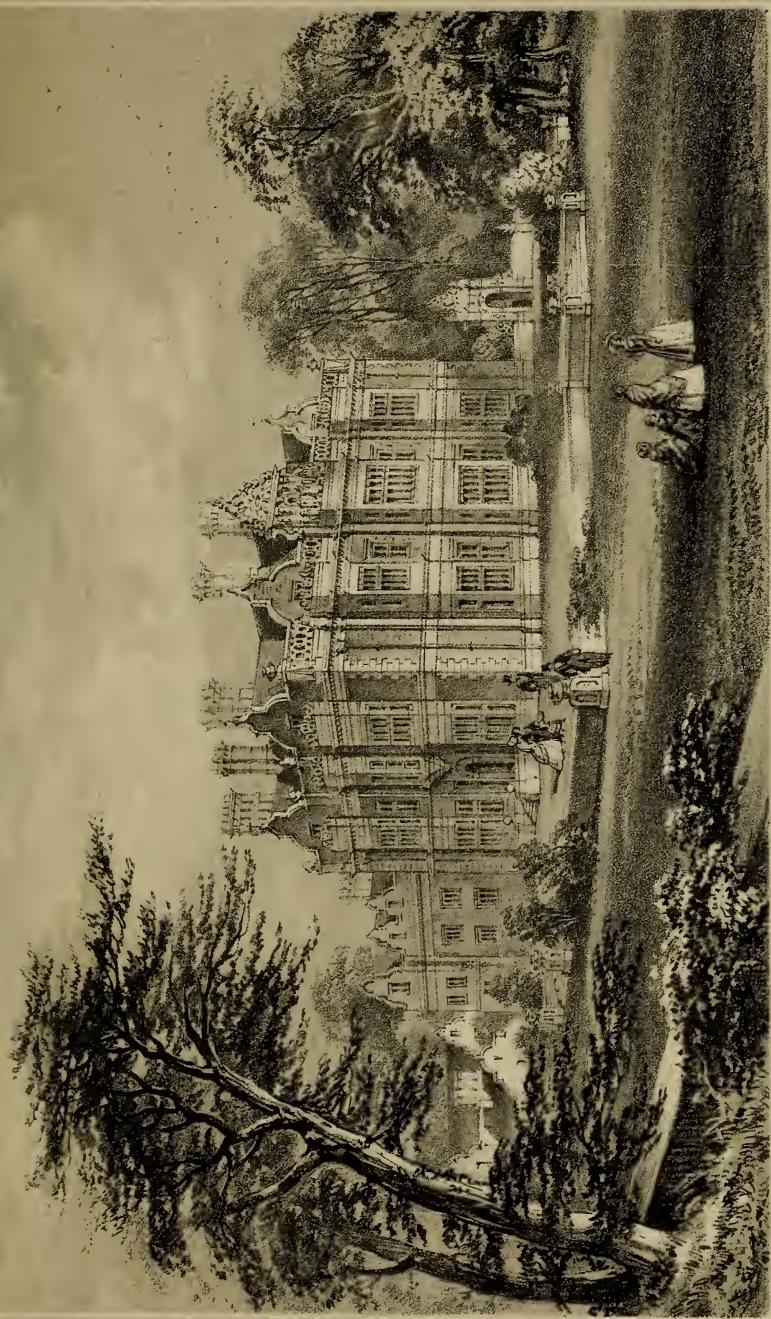
Leland, who visited it in 1536, says of it:—“ Riding a little farther, I left the parke of Bewmanor, closid with a stone wall, and a pracie logge yn it, longging alate to Beaumont.”

* Mr. T. R. Potter; the author of “ Charnwood Forest,” &c., &c.

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BEAU MANOR,
C^o LEICESTER.

W. Gauci.



By a partition of the adjoining forest amongst the heiresses of Roger de Quincy, Earl of Winton and Leicester, Comyn, Earl of Buchan, who had married one of them, became possessed of the adjoining demesne of Charley, and residing much at the Earl's Hall, became the near neighbour of Henry de Beaumont. This *juxta-position* led to a matrimonial alliance between De Beaumont, then ennobled, and Alice, the heiress of Comyn. Lord Beaumont was at the battle of Bannockburn. On his death, Beaumanor devolved on his son John, second Lord Beaumont, who married Alianore, fifth daughter of Henry, Earl of Lancaster. In 1338, during the life-time of his father, he was employed in a public expedition to Flanders, and in 1340, the Lady Alianore, while in attendance on Queen Philippa, in Brabant, gave birth to Henry, afterwards the third Baron, whose legitimacy was questioned by reason of his being an alien. His father had, however, sufficient interest with the King to obtain special letters patent, that his son should be reputed lawful heir, and inherit his lands in England, as if he had been born there. His legitimacy was ratified by Parliament in 1351.

Henry, the third Baron Beaumont, married Margaret de Vere, daughter of John, Earl of Oxford, and dying in 1370, left a son John, the fourth Baron, then in his ninth year. This lord, the *preux chevalier* of his chivalric line, accompanied John of Gaunt to Spain, and afterwards shewed his prowess in a tournament at Calais, where, says Knighton, “he broke a lance with the Lord Chamberlain of France, and comported himself altogether as a brave true knight.” He had the honour of entertaining Richard II. and his Queen, at Beaumanor, on their progress from Leicester to Nottingham, and a second time in 1390. He died in 1397, leaving three sons, Henry, his successor; Thomas, (from whom descended the Coleorton branch; *see Grace Dieu*) and Richard.

Henry, fifth Baron, a distinguished soldier on the Lancastrian side, died 1413, leaving John, his son and heir. This John, in 1440, was created a Viscount, being the first person in England who received that honour. He was slain at the battle of Northampton, in 1459; having settled Beaumanor on his second wife, Catherine, widow of John Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk. On the demise of the Duchess, the demesne reverted to William, the second Viscount, and second son of the first, an elder son, Henry, having predeceased his father. History presents few nobler characters, and few instances of worse usage than those exemplified in the person of this eminent and injured nobleman. Taken prisoner while bravely fighting for his sovereign, Henry VI. at Towton Field (1461), he was shortly afterwards attainted, and Beaumanor, so long their favourite home, passed by confiscation from the “glorious Beaumonts,” and was con-

ferred on a person scarcely less remarkable for his talents or misfortunes than the last possessor. This was Sir William, afterwards Lord Hastings; the friend of Edward IV. and of—Jane Shore

The attainer of Lord Hastings in 1483, again gave the demesne back to the Crown, and Lord Leonard Grey, the second son of the Marquis of Dorset (in consequence of a remainder in a Crown lease), became the next owner. Ever since the unjust attainer of Viscount Beaumont, misfortune seemed linked with the possession; for in 1540, Lord Leonard, and in 1553, the Duke of Suffolk, his brother, and successor in this estate, were also beheaded.

Beaumanor next came to one of the most remarkable women in English history—the Duchess of Suffolk, the daughter of the handsome Charles Brandon, the granddaughter of a Queen of France, and the mother of a Queen of England. It was in this sequestered and delightful abode that she wept over troubles such as few wives and mothers—in the stormiest times—have undergone and survived. The decapitation of her daughter, the ten days' Queen, followed in a few days by that of her husband—the cruel conduct of Lord Pembroke to Catherine, her second daughter—and the unequal marriage of Mary, her third child, to a Kentish yeoman, Martin Keys—were not ordinary woes. But however the Duchess may have grieved over the last calamity, either the domestic happiness which her daughter enjoyed, or a politic resolve to be *à l'abri* from the jealous suspicion of Elizabeth, led her to imitate that daughter's example, and she linked her lorn fate with that of her equerry, Adrian Stocks.*

The Duchess lived five years, alternately at Beaumanor and Broughton Astley, in very quiet domestic life with her humble husband, and is said to have found that the shade was not only safer, but sweeter than the sunshine. She died in 1559, leaving, surviving, two of that trio of fair sisters; and also a daughter by Mr. Stocks, who did not live to womanhood. Mr. Stocks had interest sufficient to obtain a twenty-one years' lease of this manor, and he subsequently married the widow of the celebrated Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, and was returned as one of the members of the county; circumstances that plainly shew he was not by any means the despicable and illiterate person a courtly writer has represented him.

As if Beaumanor was fated to be the possession of a distinguished person, its next owner was the celebrated Earl of Essex, who having, in 1592,

* When Cecil informed Queen Elizabeth of this misalliance of her cousin Frances, he could not help hazarding a bitter jest on the Queen's undisguised partiality for the handsome Dudley. "What!" exclaimed her Majesty, "has she married her horse-keeper?" "Yes, madam," replied the premier, "and she says you would like to do the same with yours."

obtained a lease from the Crown, *by petition to the Queen*, soon afterwards transferred it to another very eminent person of his time, William, afterwards Sir WILLIAM HEYICK.

It was doubtless a desire to possess an estate in the county of his birth and in the neighbourhood in which his ancestors, from Eric the Forester to his own time, had held honoured place, which induced Sir William to locate himself at Beaumanor. The estate was now to become the possession of a race as distinguished for their private and domestic virtues as their predecessors in the manor had been for military glory. They cultivated and enjoyed the arts of peace, and Sir William and his lady (Joan, daughter of Richard May, of Mayfield Place, Esq.) became the progenitors of a race in whom all the characteristics of the English country gentleman may be said to have been hereditary. That Sir William possessed great abilities and the highest integrity is shewn by the confidence reposed in him both by Queen Elizabeth and James the First. For the former he had been ambassador at the Porte, and under the latter he held a tellership of the Exchequer, and was entrusted with the execution of several offices requiring the exercise of great discretion and talent.

That Lady Heyick was a most amiable and affectionate woman, may be inferred from the following beautiful letter to her husband :—

“ Sweet hart, I could not let so fet a messenjar pas me as hee did you. I houp you remember Mr. Votier’s Godli Use of Prayer, everi morning and evining, with all your compani. As you love God leave it not undone; it shall bring a blessing on you and yours. God knows how short our time shall be on earth, as wee see daly feareful exsamples to put us in mind of our last end. Mr. Wadup the goldsmith went to Brestol well, and brought hom a ded corpse; and one of our nebars at Richmond went out to milke her kine, as well as ever she was in her life, and melke two kine, and sodenly fell down ded and never spacke more. O God, grant we may ever be preparid, as living this houre, and dying the next! Sweet hart, a littel afore you went your journi, I tould you that I must nedse take one into the hous to bring up the gerls, which you wilenly consented to that I should have one at Michelmas; but so it is hapened, that she that was with my sister Hickes to bring up Bes Nowel* is com from my sister, and will not stay, because Bes Nowel is so headstrong that she cannot rule her. My sister Hickes sent me word of hur by Sir George Write, how fet a women she was for me to breed up my gerls; and I knowing it of my own knoledge to be so, I houp you will not be angri with me for it: God, that knows my hart, knows I was never loufter to offend you in all my liefe than I have bine within this halfe yeare; and so I houpe ever I shall be. If you should borde them forth, they would cost you £14, a yeare at the least, and save nothing at home; beside, they will never be bred in Religion as at home, and

* Daughter of Lord Campden.

weare out twise so many clothes as at home. All things considered, this is the best corse. Mr. Votier came to me, and tould me the parish and hee would make you a fare pue afore my pue ; but they hard you would go away, and they would be louft to make it for Mr. Willams. I wil'd them to goo forward with theare good intent. I houp in God you would never leave this hous while I did live ; and I beseeche God I may never live to gooe out of it e'en from the bottom of my harte.

“Commend me to all our frends : I must not forgite my love to Will. Wee are all in helth. I leave you to his protection, who is abel to kepe you al. Sweet hart, Mr. Teri is in possession in that offes at the Custom-hous; but what my lord will have of him, he knoweth not yet. Your true and fathful wife tel death,

“JOANE HERICKE.”

“*From London, the 22 day of August, 1616.*”

Her portrait, still preserved at Beaumanor, bears the following distich :

“Art may hir outsid thys present to view ;
How faire within nor art nor tong can shew.”

There is no evidence of any rebuilding of the “fair house” or “pratie logge” built by Henry Lord Beaumont in 1330 ; it may therefore be concluded that the mansion on which Sir William Heyrick entered in 1596 was identical with it. Indeed a description of Beaumanor in 1594 states it to be “an antient mansion-house of great receipte, moted about with a large mote stored with fish, with a drawbridge, garden, orchard, hop yards, &c., thereto belonginge, all very convenient and answerable.” And a survey in 1656 says, “This antient manour-house standeth and is seated in the parke callid Beaumanor Parke ; the manour-house is moated about with a faire cleare moate ; about which said building is a second moat.” There must, however, have been a refacing, and perhaps a partial re-edifying of the house ; most probably, from the view of it preserved in Nichols, during the occupancy of the Duchess of Suffolk, for the style, as shewn in that engraving, is decidedly of the Tudor period. This ancient house was taken down in 1725, and was succeeded by a Palladian structure of very inferior pretensions, which, in its turn, in 1845, gave way to the present noble and truly tasteful edifice—perhaps as perfect a specimen of the late Elizabethan mansion as any modern architect has produced ; a combination, indeed, of massive grandeur and graceful enrichments, which produce a façade of the most chaste and imposing effect. It has not only the merit of being a very happy and much improved *reflection* of the “antient house,” but of being in beautiful harmony with the surrounding scenery. And what is this scenery ? A richly-timbered

park (the one first enclosed by Lord Beaumont, and, unfortunately, partly dissparked by Sir William Heyrick), containing one of the most charming double avenues in England, and oaks of the largest dimensions and most picturesque forms ; a lowly hamlet of truly rural character ; and, to crown all, the romantic rocks of Charnwood looming in the west, like the towers of some stupendous ruin of the days of old.

Merely architectural description is scarcely a part of our plan, or much might be said in praise both of the architect (Mr. Railton) who had the talent to design, and of Mr. Herrick, who had the liberality to erect, a house in every way so worthy of such a site. The wisdom of adhering to this on a demesne that offered so many preferable sites, has been questioned ; but hallowed by memories of warriors, statesmen, poets, and sages—hallowed, too, by its having witnessed the birth, the peaceful life and death of seven generations of his own time-honoured family, Mr. Herrick might well be supposed to feel that such a spot was a charmed spot to *him*.

“ *Nec tam præsentes alibi cognoscere divos.*”

He is the eighth of his Christian and surname who has been owner of the manor, and it is but justice to him to say, that the hospitalities of the new hall are correspondent with its just pretensions to be a perfect realization of an old English Manor-house (baronial hall we should rather term it), of the first class.

It should be added, that the interior of the hall is in strict keeping with its external character. The entrance hall and staircase, so often the grand failure in the mansions of our aristocracy, are the architect's happiest productions at Beaumanor. In beauty, convenience, and imposing effect, they are not surpassed in any of our proudest Halls. Richly carved oak composes the balustrades, and the stairs, beginning in the centre of the hall, branch off at the first landing place, and lead to a gallery which occupies three sides of the quadrangle, while the fourth contains a most noble heraldic window of exquisite beauty, and of very large dimensions. The cellarage, kitchens, and offices are all on the largest scale and of the completest arrangement ; the chief rooms of graceful proportion, and the ordinary rooms replete with comfort. Massive and richly carved oak will, as might be expected, be the consistent and appropriate furniture, and some fine old paintings, and a collection of most interesting family portraits, will adorn the walls. Nor, while so much of the olden time is brought back to us, are the superior comfort and elegancies of modern life omitted. It would be wrong not to mention among the many antiques, the celebrated hall-chair. This curious

and most capacious seat was hewn from one of the oaks of the park ; it is without nail or joint, and is said to be the most gigantic chair in England. It forms the subject, and no unworthy subject, of a poem and an engraving, in the “History of Charnwood Forest.” On this chair always hangs a garland of red roses, with spear heads intertwined, an annual service rendered by the Farnham family to the lord of Beaumanor, for some lands held subject to that payment. The presentation of the garland, instead of being, as often happens in such cases, a ground of dispute, has long been an occasion on which the friendly feeling subsisting between the families, is most heartily reciprocated.

There are other services of feudal origin still rendered at the manor court ; for instance, a pound of pepper from Barrow, and four flights of arrows from Frisby. A long-standing custom also prevails on Valentine’s day, when every child of the neighbouring hamlets presents a valentine at the hall, and receives a gratuity. More than three-hundred have sometimes been presented, and the day is the children’s gala of the year.

The continuance of this old custom shews the kindly feelings entertained by the lord towards the humble tenantry, and is perhaps a link in that band of grateful affection, which binds all the denizens of the estate to its owner, in a manner too rarely witnessed in modern times.

We have only spoken of one of the *seven* William Herricks, successively lords of this manor, before their present worthy representative ; not that they were less deserving of biographical notice than their predecessors in the possession, but simply because their lives were of that unostentatious character which seeks its reward in filling with unstained honour the station of an English country gentleman. Yet were it easy to name many of the Herrick line who have essentially served their country.

Allusion has been made to poets of the Herrick family. Robert Herrick, the author of “Hesperides,” one of the most richly original poets of the seventeenth century, was a collateral. It was therefore not apocryphal perhaps, in the author of “Charnwood Forest,” to suppose that the sylvan shades of Beaumanor may have been the scene of many of his inspirations :

“ HERRICK famed for love-fraught lyrics,
Sang his love-songs in these groves ;
Half Anacreon’s soul was Herrick’s,
And the other half was—Love’s.”

Some original letters of the poet, still extant amongst the Heyrick papers, shew that he was supported at the university, by the bounty of his kinsman, Sir William Heyrick.

The mother of Dean Swift was also a Herrick, and the amiable and too early lost Lieut. John Herrick, left evidence that, had his life been spared, he would have held no common place among the poets of our country.

With such a *genius loci*, such an array of noble, eminent and honoured possessors, with such sylvan scenery within it, and with such a noble mansion upon it, we think we are justified in giving high place among the “Historic Lands of England,” to the subject of these remarks—the beautiful demesne of BEAU-MANOR.

FOXDENTON HALL, CO. PALATINE OF LANCASter.

FOXDENTON HALL, seat of the Radclyffes! How the very name of that historic family carries us back to far distant times, and a period antecedent to the Norman conquest; deducing their name and their lineage from Radclyffe, Radclffye tower was long the seat of their ancestors, from whom descended a stock of right loyal, gallant, and gifted scions, well worthy of their Saxon sires. It is a name which reflects more renown on its ancestral titles of Fitzwalter, Sussex, and Derwentwater, than ever title added honour to a name, while the proud, yet simple motto, “Caen, Cressie, Calais,” tells how the bold and chivalrous ancestor of the owners of Foxdenton fought for his sovereign, and acquired undying fame on those three stricken fields!

On the eastern side of the Irwell, not far distant from Bury in Lancashire, rises a bold cliff of red rock, opposite to a village of decidedly Saxon origin, which, from thence was called Red or Radclyffe: and this parish, doubtless, before it was possessed by the Earls of Chester, gave its name to the family of which we are speaking.

Indeed from a very remote period, we can trace the Radclyffes as resident in the Palatinate of Lancaster, and truly it were difficult to point out a family more distinguished. An unbroken male descent from a period nearly coeval with, if not previous to, the conquest; their intermarriages with some of the noblest families of Britain; their deeds of valour on the battle-field; their wisdom in the council chamber, sufficiently attest their antiquity and importance, whilst the mere record of their dignities, proves the high rank they enjoyed. The house of Radclyffe produced fourteen Earls, one Viscount, five Barons, seven Knights of the Garter, one Lord-Deputy of Ireland, two Ambassadors, several Bannerets and Knights of the Bath, along with many Privy Councillors, Warriors, and Statesmen. The

foundations of the extraordinary greatness of this family were laid by Sir Richard de Radclyffe, of Radclyffe Tower. He was seneschal and minister of the royal forests of Blackburnshire, and accompanied King Edward I. to his wars and victories in Scotland ; and in the 32nd year of that prince's reign (A.D. 1302), obtained from his royal master, the grant of a charter of free warren and free chase in all his demesne lands of Radclyffe, Ordshall, &c. Of his sons by his first wife, who was a daughter of Boteler, Baron of Warrington, Sir John Radclyffe, the younger, was progenitor of the Radclyffes of Foxdenton, while the elder, Sir William (usually styled "the great William") of Culceth and Edgeworth, and afterwards of Radclyffe tower, by his marriage with Margaret de Culceth, was ancestor of the Radclyffes, Barons Fitzwalter and Earls of Sussex. But as by the union, which will hereafter be shewn, of Sir Alexander Radclyffe, Knight of the Bath, with the Lady Jane, only child and heiress of the fifth Earl of Sussex, the representation of both lines is centered in the present Lord of Foxdenton, our memoranda of his illustrious ancestors must necessarily embrace each.

Sir John Radclyffe, Kt., of Ordshall, or Odershall, whom we have mentioned above, married the Lady Joan Holland, sister of Thomas, Earl of Kent, and was Member of Parliament for the co. of Lancaster in the fourteenth year of Edward III., under whom he served in the French wars, and distinguished himself particularly at Caen, Cressie, and Calais, from which circumstance and period, this family have since borne those three names as their hereditary motto. He left an only son, Richard Radclyffe, called "*le puigne*," who, in the fourth year of Richard II. (1381), was drowned in the Rosendale ; he held for upwards of twenty years the same important office which his grandfather had previously filled—the stewardship of Blackburnshire ; and by his marriage with Matilda, only child of Legh of Booths in Cheshire, acquired the estates and quartered the arms of that family. He was succeeded by his only son, Sir John, who married into the ancient and Knighthly family of Trafford of Trafford, and died in 1421. The great grandson of this Sir John, by his union with Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of John Radclyffe, Esq., of Catherton and Foxdenton, brought the latter estate for the *first time* into this branch of the family.

Our allotted limits compel us to pass without particular notice Sir John Radclyffe, Kt., Alexander Radclyffe, Esq., and William Radclyffe, Esq., the successive owners of Ordshall. Sir Alexander, grandson and successor of the last mentioned William, who died May 15th, 1498, served the office of High Sheriff for the co. Palatine, in 1547, and, at his decease in the following year, left, by his wife Alice, daughter of Sir John Booth, of Barton co. Lanc., along with other issue, a son and heir, Sir William Radclyffe, of Ordshall, Kt., on whom, and the heirs male of his body, were settled

the Fitzwalter estates, on failure of divers remainders, mentioned in the will of his relative, Henry Radclyffe, second Earl of Sussex, who died in 1556.

Sir William, by his first marriage with Margaret, daughter of Sir Edmond Trafford of Trafford, left three sons; the eldest died without issue, only a few weeks before his father; and the youngest by his union with the Heiress of Foxdenton brought that estate for the *second* time into the direct line of succession. The second son, Sir John Radclyffe, of Ordshall, Kt., succeeded his father and married Anne, only daughter and heiress of Thomas Ashawe, of Hall on the Hill, in High Charnock, Lancashire: he had five sons, all of whom died on the battle-field bravely fighting for their Sovereign: the eldest, Sir Alexander, as well as his next brother, William, both fell in the wars in Ireland, unmarried, the elder in 1599, the second in 1598, at Blackwater, fighting against Hugh, Earl of Tyrone: while the fourth and fifth sons, Edmund and Thomas, were both killed in battle in French Flanders, in 1599. The representation of this ancient family and the succession to the estates thus devolved upon the third brother, Sir John Radclyffe, whose sister, Margaret Radclyffe, was favorite Maid of Honour to Queen Elizabeth. She died at Richmond on the 10th of Nov., 1599, of grief for the loss of her brothers, and was, by the Queen's command, buried as a lady, in St. Margaret's, Westminster, on 22nd of the same month. Her father died at Ordshall, and was interred with his ancestors in the choir of the collegiate—now the cathedral-church of Manchester—on the 11th of February 1589.

His third son, Sir John Radclyffe, who, on the decease of his eldest brother, succeeded to the representation of the family at the age of eighteen, married Alice, eldest daughter of Sir John Byron, Kt., of Newstead Abbey, Notts: and following the gallant example of his family, he fell in the attack on the Isle of Rhee, off the coast of France, on the 29th of Oct., 1627, and was succeeded by his only son, Sir Alexander Radclyffe, of Ordshall, Knight of the Bath, who, by his marriage with the only child of Henry, fifth Earl of Sussex, united the two kindred lines, and became male chief and representative of this distinguished family.

Turn we now to the descendants of the "Great William" of Culceth, eldest son of Sir Richard de Radclyffe, of Radclyffe Tower. In the year 1420, being the seventh Henry V., we find *his* great grandson, Sir John Radclyffe, Kt., Governor of Aquitaine, and in the first year of Henry VI., Seneschal of the same duchy: in the fourth year of the same reign, he had a grant of the wardship of Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland and Lord of Middleham, and seven years afterwards, all the revenues of the crown issuing out of the counties of Carnarvon and

Merioneth, and the Lordships of Chirk and Chirkland, were assigned to him to liquidate an arrear of service money amounting to £7029, an enormous sum in those days. This eminent soldier, who was a Knight Banneret and Knight of the Garter, married Elizabeth, only daughter and heiress of Walter Fitzwalter, last Baron of Fitzwalter of that family, and was succeeded by his son Sir John Radclyffe, who, in the first year of Henry VII., being then steward of the king's household, was summoned to Parliament as Baron Fitzwalter, in right of his mother. He was subsequently appointed Chief Justice of all the forests beyond the Trent, and at the Coronation of Elizabeth of York, King Henry's consort, was associated with Jasper Tudor, Duke of Bedford, to perform the duties of High Steward of England; but subsequently, engaging in the war on behalf of Perkin Warbeck, he suffered attainder and death at Calais, when the Barony of Fitzwalter became forfeited. But his son, Robert Radclyffe, a great favourite of Henry VII., was restored in blood and honours, by Act of Parliament, in the first year of Henry VIII., and became second Baron Fitzwalter of the Radclyffe family; four years after he accompanied the King in his great expedition to Tournay; and ten years subsequently commanded the van of the army sent into France under the Earl of Surrey: for these eminent services, he was created, July 18, 1525, Viscount Fitzwalter, by letters patent; in 1529, his lordship, along with other peers, subscribed the articles against Cardinal Wolsey; after which he was made a Knight of the Garter, and on the 28th December in the same year, was elevated to the Earldom of Sussex: the following year we find his name among the peers who signed the remonstrance to Pope Clement VII., about the King's divorce from Catherine of Arragon; and in 1532 he attended Henry into France, after which he was constituted Lord High Chamberlain of England on the attainder of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex. In addition to all the honours we have recorded his lordship was unhappily a considerable participator in that spoliation of the church, which appears to have entailed misfortune on so many families who shared in the unhallowed spoils. He married first, the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of Henry, Duke of Buckingham; secondly, Lady Margaret Stanley, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Derby; and thirdly, Mary, daughter of Sir John Arundel, of Lanherne, in Cornwall.

The Earl died in 1542, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir Henry Radclyffe, K.B., who commanded 1600 demi-lances in the expedition into Scotland, in the first year of Edward VI., and narrowly escaped with his life. He was one of the first who, on the death of that monarch, declared for his sister Mary, and was in consequence, soon after her accession, appointed by that Queen, Warden and Chief Justice of all the

royal forests south of the Trent, and was also made a Knight of the Garter. His lordship married first, the Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, and secondly, Anne, daughter of Sir Philip Calthorpe, Kt., from whom he was subsequently divorced. At his death, Feb. 17th, 1556, the Earldom and other honours devolved on his eldest son, Sir Thomas Radclyffe. This eminent nobleman, during the lifetime of his father, was sent ambassador by Queen Mary to the Emperor Charles V., to treat of the marriage between herself and Prince Philip, his eldest son, afterwards King of Spain; and he subsequently proceeded to the Prince himself, at the Court of Spain, to obtain a ratification of the treaty. In the 2nd year of Philip and Mary, Sir Thomas Radclyffe was appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland, and soon after his father's decease, succeeded him as Chief Justice of the royal forests south of the Trent. A few years afterwards we find the Earl a Knight of the Garter, and Captain of the Pensioners; on the accession of Elizabeth, he was continued in the government of Ireland, and in the third year of her reign elevated to the rank of Lord Lieutenant of that kingdom. Six years afterwards he had the honour of bearing the order of the Garter to the Emperor Maximilian, and was subsequently employed in negotiating a matrimonial alliance between his Royal Mistress, and the Archduke Charles of Austria. In the twelfth year of Elizabeth, he was Lord President of the North, and upon an incursion of the Scots, invaded Scotland and laid several of their towns and castles in ashes. He sat subsequently on the trial of the Duke of Norfolk, and was a commissioner to treat of a marriage between the Duke of Anjou and Queen Elizabeth, in the 24th year of her reign. His lordship married first, Elizabeth Wriothesley, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Southampton, and secondly, Frances, daughter of Sir William and sister of Sir Henry Sydney, Kt., and died at his house of Bermondsey in Southwark, June, 1583. He was buried at Boreham, and has he had no issue to survive him, the honours devolved on his brother, Henry Radclyffe, fifth Lord Fitzwalter, and fourth Earl of Sussex, a Knight of the Garter, Captain and Governor of Portsmouth. He married Honora, daughter of Anthony Pound, Esq., of Hants: and dying April 10th, 1593, was succeeded by his only child, Robert Radclyffe, sixth Lord Fitzwalter, and fifth Earl of Sussex. This nobleman was with the Earl of Essex in the attack on and sacking of the city of Cadiz, in the 39th year of Elizabeth. His lordship, who was installed a Knight of the Garter in 1621, married first, Bridget, daughter of Sir Charles Morrison, Kt., of Cashiobury Park, Hertfordshire, and had by her two sons and two daughters, all of whom with their issue died in his lifetime. The Earl espoused secondly, Frances, daughter of Hercules Mewtas, Esq., of West Ham, in Essex, widow of

Robert Shute, of Hockington, co. Cambridge, Esq. The Countess of Sussex died 18th Nov., 1627, and the Earl, who was buried at Boreham, in 1629, leaving an only daughter, the Lady Jane Radclyffe, on whom should have devolved the Barony of Fitzwalter—the Earldom of Sussex, and Viscountey Fitzwalter having reverted to Sir Edward Radclyffe, (son of Sir Humphrey Radclyffe of Elveston, co. Bedford, and grandson of Robert the first Earl,) who dying without issue, in 1641, these honours became extinct—her Ladyship having married (A.D. 1624) as above mentioned, her kinsman, Sir Alexander Radclyffe, of Ordshall, Knight of the Bath, he became in her right seised of the manor and estates of Attleborough, in the county of Norfolk, where he subsequently resided, and which for very many generations had been possessed by the elder branch of this great family.

Of this marriage, which after the lapse of three centuries reunited the two lines of Radclyffe, there was a numerous offspring, but the elder sons having died unmarried or their issue become extinct, the representation devolved upon Robert Radclyffe, Esq., born at Attleborough, in 1650, a Captain in the Duke of Monmouth's regiment, serving the King of Spain. Mr. Radclyffe married in 1676, Anne, only daughter and heiress of Rowland Eyre, of Bradbury in Derbyshire, Esq.: and having been killed in a duel, Feb. 20, 1685, was buried the following day in the Tatton Chapel, Northenden Church, Cheshire. He was succeeded by his eldest son, then only eight years of age, who, by virtue of the wills of his relatives, Mrs. Mary Byron and Mrs. Susan Potter, (daughters, by the second marriage with his cousin, the heiress of Foxdenton, of Richard, youngest son of Sir William Radclyffe, of Ordshall, Kt., who died in 1568) came into possession of the Foxdenton estates, and rebuilt the family mansion, which is still possessed by his great-grandson, the present Robert Radclyffe, Esq., of Foxdenton Hall, and of the city of Bath, born Dec., 1773. Mr. Radclyffe, who married Mary, daughter of Thomas Patten, Esq., of Bank Hall, near Warrington, M.P. for Lancashire, served, in 1813, the office of High Sheriff for Dorsetshire, and is at this time claiming the ancient Barony of Fitzwalter.

The illustrious house of Radclyffe was further ennobled in the person of Sir Francis Ratcliff, a scion of the same ancient family, who (A.D. 1687) was by patent created Baron of Tynedale, Viscount Ratcliff and Langly, and Earl of Derwentwater; but this branch having unfortunately adhered to the cause of the exiled, but now extinct, Stuart dynasty, the title became forfeited.

By the marriage, however, of the Countess of Newburgh with Charles James, the brother of the third Earl of Derwentwater, that peerage was



JOHN AND A. COOK, 1850.

ASSISTANT TO THE
CITY OF LANCASTER.

carried into the Radclyffe family, where it remained until the decease (in 1814) of Charles Bartholomew, fourth Earl of Newburgh, without male issue, when the title devolved on Francis Eyre, Esq., and the representation of all the branches of this most ancient and distinguished family centered in Mr. Radclyffe of Foxdenton Hall. Foxdenton is a noble and lofty edifice of the 16th century, fronting northerly with two wings overlooking a beautiful lawn, deriving its name from a den of foxes, and bestowed as the dowry of Margaret Chadderton, on her marriage with John Radclyffe, son of De Radclyffe (second of Henry II.). From this couple the ample demesne of Foxdenton descended through twelve generations of the illustriously connected Radclyffes, to Sir William Radclyffe, Kt., who was taken prisoner by the Parliamentary forces, at the battle of Marston Moor, July 2nd, 1644; but safely conducted to Foxdenton, under the countenance of General Fairfax, as a letter yet in existence clearly proves. He died about 1649, beloved by both parties, after having been a Colonel and Captain in the royal army in 1642 and 1645. The present possessor of Foxdenton is Robert Radclyffe, Esq., the fifth in descent from the above Sir William, who has issue sons and daughters. The interior of this mansion is adorned by many valuable family and other pictures; among which are several portraits of the royal House of Stuart. It is at present in excellent repair, and is situated in the township of Chadderton and parish of Prestwich, on a gentle eminence, two miles north-west of Oldham.

Ashworth Hall, co. Lancaster.

THE manor of Ashworth derives its origin, as do many others in those wild and remote parts, from the period of the Britons quitting, and the Saxons occupying, the extensive and at that time depopulated districts which now form the respective boundaries of Yorkshire on the East, and the county of Lancaster on the West, and were included in the ancient kingdom of Northumbria. The whole country on its occupation appears to have been subdivided into manors, townships, or villas, and of these, the various thanes or chiefs took possession, holding them in socage or in capite of the crown. Thus settled, they relinquished their erring and predatory habits, and becoming peaceful "lagemen," applied themselves to agriculture and to the more useful arts of life. Discarding the Celtic nomenclature, each lord gave his own name to his lands, often with some addition, either indicating his rank, the situation of his stronghold, or some other attribute. Thus in the present instance

“Worth,”* in the Saxon language, signifies a mansion or stronghold, and Ashworth, undoubtedly the mansion of a Saxon leader, who bore a name similar to the preceding syllable of the compound word. So Harmondsworth, the mansion of Harmond, Kidworth, Calceworth, &c., &c. “Ham” and “cot” were also favourite Saxon terminations, as in Folkenham, Lubbenham, Wilcot, Evencot, &c. The manors thus apportioned seldom exceeded sixteen oxgangs or bovates of ploughed land, equal to about two caracutes, or two hundred and fifty acres; but when to these were added the large tracts of woodland, mountain pasture, and morass, the extent of country which each embraced was sometimes considerable. Nothing could be more simple or patriarchal than the state of society thus engendered, and in passing through the district in those remote times, the aspect of the country must have afforded a striking contrast to that which it now exhibits. No mines of coal worked by a grim and debased population—no huge factories, pouring forth from within and without, their black abominations. But, far as the eye could reach, healthy mountains and pastoral vales, extensive woodlands, the resort of the stag and the wolf, the boar and the wild ox. Here and there, raised high on some secure eminence, or low by the fertile margin of some rapid stream, might be seen the stronghold of some Saxon Thane, surrounded by the huts of his dependents, his shepherds and his swine-herds, his foresters and his agricultural labourers, all dependent on his bounty—his participators in weal or woe—his followers in war, his companions in the chase. And long after the Norman invasion did this state of society in reality exist in these remote districts, for the history of this and the adjoining manors presents but few changes till the civil wars of the seventeenth century called forth the spirit of domestic strife, set neighbour against neighbour, and kin against kin. Even now, though much more so within the memory of man, the pure Saxon dialect, in part, survives in the language of the country, and the philologist would almost fancy himself carried back to the palmy days of Edward the Confessor, did he mix familiarly with the peasantry of the more retired hill-districts, listen to their idiom, and observe their manners and habits, imbued, as they are, with most of the virtues and vices of their hardy progenitors. Happily, this interesting historical fact will survive in that extraordinary work of Mr. Collier, entitled “Tim Bobbin, or the Lancashire Dialect,” the pages of which no one acquainted even with the rudiments of the Anglo-Saxon language, can peruse, without feelings of surprise and lively interest. Whether it

* *Vide* Dr. Whitaker’s Craven. Also Dugdale’s Warwickshire, 1st Ed. p. 150.

was owing to the then uninviting aspect of the country, or to the determined opposition of the Saxon possessors, who were strong in their fastnesses and means of internal defence, certain it is, that the Norman race never blended much with the population, and where the encroachments of commerce and manufactures have not penetrated, they continue to this day a very interesting specimen of what was the condition—what the habits—what the language of, perhaps, the finest race of men in the world, whether we regard their physical powers, their acuteness of intellect, or their indomitable perseverance. Nurtured in hardy habits, proud of endurance, born and fostered in principles of feudal, or we should rather say, of patriarchal discipline and obedience; sturdy in their country's cause, and glorying in their country's might, ready to follow their chief whether to avenge public or private wrong; these men were England's strength in all her ancient wars with France, and with their huge bows of native yew, which few foreign hands could bend, checked the onset of the bravest of the Gallic chivalry, and presented a Saxon phalanx which none ever braved with impunity. The imagination, in recurring to those remote times, cannot fail to conjure up scenes peculiar and pleasing. It is true there was little of refinement, and their luxuries were of the most substantial, and their devotion to the drinking horn was occasionally too earnest, yet their mode of life was simple and free, and favourable to the development of many noble qualities. The wildest and most hazardous pursuits of the chase seem to have been their delight, a propensity, indeed, which still lives in these districts; and when we contemplate the extent of those vast forests, moors, and morasses; the beauty and number of the rivers and brooks which traverse them; the magnificence of the rocks, and the gloomy grandeur of those romantic glens; and, above all, the variety of game, and of beasts of the chase with which they abounded—(alas! how spoiled the one, how destroyed the other)—we cannot but pronounce the lot of the ancient pastoral possessors of these districts as far more enviable and desirable than that which has befallen their wealthier posterity. How far the triumph of commerce over agriculture will improve the morals and increase the real happiness and the political power of our country is a problem which will probably, ere long, be solved. There can be neither greatness nor happiness where authority is weak; and as the universal tendency of commercial wealth distributed among a dense and morally neglected population, is to produce luxury, selfishness, insubordination, and theories of equality, foreign to the decrees of the Almighty, and to the ordained state of man, we are not of those who look upon money as creating or

increasing moral power, but rather as “the root of all evil.” It is a sad condition of our state that national power does not generally keep pace with mental progress; refinement of taste produces the love of ease and indulgence, the sterner attributes of our nature are laid aside, and thus Rome fell subdued by the harder virtues of those Barbarians whom she professed to despise. In Ashworth Hall we recognise one of those positions selected by the original grantee for the erection of his stronghold, and though in the present structure little, if anything, probably remains of the original building, yet, that it retains its ancient site, no one that examines it can for a moment doubt. It is situated on a bold eminence which rises abruptly from the confluence of two streams, each emerging from a deep glen. Where these meet, the valley widens into what is denominated Ashworth Clough, presenting a pleasing succession of woods and pastures, till about a mile southwards, where the gables of old Bamford Hall are visible to the left, it expands into the valley through which the Roche wends its way, to join that beautiful river, the Ir-guiel, or Irwell, which, swelled by its many tributaries, hurries past the ruined walls of Radclyffe Tower, and the now important site of the Roman Mancunium. Even now, deformed as the country is with huge manufactories, whose tall chimnies rise in almost every valley, and in many places with the very bowels of the earth, as it were, scattered over the now hidden surface, yet this Clough, when the author last visited it, retained much of its former beauty, enough to shew what it had been, but what, alas! it can never be again. The old Hall still retains its aspiring site, its gables still peep from the woods that environ it, but much has been destroyed; the strong stone-built gate-way, with its massive doors and wicket-gate, stands alone; the eastern side of the quadrangle is gone, and nothing now remains but that southern portion which fronts the dilapidated terrace, with its moat and hanging garden. A hundred yew trees, tradition says, once grew in stately avenues, or in sombre groups, around this deserted home of many generations, but only a few survive; they stand single and forlorn, their boughs lopped, their huge trunks disfigured, their foliage drooping. They might seem to mourn the desertion of the ancient race by whom they were planted and reared, and who still, though now settled in a warmer and more congenial clime, look back with melancholy and regret to the forsaken home of their forefathers. It is sad to stand and contemplate such scenes! and yet, they are but too common, throughout the length and breadth of the land; disgraceful monuments of mean and sordid selfishness. It is sad to see the home of

centuries abandoned, those halls which could tell the history of so many ages, desolate and dismantled ; structures raised with such care and cost, and the successive pride of many a long pedigree, left a prey to the ravages of the elements ; a haunt for the bat and the owl ! Wo betide that heartless extravagance, or that grovelling and greedy thirst of gain, which thus severs the links of family pride and honour ; invades the natural rights of succeeding generations, and compels the heirs of the soil to seek new settlements, where their sympathies are quenched, and their name is unhonoured. A simple ballad, commemorative of some fair scion of this House, and the composition doubtless of some local poet, may not be without its interest, as connected with the subject we are discussing.

“ TO THE FAIRE AGNES.

“ Full manie a noble harte is seen
On Pendle’s hill and forest green ;
But Bolton’s Vale, and sunnie knowes,
Can shew as stalwart deer as those.

The streme that runs thro’ Asheworthe Clough,
Is rapid, cleare, and pure enough ;
But brookes as clear we may admyre,
In other vales of Lancashyre.

A hundred yews that Clough can boaste,
The memorie of whose age is lost ;
Yet other spottes have many a yew,
As aycyent and as spreadyng too.

But Maiden of the Clough, to thee
No one must talk of rivalrie ;
For never hath the glorious sunne,
Thine equal, Agnes, shone upon.”

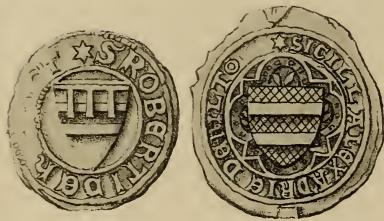
The remains of Ashworth Hall afford a pleasing specimen of that style of domestic architecture which has in its many peculiarities a distinctness and beauty which, both to the antiquarian and to the lover of the picturesque, gives it a more than ordinary character of interest. Structures of this class are principally found in those of our counties where building stone is difficult and expensive to procure, but they are also found, as in the present instance, in districts abounding in available rocks and quarries. This clearly proves that taste and choice, and not necessity, did in numerous cases influence the builders in their selection of this peculiar style ; and the magnitude of the timbers, strongly framed

together, and used in the most gratuitous and unsparing abundance, proves that the early accounts of the dense forests and greenwood glades of once merry England, were an established fact, and no fable. The date of many of these timber-framed and curiously-pargetted structures, is very remote. Bishop King's palace in Oxford, similar in its architecture, dates in the year 1350 ; but to many of them even a still earlier period may be assumed. In the present instance nothing remains to guide us, but, judging from general appearances, we should not hesitate to affix a date at least coeval with the wars of the Roses. Parts of the buildings may be still more ancient, for there is a diversity of style and character visible. The lower windows of the pargetted portion seem to have looked into the quadrangle, an arrangement so foreign to cheerfulness or comfort, that we may well refer the date to times when defence and security were points of supreme consideration. There is, indeed, a similarity so striking between this style and that adopted by the Saxons themselves, that we should not feel that we were drawing largely on the credulity of our readers, were we to assert that, from the Saxon times to the reign of Elizabeth, there was no cessation in the construction of buildings of this description, and that many of the timber houses now remaining, are in reality much more ancient than they are generally supposed to be. The Saxons, as we know from their own designs, framed their houses of large and roughly-hewn beams of oak, facing the quoins or corners with stone, as also the arches of the windows and doorways. The roofs were of rough slate, and the windows small, either strongly latticed with "rifles of oak chekerwise," or fitted with panels of horn or glass. In what, then, do these structures differ from many which in these days we attribute to a much later period ?

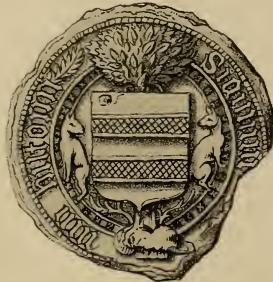
The manor of Ashworth was for many generations a portion of the possessions of a family bearing the same name. Little, however, beyond tradition, is known of its early history and vicissitudes. Much of the kingdom of Northumbria was either so remote, or so depopulated by intestine wars, or, what is more probable, was so turbulent, as to render its survey difficult and dangerous ; it finds no place therefore in Doomsday Book : of all Lancashire, the district between the Ribble and Mersey are alone mentioned. In the civil wars of the seventeenth century, the proprietor of this manor, together with the Ashtons of Middleton, and many other of the neighbouring gentry, sided with the Parliament. No sooner was the mineral wealth of this portion of the county of Lancaster discovered, than most of the ancient lordships and manors changed hands, this among the number ; and it is a curious remark, that scarcely



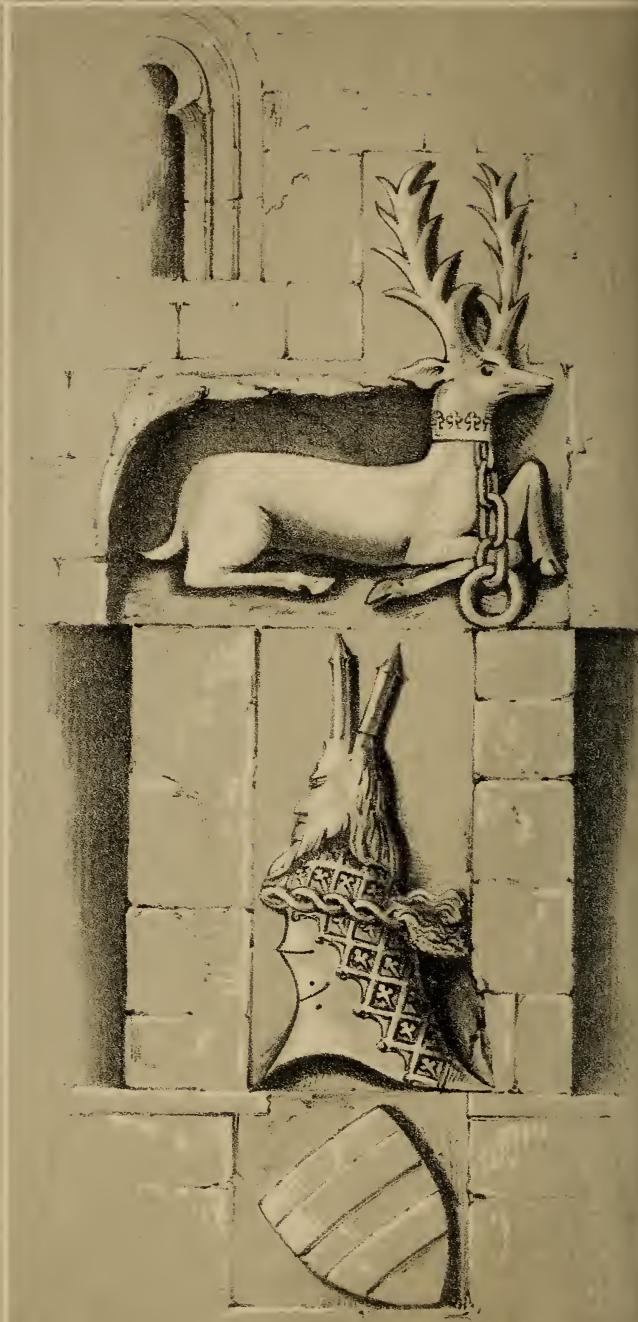
Alexander de Hiltoun, 1372.



Robert de Hiltoun, 1321. Alexander de Hiltoun, 1328.



W^m de Hiltoun, 1389.



one of the many estates* once bearing the same name with their proprietors, is in the possession or occupation of the ancient race. The local traditions are fast dying away ; the old manor houses are converted into farm buildings, or even into dwellings for the poor, while the magnificent, but less interesting, structures of modern wealth usurp their places, dooming them to forgetfulness and neglect. Descendants of the ancient proprietors of Ashworth Hall still survive, and one of the elder branches is settled in Hampshire. John Ashworth, Esq., of Eland, in the West Riding of York, died possessed of property in the townships of Whitworth and Shawforth, which are in the immediate vicinity of the ancient residence, and in all probability parcel of the original possessions of the name. The manor itself passed by purchase into the hands of the distinguished family of Egerton in Cheshire.

Hylton Castle, co. Durham.

“ The noblest descent that I know any family in England.”

Carter's Honor Redivivus.

THE feelings produced on the mind by a stroll over the park and ancient terraces of Hylton, are of no ordinary character. They bring with them meditations on fallen glories, blighted hopes, thoughts of decay and ruin and the tomb. There, in its amphitheatre of hills, in the soft vale of Wear, on greensward whereon the chariot passeth not, stands the castle, neglected, chiefly tenantless, but entire in its massiveness, and in spite of its modern additions, presenting a front of unusual simplicity and grandeur in design. Go upon the roof, and a scene almost unrivalled bursts on the visitor. There are the turrets with their staircases, the bold broad machicolations, even the guard's room (surmounting a square tower projecting from the centre of the eastern front) remains perfectly entire, and nothing but a few armed men is wanted to complete the picture of by-gone baronial power. In plan, Hylton is an oblong of 66 by 36 feet, having four octagonal turrets surmounting its western front and two circular ones at the angles of the eastern front, which has also the square tower just named. The octagonal turrets are 9 feet 4 inches wide internally, and are decorated with corbel heads, and figures at the top in all attitudes, some being combatant, perhaps intended to deceive an approaching enemy, who

* The Townleys of Townley, and the Hopwoods of Hopwood, are honourable exceptions.

could hardly tell at some distance whether the garrison were on the alert or not. The machicolations, or hanging parapets, were of course for the benefit of archers, who, protected by the turret, could shoot down arrows on any persons who reached the foot of the castle. The castle contains five stories. In the eleventh year of Bishop Neville, the manor of Hylton contained one hall and four chambers, one chapel, one kitchen, and one house constructed of stone called le yatehous.

In 1559 are mentioned the great chamber, the green chamber, the middle chamber, the new chamber, the gallery, the wardrobe, the cellar within the parlour, the parlour, the chamber over the hall door, the “lawe chekar,” the kitchen, the larder, the tower, the hall, the buttery, garner, and the barne.

All authors allow the Saxon descent of the fair-haired and blue-eyed race of Hylton, but we know not how far the earlier stories of Adam Hylton, who gave a massy crucifix to the Abbess of St. Hilda at Hartlepool, sculptured with his two bars; or of Lancelot, the partisan of the Conqueror; or of Henry, who built the castle in 1072 are to be believed. Siward, the great Earl of Northumbria, so charmingly portrayed in the Macbeth of “Avon’s sweetest swan,” had a bear for his grandfather, his father having bear’s ears, but the house of Hylton gravely states its descent to have been from a raven which flew from the north, and a fair young Saxon maiden whom her father had immured in a lonely tower, by the banks of Wear’s saintly stream, to protect from the advances of a Danish chieftain. The legend perchance means nothing more than that the Dane, over whom the black raven floated in his banner, got the lady after all. It may be that he was called Raven, as there is Ravensworth, the town of Raven, not very far off.

His fetters of ice the broad Baltic is breaking,
In the deep glens of Denmark sweet summer is waking,
And, blushing amidst her pavilion of snows,
Discloses her chalice the bright Lapland rose.
The winds in the caverns of winter are bound;
Yet the leaves that the tempest has strewn on the ground
Are whirling in magical eddies around.
For deep in the forest where wild flowers are blushing,
Where the stream from its cistern of rock-spar is gushing,
The magic of Lapland the wild winds is hushing.
Why slumbers the storm in the caves of the north?—
When, when shall the carrier of Odin go forth?

Loud, loud laughed the hags as the dark raven flew;
They had sprinkled his wings with the mirk midnight dew

That was brushed in Blockula from cypress and yew.

That raven in its charmed breast
Bears a sprite that knows no rest—
(When Odin's darts, in darkness hurled,
Scattered lightnings through the world,
Then beneath the withering spell,
Harold, son of Eric, fell)—
Till lady, unlikely thing, I trow,
Print three kisses on his brow,
And smooth his glossy sable crest,
And bid the bird in her bosom rest—

Herald of ruin, death, and flight,
Where will the carrier of Odin alight?

* * * * *

Edith in her saddest mood
Has climbed the bartizan stair ;
No sound comes from the stream or wood,
No breath disturbs the air.
The summer clouds are motionless,
And she, so sad, so fair,
Seems like a lily rooted there
In lost forgotten loneliness.
A gentle breath comes from the vale,
And a sound of life is on the gale,
And see a raven on the wing,
Circling around in airy ring,
Hovering about in doubtful fright—
Where will the carrier of Odin alight ?

The raven has lit on the flag-staff high
That tops the dungeon-tower,
But he has caught fair Edith's eye,
And gently, coyly, venturing nigh,
He flutters round her bower :
That shone in that sweet young Saxon face.
For he trusted the soft and maiden grace,
And now he has perched on her willow wand,
And tries to smooth his raven note,
And sleeks his glossy raven coat,
To court the maiden's hand ;
And now, caressing, and caressed,
The raven is lodged in Edith's breast.
“ 'Tis innocence and youth that makes
In Edith's fancy such mistakes.”

But that maiden kiss hath holy power
 O'er planet and sigillary hour;
 The elvish spell has lost its charms,
 And a Danish knight is in Edith's arms !*

The Raven's race, even to their last and "good Baron," retained the bright blue eye and the fair hair of the Saxon; and the Hyltons (or rather Heltons, for like the Baron's line, the latter was the original name), of Burton, in Westmorland, who to the saltires of the Usworth junior branch, added the annulets so common in Westmorland armoury, preserved the same characteristics. The same may be said of the South Durham Hyltons, who were descended from the same stock as those of Burton, but from the collateral line of Helton Bacon, in an eminent degree. When William Freeman Hilton, a younger brother of Henry, *ultimus suorum*, was at school, he was famed for his splendid flaxen hair, which hung half way down his back in crisped and wiggish fashion, and such a handsome young fellow was he, that an old yeoman, on his being recalled to his recollection, exclaimed, "Why bless ye, they can't mak sike now!"

A collateral relation of this latter race was Cuthbert Hilton, famous for illicit marriages in the midst of Tees. He made, it is said, the parties to jump over a broomstick, and muttered

My blessing on your pates
 And your groats in my purse,
 You are never the better
 And I am never the worse.

This is, however, merely a parody on an older rhyme, for in Scot's "Discovery of Witchcraft" a poor woman is commemorated who cured all diseases by muttering certain words over the person affected, for which she always received one penny and a loaf of bread. At length, terrified by menaces of flames both in this world and the next, she owned that her whole conjuration consisted in these potent rhymes,

Thy loaf in my hand,
 And thy penny in my purse,
 Thou art never the better
 And I am never the worse.

Of the high priest's quaintly-named sons, Abraham, Job, Solomon, David, Cuthbert, and Alexander, the eldest was father of that famous David of Durham, of whom Ritson says,

* Surtees.

Hilton my hair did dress, who beats
The world you know, in shaving feats.

and for whom some waggish antiquary concocted a new emblazoning
“ Argent, two razors in saltire proper, upon a chief gules a *comb* argent—
Crest, upon a barber’s block a wig proper.”

The first Hylton on actual record is “ Romanus the Knight of Helton,” who held three knight’s fees in 1166,* *of ancient feoffment*, an expression evidently alluding to a long previous settlement. His successor, Alexander de Helton, seals with a demi-lion passant, and the common bearing az. two bars arg., simple as it may seem, is therefore not the original coat. It appears in right gallant array on the east front surmounted by a helmet, splendidly diapered, on which is the odd crest Moses’s head horned in profile. The west front presents a most sumptuous heraldic display. Lowermost under a fretted canopy is a banner supported by two lions rampant,† charged with the bars, above which are the coats of Aervaux, or Neville, Bishop Skirlaw, or Vescy, Percy and Lucy, Hylton and Lascelles, Lumley, Grey, Eure, Vescy, Felton, Heron, Fitz-Randal, Washington, Ogle, Lilburn or Ros, Surtees and Bowes. Among these is the royal banner of England and France, a fitting symbol of the loyalty and devotedness of the race on whose castle it appears. A letter found in the papers of the last Baron, states that of the Hyltons, one was slain at Feversham under the Conqueror, one in Normandy, one at Metz, three in the Holy Wars under Richard I., one in the same under Edward I., three at Bourdeaux under the Black Prince, one at Agincourt, two at Berwick against the Scots, two at the battle of St. Albans, five at Market Bosworth, and four at Flodden field. A curious record exists as to Flodden. For some reason, the Baron of Hylton refused to go with the rest of the Bishoprick men and the banner of St. Cuthbert, but went at the head of his own retainers in true feudal state; and for this purpose we find that he borrowed a banner, a standard, with the coat armour of the full and whole arms of the Hyltons which had belonged to his father, from the convent of Durham, which he promised to redeliver, his business being conveniently done, which promise it is to be presumed was fulfilled, as he escaped with his life. It is possible that these warlike appendages had fallen to the church as his father’s mortuary, but it is more probable they had been pawned; and he was not the only Hylton who was in a similar predicament along with other noble families, for in 1417-8 the

* Boldon Buke.

† Visible in the view of 1728, but now hidden by a modern porch.

same convent held one basin and ewer of silver, with the arms of the Lord of Hylton, in pledge for 58s. In the inventory of Sir Thomas Hilton's goods in 1559 (he was governor of Tynemouth castle) we find he had in the tower "8 complete harnes from the Kne upp £13 6s. 8d," but there was a grander decoration than armour in the family then, for he had one gold chain weighing $33\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. and valued at £100, an immense sum in those days, and which he carefully bequeaths with his plate to his wife for her life, to descend afterwards to his heirs as an heirloom, upon their entering into sureties in £1000.

In 1488, Sir Ralph Hilton was engaged in France, and was probably the same Ralph who somewhat before was Captain of Dunbar. The family was naturally much mixed up in Border affairs. A Baron of Hylton after gallant exploits was taken prisoner at Otterburn in 1388, and another was amongst the chief leaders with Surrey in repelling the Scotch in 1497. A ludicrous occurrence took place in 1522. At that time the old ballad rhyme,

Scots never were true nor ever will be
To Lord, nor Lady, nor fair England,

was more thought of than at present, and Robert Whitfield, a Northumbrian, having gone to reside at Wadhurst in Sussex, suffered much annoyance and reproach for being a Scot, and in fact had fallen into the stocks and prison. From these undesirable liabilities, the royal officers were willing to bail him till he could bring evidence of being born in England, and the aggrieved victim petitioned the Prior of Durham and Sir William Hilton to make diligent inquiry concerning his birthplace, who after swearing aged men, made their certificate accordingly; and it is to be hoped that Whitfield's brogue embroiled him in no more troubles of a similar nature.

The Pilgrimage of Grace for once swerved a Hylton from his duty. Sir Thomas* joined the men of the Bishoprick in resisting the king's

* Sir Thomas was very intimate with Dr. Bulleyn, a notable practitioner of Durham, who cured the Baron's lady of a tympany, and dedicated his "Government of Health" to him. The Baron died of a fever, but William Hylton of Biddick, his brother, caused Bulleyn in most shameful wise to be arraigned for his murder, from which strait the worthy doctor was with justice delivered, though he was still much troubled by him; indeed he appears to have been a very extraordinary character, for, says the doctor, his "malice doth the lesse molest mee, being a stranger to him, seyng hee hath vexed a ladye which was his owne brother's wyfe, whose shame, losse, *yea and bloode*, hee hath soughte, whyche brother's wyfe redeemed mutch of hys lande from losse, in lendyng him a great summe of money, and when this man should thankfully

encroachments on the ancient faith, but seems to have obtained a ready pardon, since he soon afterwards was directed by the King to make a return of all those within the bishoprick, whose revenue exceeded £40 per ann., so that they should “ dispose themselves to take the order of knighthood,” to which honour it appears they felt very little inclination, and he was Governor of Tynemouth, under Philip and Mary. The lesson was well improved. In the rising of the north in 1569, Sir William Hilton was one of the very few northern gentlemen, who (probably from his intimate connexion with the family of Bowes) adhered heartily to the Queen, into whose service he brought 100 horse, and to whom he lent £50.

The loyalty of the Hyltons at last proved one great help to their ruin, though that was begun by *the melancholy Baron* Henry Hylton, who in 1640-1 devised his estate to the City Chamber of London for 99 years, charged with charities innumerable, but only with an annuity of £100 to his heirs, who at the expiration of the term were to regain possession, *provided* the claimant should not claim to be the issue of the testator's own body. This proviso is several times repeated with almost insane precaution, in the most piteous manner, by the Baron, who “ declares to his grieve, that if anie person shall pretend to be a child of my body begotten, which I hope noe body will be soe impudent and shameless : I hereby calling God and man to witness that I have no child living of my body begotten, and if any such shall pretend so to be, I hereby declare he or she so doing to be a very imposture.” It matters not what led him to desert the seat of his ancestors,* and bury himself in the seclusion of

have repayed this lady her money, *then he gratified her, as he did me.*” We cannot wonder at Bulleyn's strong language against his malicious foe, who “ that with the covetous Ahab, he might have through false witnes and perjury obtayned by the counsele of Jezabell, a vineyard by the pryce of blood,” diligently endeavoured to bring him to a shameful death, and who after the shame had fallen on his own head, basely hired some ruffians to assassinate him. Even after the failure of this scheme, the indefatigable Hylton arrested the doctor and kept him long time in prison. But he was only the chief of the onslaught; some persons of genteel extraction were accomplices, especially R. Bellisis of Farrow, an ungrateful patient, whom Bulleyn had cured from the palsy by the herb Bellis (the daisy) and other good medicines, and whom he mentions in making an end of Bellis, as Bellisis who would have ended him. Margaret, William's wife, perhaps Bulleyn's Jezabel, possessed a “ pare of tables and a chessboard, and the men 2s,” as valued in the inventory (8 Eliz.) after her death. There were also two “ coyts of plate” and “ one stuff cote for warr.”

* After all, he was not the only one of his race who tired of the sunny slopes of the Wear, for Stevens (Monast. i. 124) mentions that Robert Hylton, Baron Hylton, took the habit of a friar minor in the monastery of Bridgenorth, in the custody of Worcester,

Billinghurst and Mitchel Grove in Sussex, accompanied only by one trusty kinsman, Mr. Nathaniel Hilton “our faithful and *painefull* pastor,” as the good registrar of Billinghurst calls him. It might be “upon some discontents between him and his wife, they having lived apart near 20 years,” or “upon some discontents between him and his brother, under pretence of charity to severall parishes, whereby he was to merit pardon for 30 years vicious life led with the Lady Jane Shelley,”* that he made his extraordinary will: one thing is certain, that he would have writhed in agony had he seen Guillim, in the true spirit of the old heralds,

Who made full oft the son beget the father,
And gave to maiden ladies fruitful issue,

coolly write about the “great grandson of this generous gentleman.”

Henry’s brother, Robert, survived him but a few months, when John, the seventh brother of the melancholy baron, succeeded to the shadow of an estate, and perilled it in the royal cause. The fatherland of the Hyltons was plundered by all parties. Yet though the heir then starved, he would not give up his rights, and after the Restoration an amicable decree was obtained, the City of London being wearied out by contests with the consorts of the two dowager Baronesses of Hilton. The son of the gallant loyalist, a prudent cavalier, then resumed his property, but the wasted revenue was totally unequal to the charges. Henry his successor complained to the Court, that “hee and his wife and children have nothing to live on; and all the payments were at last reduced to one third, still leaving serious burthens.† In 1668 Bishop Cosin had expressed his sorrow for “our good Baron Hilton” (John junior), and wished to know what *good works* he had done or ordered to be done, after his decease, but here the *good* Baron’s *ill* ancestors had been beforehand with him; and he very wisely concluded that the most charitable work he

and was buried before the altar of the Blessed Virgin on the north side of the church. He seems to be identical with the Robert, who begot a son not half so good, as he encouraged thefts from the poor monks of Wearmouth, and was father of two sons still worse, of whom hereafter.

* Lady Jane Shelley was his executrix. He left her £1000 to make him “a fair tun: be like in fashion to the tumbe of Dr. Dunne,” over his resting place in St. Paul’s, which she never did.

† The following entry is rich in the extreme. “Baron Hilton’s money was by Richard Baddely and John Simpson, churchwardens for the years 1676-1677 recovered for the poor of this parish, £6 per annum, which was *wrongfully detained from the said poor* by the Maior and Aldermen of the City of Durham, and charged 8s. *they drunk in blew clarett to the poores accompt.*” (*St. Mary-le-Bow Par. Reg. Durham.*)

could do was to leave his estate, such as it was, to his natural heirs.

From this period, says Surtees, the Barons of Hylton retreated without degradation of blood or of honour into the quiet ranks of private gentry. Three successive chiefs of Hylton were not more respected for their ancient and undoubted descent, than for the prudent and unostentatious simplicity with which they supported the fallen fortunes of their house, without meanness and without vain regret or misplaced pride. They received rather than claimed from the general courtesy of the country, the acknowledged rank of the first untitled gentry of the North, of noblesse without the peerage. Their name always stands first in Episcopal commissions and grand jury lists, and in 1669 Mr. Arden adduces as a superlative instance of the unseemly pride of Dean Carleton and his daughters, that he had seated himself at the Quarter Sessions above Baron Hylton, to the great disgust and reluctance of the country gentry, and that moreover the young lady Carletons had crowded themselves into a pew in the cathedral, before Baron Hylton's daughters. The last Baron, a man of mild and generous disposition, and hospitable to a fault (as the Ettricks with “splitting headaches” could well testify), is still remembered with a mingled sentiment of personal respect and of that popular feeling, which even ill conduct can scarcely extinguish, towards the last representative of a long and honourable line. His portrait occupied the panel above the fire-place in the deserted dining-room, and presented a fair, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, pleasant-looking gentleman in a suit of blue and gold, with a mild composed countenance and somewhat high cheek-bones.* There were many other short, round, companionable looking faces on canvass, which by no means belied the family character.

The last baron dying without issue, the representation of the blood of Hylton passed to the heirs of his sisters, the Musgraves and Briseos. His nephew, Sir Richard Musgrave, was his devisee, and assumed the

* This and the other characteristics of the Hylton face are strongly developed in a beautiful portrait of John Scott Hylton, Esq., of Lapal House near the Leasowes, who claimed descent from the Durham Stock, now in the possession of W. Hylton Longstaffe, gent., of Darlington. He is dressed in the usual costume of George the Third's reign, with exquisitely limned frills round his wrists, and a very small and white hand, and holds a specimen from his large collection of coins. Hylton was an elegant poet and scholar, and a bosom-friend of his neighbour, Shenstone, whose letters to him are very amusing. Miniature portraits of himself and brother, his locket containing the Baronial coat of arms, and other relics, are also in the hands of the possessor of the large portrait.

name of Hylton, his daughter and heiress marrying William Jolliffe, Esq., M.P. for Petersfield. By Act of Parliament, 23 Geo. II., the estates were sold, the castle now being the possession of John Bowes, Esq., of Streatham. The family estate included, at its highest point of elevation, the manors of Hylton, Barnston, Grindon, Ford, Clowcroft, North Biddick, Great Usworth and Follonsby in Durham ; Carnaby and Wharnam Percy in Yorkshire ; Elryngton and Woodhall in Northumberland ; and Aldstone Moor in Northumberland and Cumberland ; with the advowsons of Kyrkhaugh and Monk Wearmouth. At an early period, the Hyltons possessed other large estates in Northumberland, derived from the heiress of the Saxon house of Tyson, whose ancestor Gilbert was slain on the part of Harold. Aldstone Moor was the estate of the Veteripontes, whose bearing was always quartered with Hylton, whatever other quarterings might be omitted. Through the Lumleys, the Hyltons were descended from the Plantagenets.

The Hyltons of Jamaica, descended from the South Shield branch, which originated in an uncle of the secluded Baron, are now presumed to be the male representatives of this ancient family. Ralph Hylton, born 1710, preferred emigration to a fruitless struggle with poverty at home, but his son visited England in the vain hope of laying a successful claim to the estates of Hylton. He was kindly received by Sir Isaac Heard, and George Allan, Esq., the indefatigable antiquary of the Grange near Darlington, and returned dispirited, but not broken-hearted like his father, to Jamaica, living to satisfy himself that, though the estates are alienated for ever, yet the descendants of Ralph are the legitimate male representatives of the blood and honours of the Hyltons of Hylton Castle.

Many other families lay claim to descent from them, and the wish to descend from such a family is a pardonable vanity. The Hultons or Hyltons of Park, in Lancashire, though separate at least from the reign of Henry II., were one of these, being named in an old Durham entail ; and in George the First's time, Baron Hylton used this presumed connexion as a topic in some very engaging letters to Squire Hulton, professedly with the laudable design of procuring a good husband for one of his sisters.

The castle is built or altered in the early perpendicular style, about the time of Richard II., probably about 1389, when Sir Ralph de Lumley obtained a license to re-edify and embattle his manor-house at Lumley, as the two buildings bear a close resemblance to each other, though Hylton is richer in detail and of finer character. Our plate

gives it as it appeared in the last Baron's time, before its final Italianization. He blocked up the elegant window beneath the arms, as well as the Tudor light at one side of the flag-staff, and hid the fine and war-like doorway with a modern Gothic porch, which is of a semi-Moorish style, and exhibits a curious attempt at reviving the early English dog-tooth ornament. Against the eastern front is a similar porch, and two projections of the same style, which, however impure, has a gorgeous effect on entering, where a passage from door to door presents itself, vaulted in Gothic fashion—(query—if not the original vaulting)—but moulded in very rich manner; smaller passages have the same Moresque appearance. The splendidly decorated ceilings which formerly graced the saloon and other apartments, were executed in 1738 by one Frankini, an Italian; the dimensions of the former room are twelve yards by eight and a foot, and 24 feet high. The last Baron also erected at least one of the modern wings which now cause the frontage (one-hundred and seventy feet) to be nearly three times the original length, but still they are unable to destroy the simple grandeur of the original composition. By the way, between the central turrets of the west front, are the remains of two representations of a knight in mortal conflict with a winged serpent or dragon, which twists its poisonous folds round his leg, probably referring to some long forgottenfeat, which would fitly form a companion to the neighbouring legend of the Worm of Lambton.

In the gardens are some of the finest apples in the county. Hanging woods, long avenues, terraces and slopes, surrounded the baronial seat, but all is in ruin and decay, the house tenanted in scraps, and generally empty, and enlivened only with unearthly sounds of the whistling wind, and the echoes of strangers. The very gate is obstructed, and the pillars are crowned by some huge martlet's temple, which wonder how they came or what business they have there, and have a singular and uncanny look. About 1832, the Castle is said to have been the retreat of Armstrong, one of the murderers of Mr. Fairless, a worthy magistrate of South Shields, the deed being committed at Jarrow Stake in open daylight; and in spite of a four-hundred pound reward offered, he escaped abroad, after skulking in the ghostly hall of the Hyltons.

The chapel of Hylton stands a little to the N. E. of the castle on a mound, and is of a peculiar plan, consisting of a nave, chancel, and two porches, or transepts of a semi-hexagonal form, which open to the body of the chapel by depressed arches. The chapel seems originally to have been early florid of the same date as the castle, but has been altered in

the *renaissance* period, and subsequently Italianized by the last baron, a small campanile turret being a conspicuous feature. The handsome stall work to which books were fixed by silver chains in Mr. Temple's time is utterly ruined, the windows and doors are all broken, and the little sanctuary in which the lords of Hylton are sleeping, presents a scene of utter and piteous desolation. The feelings produced by a gaze on the pavement which covers so many members of their departed race, without a single effigy or monument of any kind to mark their burial, are of a peculiarly melancholy nature. Visions of long strings of tenantry following the corpse to its burial, the maiden to her bridal, or the baron to his prayers, crowd upon the mind. And it may, in its sadness, accompany Howitt in his visits, and picture the aged sextoness of Houghton-le-Spring Church when in her anguish she exclaimed, "Nay, I had but one child, one son!" He did not ask her if he, like her husband, were dead, for he saw it plainly enough in her face and in her stooping figure, that was fixed as steadily in a sorrowful rigidity, as that of the old crusader in the church below. She drew her apron across her eyes, and then told him that her son was a fine, hearty, young fellow a carpenter, who was getting on bravely in his business, and went to fit up the pews in Hylton chapel, of which he had the job. They had a merry-making when the work was done, and having taken rather too much, he went out at the wrong door, and walked in the dark over a precipice into the glen below, and was found next morning dead!

The chapel is mentioned as early as 1157, but all tithes, &c., of Hylton, were to be paid to the cell of Wearmouth, as the mother church, the chaplain's salary arising entirely from personal offerings of the Barons. This circumstance was perhaps not very pleasing to the gallant Hyltons, and the grievances the poor monks suffered at their hands were of no gentle sort. In one instance they are quite ludicrous. A Scotch fellow, called John Potts, had, it seems, been stealing the cell-keeper's hay and corn, and being admonished, said he would continue to feed his horse there, and after despituous words said to the keeper, laid hands in violence upon the clerk acolyte within the sanctuary. Nevertheless he had the impudence to come to the same kirk of Monkwearmouth to shrive him, at which the keeper told the parish priest that he had no power to assail the bad Scot, he being cursed by the common law, whereupon he and his fellows at the quire door with "lang pikyd staffes and lang daggers," assaulted the keeper and priest, and "raufe (violently seized) fra tham a silvered mahylyn." Well, soon after William, the young heir of Hylton came also to be shriven, and misinformed of the evil deeds of Potts, with

high and stern countenance entered the quire, “ withoutyn ony prayer or reverence theer made or shewid to the blessid sacrament,” and said “ What, maystres make yhe here ?” and thereupon sware a great oath, that there was not a hole there from which he would not pull John Both, monk, and bind his feet under a horse’s belly and send him to Durham. He also challenged the keeper, and asked in “ stoore” manner “ who was yi, Syre ?” (who are you, sir?) and then put off the poor keeper’s hood *“ in till”* his neck, against his will, who fearing more mishaps, withdrew with his comrade in quick style. But William came again and laid hands on William Lyham, Master of Wearmouth, in the quire, and *“ poulid off his hode,* to grete shame and reprove.” Besides, his uncle Alexander kept back the horse and gown of his father William, some time Baron,* which were the corpse-present to the church, and winked with his late father at certain spoliations by their servants of the Prior’s corn hay, while Baron Robert, the father of the hood-puller, withheld the corpse-present of his wife (a fair Clifford). All this was in the 15th century ; and now for a truly Baronial letter :—

“ A TRES HONORE SR ET REV’ENT PIER IN DIEU LE PRIOR DE DURESME SOIT DONE.—Wirschipfull Sir, and reverent fadir in god, I recommende me unto yow, and for als mekill as Thomas my prest was at you at Durham, touchyng an arrest at was made of the teynd hay and corn at Hylton, and hilke was like to hafe bene lost, that was made be a man of myne called William Hall, for certaigne dett agh to hym be your brothir the Maistre of Wermouth. And at the reverence of yow, be the message at said Thomas my prest broght to me fro you, *I gart lowse* the arrest at was made and put my man from that avantage that he suld hafe had in my Cort be that arrest, and put hym to gret hynderance and yit ther es none end made with hym, of whilke me marvayles, wharefore I

* This William had a daughter and granddaughter, both named Matilda, who are devisees of Matilda Bowes of Dalden, widow, in 1420, in this odd fashion. “ I bequeath to Matilda daughter of the Baron of Hylton, my goddaughter, *one Romance boke is called the Gospells.* Also I bequeath to Matilda daughter of Robert de Hylton, Chivaler, *one Romance boke.*” She also leaves to other parties the “ boke with the knotts,” “ a book that is called Tristram,” and “ one blak primer.” The meaning of the Romance of the Gospels so simply coupled with that of Tristram, may admit of doubt. The Lady of Dalden may have met with one of Wycliffe’s Bibles, and conceived the Gospels to be a series of fabulous adventures, in which our Saviour and his Apostles acted and moralized like the goodly personages in the ancient mysteries and games, which exceed anything that can be imagined; or it is possible the word Romance merely refers to the book being in English, though the suspicious company it keeps favours the former notion. Anyhow the passage is extremely curious, especially when viewed in connexion with Miss Maud’s relatives, so refractory to ministers of the Church of Rome.

pray you at ye will send to the said Maistre of Warmouth, to make on eynd with my said man in hast and delay him no langer, and if he will noght, I pray *yow hold me excusid what hapyn afterward*, and what like yow to do in this matter, I pray you send me word writen be the brynger of this, and Wirschipfull sir and reverent fadir in god the holy Trinite hafe you in thir kepyng. Writen in hast at Hilton, on Monday next before Saynt Lenard day.

BE ROBT. BARON OF HILTON."

There was a chantry to St. Mary within the chapel of Hylton (St. Katherine), the foundation of which, without a license, caused one of the many squabbles between the Barons and the cell of Monkwearmouth.

Various coats are sculptured on the chapel. The crest appears with the head of Moses, radiated (not horned) and full fronted, and both lions and stags appear as supporters, the latter of very rude design, more like horned pigs than anything else. On the eastern front of the castle too, there is the cognisance of a stag couchant gorged and chained, which is said traditionally to have been granted the fabulous Henry of 1072. Supporters are borne by prescription by many old but unennobled families of the north. The Hyltons were summoned to Parliament in 23, 24, 25, Edw. I., and 6 and 9, Edw. III.; indeed, Banks states that a record of Parliament, posterior to the latter king's reign, mentions among the nobles then present "Le Baron de Hilton." If a barony were created by these summonses, it is now in abeyance between the families of Brisco and Jolliffe, but it is probable the title had reference rather to the fact of the Hyltons being Barons of the Bishoprick, as they certainly were, sitting *in pleno placito apud Dunelm.* The Vernons of the Palatinat of Chester were, it is believed, called Barons for a similar reason, and they, like the Hyltons, survived all their contemporary chivalry. We remember seeing somewhere, that a claim by the Jolliffes, senior co-heir of the blood of Hylton, to revive the title, was at one period favourably entertained by the ministers of the day; but as it was considered invidious or injudicious to restore so ancient a barony, George III. was preferably disposed to a new creation; which was by no means in accordance with the views of the father of the late Hylton Jolliffe, Esq. When pressed by the late Earl of Liverpool to accept a baronetcy, the suggestion appeared to Mr. Jolliffe to convey something so much like an insult, that he is reported to have made the following sarcastic reply: "Your proposal, my Lord, if acceded to, would only enable me to do by *patent*, what I already practise as a *gentleman*—namely, walk out of a room after the very numerous tribe who have recently been elected as fit subjects for such a dignity."

The idea of a labouring spirit attached to houses and families is of remote origin, and the stories told in different parts of the country, bear a remarkable resemblance to each other. The Scotch call them Brownies, the English, Pixies, &c., and Gewase of Tilbury, in the 12th century, *Portuni*. We will now touch upon the traditions anent that most famous goblin of this class, which has become popular enough to cause Sam. Roxby to introduce it in a melo-drama, intituled *The Cauld Lad of Hilton*. *He was seldom seen*, but was heard nightly by the servants who slept in the great hall, the scene of his pranks being the kitchen. Partaking of the crackiness of the family he haunted, he amused himself by throwing an orderly kitchen into complete confusion, breaking plates and dishes, turning tables over, and hurling the pewter in all directions with immense satisfaction. One night, however, a happy discovery was made. The kitchen, by some accident, had been left in disarray, and in the morning the servants found that the lad had modified his labours to the circumstances. The apartment was neat as an old maid's parlour, and, of course, the practice attended with such a happy result was adopted ever after.

Still, notwithstanding the good nature of this poor harmless creature, who like the Scotch Brownies took pleasure in discharging the task which he thought would be acceptable to the family, he was considered a somewhat uncanny sort of labourer, and the servants resolved to banish him from his long-loved haunts. But like the sparrow, who said,

Oh no! —— I won't make a stew,
And my giblets shan't make you a little pie too,

the Cauld Lad had an inkling of their intentions, and was frequently heard to exclaim in the dead of the night, in melancholy strain, the following consolatory stanzas:—

Wae's me! Wae's me!!
The acorn is not yet
Fallen from the tree,
That's to grow the wood
That's to make the cradle
That's to rock the bairn
That's to grow to a man
That's to lay me.

However, he counted without his host, for the offer of anything beyond a slight dish of something to drink, infallibly causes the disappearance of a Brownie for ever. The Hylton domestics laid a green cloak

and hood *before the kitchen fire*, and sat up watching at a prudent distance. At 12 o'clock the sprite glided in, stood *by the glowing embers* and surveyed the garments very attentively, tried them on, seemed well satisfied with the figure he cut, and frisked about for some time in great delight, cutting several summersets and gambadoes. Milton's fiend vanished "ere the first cock his matin rang," but the Lad was so charmed that he stayed in his friskings till he heard the first cock, when he twitched his mantle tight about him, and disappeared with the usual valediction :

Here's a cloke, and here's a hood,
The cauld lad o' Hylton will do no more good.

Another version of the story is, that the *Cauld* Lad being *colder* than usual one night, asked the cook for the cloke and hood to keep him in decent temperature, and she laid them accordingly for him the next evening. The following morning there was found written on the table,

I've taken your cloke, I've taken your hood.
The *cowed* lad of Hylton will do no more good.

Of the word *cowed* anon.

This account, says Surtees, of the Cauld Lad's very indecorous behaviour, on receiving his new livery, seems apocryphal. The genuine Brownie always received the present which was to banish him from his long-loved haunts with tokens of deep regret. Like the more elegant fays of the author of *Paradise Lost*,

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament,
From haunted spring and dale
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with singing sent ;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.
In consecrated earth
And on the holy hearth
The Lars, and Lemures, moan with midnight plaint.

Indeed, it is very probable that the Brownies are genuine descendants of the *Lar familiaris*. One popular tradition, coupled with the doly ditty "Wae's me!" &c., certainly gives some weight to Surtees' notion, viz., that long after the cloke and hood business, though he never more

disarranged the pewter and set the house in order, yet at the dead hour of midnight, his voice was heard singing in melancholy melody,

Here's a cloke, and here's a hood,
The cauld lad o' Hylton will do no more good.

Notwithstanding, let us have English sprites with their laughs, before Scottish ones with their sighs all the world over. The frisking scene is more like England. The Portune disappeared with a loud laugh, so did Godric's goblins, and so do the Pixies of Devonshire, so much so that in that county, "laughing like Pixies" is a common proverb. A valediction in a Pixie story is much like that of the lad's :—

Now the Pixies' work is done,
We take our clothes and off we run.

Still, *non obstantibus* all the cloke and hood doings, the Cauld Lad has a posthumous history. The "Cauld Lad's room" was ever deserted save when the castle in the last Baron's palmy days was full of company, and within the last century many persons worthy of credence, heard at midnight the Cauld Lad's unearthly wailings. Indeed to this day some think he may be met with. An old quondam inhabitant of this most uncanny castle used to tell fearsome tales about his doings. One night she *saw* the Cauld Lad ("aye—that was the night, Sir")—*looking in* between some shutters which did not fit close.—"Well, and what was he like?"—"Why, Sir, *he hadn't a head.*" Headless phantoms are so common, that we need not comment upon them, but how they *can look* into a room is a mystery. William Howitt was also told at the castle that the Lad had no head. Some twelve years ago, old Mrs. Fitzpatrick, the keeper of the castle, was collecting subscriptions *for laying the Cauld Lad.* It seemed that a priest once exercised him for some years, and nailed as many nails in a door as the number of years was for which he had laid him. The last nail was about to drop, and the "very ancient woman" was dreadfully alarmed for the consequences. The rhyme "Wae's me!" &c., mayhap relates to this matter rather than the cloke and hood story. A Dr. Wood once rented the castle for a school; the scholars revived by their practical jokes all the antique traditions. Long after the cloke experiment, servants, one after another, deserted the house from frights they had received, especially a dairy-maid, who fell in love with richest milk and cream, and saluted them with mickle more than "kisses three." One day she had been sipping with a spoon from various pans, when the Cauld Lad suddenly but invisibly bent over her shoulder, and

said "Ye taste, and ye taste, and ye taste, but ye never gie the Cauld Lad a taste!" Whereupon she dropped the spoon, in mortal fright rushed from the house, and never again would cross its threshold. There seems some connexion in the Lad's remark with the stories about his fraternity:—

———how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end.

The idea of a labouring sprite has been traced from the 12th century or earlier to the present day, but in the Hylton and other instances, a modern murder and ghost story have been grafted on the older superstition.

The Hylton lad's origin is told in a very manifold manner. Hutchinson mentions a record which we have not seen. "7^o Fox. pardon of Sir Will. Hilton, of all murders, misdemeanors, &c." Surtees hints that the story may originate in the fact recorded in the following inquest:—

Before John King, coroner of Chester Ward, at Hilton, 3 Jul, 7 Jac. 1609. Inquest on view of the body of Roger Skelton, there lying dead. The Jurors present that Robert Hilton, of Hilton, gent., the day and year aforesaid, between the hours of 8 and 9 in the forenoon, *cutting grass* (a then lordly occupation, it would seem) with a *syth* of the value of 20d. which he held in his hands as the said Roger was standing behind, unfortunately, with the *syth point* struck upon the right thigh of the same Roger one mortal wound, 1 inch long and 2 inches broad, of which wound, the same Roger, that same hour, in that place, died, and that by this cause and none other, &c.

"Nevertheless," says he, "I strongly suspect that the unhous'd spirit of Roger Skelton, 'whom in the hay-field the good Hylton ghosted,' took the liberty of playing a few of those pranks, which are said by writers of grave authority, to be the peculiar privilege of those spirits only who are shouldered untimely by violence from their mortal tenements:—

Ling'ring in anguish o'er his mangled clay,
The melancholy shadow turn'd away
And follow'd through the twilight grey—his guide.

—A free pardon for the above manslaughter appears on the rolls of Bishop James, dated 6th Sept., 1809."

One of the popular origins of the apparition is, that it is an unfortunate

domestic, whom one of the old chiefs of Hylton slew at some very distant period, in a moment of wrath or intemperance. The Baron had, it seems, on an important occasion, ordered his horse, which was not brought out so soon as he expected; he went to the stable, found the boy loitering, and seizing a hayfork, struck him, though not intentionally, a mortal blow. The story adds, that he covered his victim with straw till night, and then threw him into the pond, where the skeleton of a boy was (in confirmation of the tale) discovered in the last Baron's time. The country people, however, have other ideas of the Cauld Lad. The woman who shewed Wm. Howitt the house, on arriving at a certain chamber, pointed to a cupboard over the door, and said, "that is the place where they used to put the Cauld Lad." He replied, "to which he used to retreat, you mean." "No, no," reiterated she, pertinaciously, "where they used to put him." In her story, he was a boy, that on some account had been treated cruelly, and kept in confinement in this cupboard, where, no doubt, says he, in the winter, he acquired the unenviable epithet of the Cauld Lad. The Lad had no head! and Howitt states that a lady well acquainted with the language and superstitions of the north, opined that his true name was the Cowed Lad, (and it must be confessed this is the usual pronunciation near Hylton) that is the lad with his head cut off, or at least with his hair cut very close, for so in Northumberland they call a person so disfigured, "Why, how they have cow'd ye," and this view would take the murder to a sword rather than a scythe or fork. Another interpretation is that it means the Cow-lad or Cow-herd lad, *i.e.* the Baron's Cow keeper. Cold is, however, the more likely word; *cowd* is only a dialectic synonym of cold or cauld, in the same way as Boldon is pronounced Bowdon. Cauld is *cold*, *dead*; the cauld lad is, therefore, the *dead lad*, agreeing with the superstition. We learn in Relation 16 of Glanvil's Collection that the hand of a ghost is as "cold as a clod," and in the celebrated ballad of William and Margaret are the lines—

"And clay cold was her lily hand,
That held her *sable* shroud,"

—an unusual variation from the usual white covering of ghosts; while in Northumberland "*caud deed*," *cold dead*, is a very common redundancy.

A more marvellous narration still, is that one of the Miss Hyltons once fell in love with the lad, when living at the whilk; the Baron, when he found the pair in the Cauld Lad's room was so irate that he locked her up in the closet and fed her there on bread and water—in fact at last starved her to death. The Cauld Lad was murdered for the transaction,

and left his indelible blood spots on the floor of the apartment. This improbable but rather beautiful story is oddly connected with the family portraits at Hylton, one of which represented a lady, young and handsome, of whom, strange to say, there was presented another portrait exhibiting her in a state of mental derangement.

“ Oh! I am altered since you saw me last,
And time has written strange misfeatures on my cheek;
That rosy blush lap’t in a lily veil,
Is now with morphew overgrown and pale.”

—These two remarkable pictures are stated in popular belief to have represented the Cauld Lad’s ladyelove.

The Cauld Lad is said to have existed in earthly wise, at a much more recent date than is generally supposed. Old Mrs. Booth, of Monkwearmouth, who died aged 70, some twenty years ago, said that the Cauld Lad was *living* in her great grandmother’s time ; and from what we have been able to make out in the Hylton country, he was in truth nothing more than a domestic fool, (which the family always kept up even to the last Baron,) who continually pestered the establishment with his fooleries. One day, when the river was very high, three gentlemen on horseback, opposite, asked the Lad who was standing on the Hylton side, if it was fordable, he replied *Yes*. They then asked if anything had passed before on that morning, and he again answered *Yes*. They took the ford and were almost lost ; and when the Baron, who soon found out from the horsemen’s description who the offender was, asked him why he said *Yes*, he composedly replied, that “ he had seen ducks swim across that morning ! ” He grew so mischievous in throwing away his clothes that they at last buttoned up his jacket behind, and one day seeing an old family greyhound with bones standing up along its back like buttons on a coat, he stopped, looked, and dolefully said, “ *Times are sair altered wi’ thou and me, poor beast, sin’ we were baith buttoned up behind.* ” One day the Baron came in drunk, became most exasperated at some misdemeanor of the Lad, and throwing his huge bootjack at his head, killed him in the very chamber which Howitt mentions, and where he had so often been closeted for punishment, in testimony whereof divers stains of blood, like Lady Gerard’s at Darlington, appear unto this day. We also heard the hayfork and stable version of the tragedy ; but then how does it account for these wonderful stains so credible to the credulous ? It will be remembered that the last and most jolly Baron was one of the latest gentlemen in England who kept a domestic fool. On one occasion on

his return from London, he quitted his carriage at Hylton Ferry, and amused himself with a homeward saunter through his own woods and meadows ; at Hylton foot bridge he encountered his faithful fool, who staring on the gaudily laced suit of his patron, made by some false suthron tailor, exclaimed, “*wha's file now ?*”

Let us vary all this marvellous romance with a bit or two more of real incident. During Mr. Wade's residence at Hylton Castle, a *suthron* was staying with a gentleman at Hylton, who sent his man-servant to conduct the stranger to Boldon to catch the Newcastle coach. On their way the polished south countryman asked who lived in the Castle, when the fellow replied, “*Humph ! He's nae greit shakes !*” to his companion's great amazement ; and to his question, “whether they would arrive at Boldon in time,” the answer that they might “*with sair tues,*” completed his bamboozlement. On his return he gravely observed that the name of the Castle-owner, Mr. *Negroshanks*, appeared to him a very odd one, but that the servant had told him it *was* so, though he thought he must be a very strange creature, for he also informed him that they might arrive at Boldon in time, but then it would be with *sore toes*, the utility of which he did not comprehend. The domestic, however, soon cleared up the matter to his *master's* satisfaction ; and so perplexing is the Durham dialect to unaccustomed ears, that one perfectly appreciates the poor gentleman's dilemma. To conclude these long Hyltoniana—a poor fellow was once passing along the road past the Castle when he heard a melancholy sound of “*Click him ! Catch him !*” close to him. He ran in fright, and it sounded the quicker and continually in his ear; he stopped, so did it ; he hurried on and it hastened in its reverberations. Away he went in mortal agony, and dashing at last into his house discovered a job for the cobler, inasmuch as his boot heel sole had come off, and had been flapping up and down in all its ghastliness !

In such wise endeth the woeful legend of THE CAULD LAD OF HYLTON

Highclere Castle, co. Hants.

THERE are few who have not heard at least of the many beauties of Hampshire—its wild forests—its warm and lovely vallies—its downy hills and its woodland glades. And in this favoured county no residence unites within itself so many advantages, and so many points of interest whether as regards scenery, antiquity, or architecture, as Highclere Castle. It is situated in a beautiful and extensive park about five miles south of Newbury; and from its elevated site the towers of this noble edifice are visible to all the surrounding country, rising grandly from the deep woods that environ them. The refined taste and judgment of the present possessor, the Earl of Carnarvon, and the acknowledged genius of Mr. Barry, have contributed, whether we regard the building itself, or the disposition of the grounds, to make this one of the most beautiful residences in Great Britain. Nature has been lavish of her gifts, and art has developed them; and in wandering over this lovely domain, and examining the details of this noble fabric, we cannot but feel that nothing has been left undone to make it a residence worthy of the illustrious family who have so long possessed it. This was one of the most ancient domains of the Church, and appertained to the see of Winchester, from the remotest times, “*Semper fuit in ecclesiam tempore regis Edwardi*,” so says Doomesday Book. Other adjoining manors were also parcel of this vast domain. Clere, cui Hamelet de Newinton, Widihaie, Aremereonth, Estmieswell, Burclere (now Newtown, Woodhay, Ashmansworth, Ecchinswell, and Burghclere). The Bishops of Winchester had a house and park at Highclere, and another at East Woodhay, but the latter has been destroyed—the park divided into inclosures, and nothing now remains but the artificial mount on which the embattled house stood, and the vestiges of the moat by which it was defended. The celebrated William of Wykeham resided at Highclere, and this bailiwick continued in the Church till the reign of Edward the 6th, when it was granted to, or rather taken possession of, by the King. After various vicissitudes as to ownership it was bequeathed by Sir Robert Sawyer to the Honourable Robert Herbert, and by succession became vested in the Earl of Carnarvon, son of William, fifth son of Thomas Earl of Pembroke, and by his lineal descendants it is now held. The manors of East Woodhay, Ashmansworth, Newtown, and Ecchinswell, forming the remainder of the ancient bailiwick, were subsequently purchased of the Bishop of

W. Gauci, lith.

HIGH CLEIRE.
HANTS.

Stannard & Dixon.



Winchester under the Land Tax Redemption act. The Castle of Highclere, as we have before observed, occupies an elevated site, and commands to the north and west rich and extensive views over the neighbouring counties. On the south it looks into a deep and verdant vale, forming a portion of the park, and bounded by the two romantic hills known as Siddown (the hill of the Thane) and Beacon hill, the former wooded to its very summit, and the latter standing out bare and clear, and exhibiting on its apex, one of the boldest and deepest British entrenchments in the south of England. There is no doubt but that the present structure occupies the site, if not indeed includes within its walls, the dwelling, of the ancient Saxon possessors of these manors. The Castle Hall is of great antiquity, and in perforating its walls during some recent alterations, a spur was found of that kind which was in use before armour was made to bend, and also other rude implements of an earlier age. The gigantic fire place, where the feudal retainers were wont to assemble round a blazing pile of enormous logs of oak, was also discovered, and passages were traced within the massive walls, constructed probably as a means for concealment, or of secret communication during those turbulent ages. The building has at various times been much altered and enlarged by its various possessors, but the present noble proprietor, with a taste and energy which posterity will appreciate, has rendered the castle worthy of the domain, and of the noble race to whom it descends. Mr. Barry, the celebrated architect, has here, under the direction of the noble Earl, produced one of his happiest efforts, and we trust it will long remain undisturbed as one of the most successful monuments of his extraordinary genius. The style is of the period of the First James. The elevated portions of the north and south fronts, and the pinacles and perforated work which surmount the building, have a light and yet imposing appearance. The Herbert griffin holding in its mouth the bloody hand appears beautifully carved in stone in every variety of attitude, and the portcullis, so long borne on their banners by that family, is continually seen mixed up with badges, shields, and heraldic devices, introduced at different periods by alliances with other noble families, including the Howards, Marmions, Aclands, Nevilles, Veres, Parrs, &c. &c. Each angle of the fabric is flanked by a tower of elegant proportions, and from the western side arises from the site of the old feudal keep, a magnificent and massive tower, giving an effect of height and grandeur to the whole, which no description can adequately convey. The park is extensive, and in its variety of scenery, would appear to include in itself all the peculiar beauties of the county in which it is situated. The magnificent avenues,

the dark groves of oak, the boundless woods, and the open glades of this favoured spot, form combinations of scenery which in variety and effect we have never seen exceeded. Towards the northern verge of the park, a lake embosomed in the forest presents a rare scene of tranquil beauty. In this secluded spot the present Earl has restored a Casino, built on the margin of the water by his ancestor, Henry Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, in the 17th century, and there his Lordship has resided with his family, while the recent alterations have been carried on at the Castle. Looking across the water, heath-clad islands and deep glades in the forest give unusual interest to this delightful scene. In the spring, banks clothed with exotic vegetation present masses of sparkling bloom, and a profusion of azaleas of every varying hue, load the air with their perfume. It is admitted that for the beauty, luxuriance, and variety of its American plants, Highclere, as it was the first place in the kingdom where they attained perfection, surpasses every other at the present day. Indeed the whole scene, as beheld from the windows of the Casino when the sun is setting, is of such surpassing softness, that it has often been compared to some of the most favoured scenes of "warm and fervid Italy." In the centre of the park, and commanding a view, which of its kind is unrivalled stands the Pavilion or Temple. The waters of the upper lake wash the foot of the abrupt eminence on which it stands: and while the Castle, the Casino, the Siddown and Beacon hills, the noble woods and spreading lakes, fill the eye with wonder and delight, an exquisite woodland view of the country far to the north and west completes a scene, which it were difficult indeed for the most skilful artist to delineate. Here, with a liberality worthy of imitation, the noble Earl has provided rooms of reception for the numerous parties who visit this domain; and here, without interruption, they may wander as they will, amid scenes of beauty and grandeur which the most insensate must enjoy. But perhaps the peculiar feature of this interesting property is its free Warren and free Chase. These almost immemorial rights here still remain, and constitute in themselves a species of feudal superiority in the very heart of the kingdom, which has no parallel. Given in the earliest days of the monarchy, confirmed by successive grants, and when the feudal confirmations ceased to be issued, maintained on the score of ancient privilege and ancient grant, with singular and praiseworthy determination, by the present family down to the present Earl, these rights survive, a solitary specimen of those great and exclusive Norman free chases, which were once the appanage of the more powerful Barons of those days. In virtue of these singular rights the game over all the district, whether on waste lands or

on private properties, belongs exclusively to the Earls of Carnarvon. They still claim the legal right, although it has been of course practically abandoned, of harbouring the stag, the wolf, the boar, and other beasts of the chase, within that woodland district, which, particularly the adjoining parishes of Highclere and East Woodhay, are still rich in ancient thorns, hollies, and oaks, and were doubtless the favourite haunts of these denizens of the forest. In virtue also of these grants of free warren, the Lord exercises an undisputed right over that ample range, including many thousand acres, to the rabbit, the hare, the partridge, and the pheasant, or he delegates that privilege under deputations to the gentlemen of the district. It were impossible within the limits of a work like the present, to detail half the beauties of Highclere. When the alterations at the castle are completed, and the admirable designs of the noble Earl with regard to the grounds and the park are carried out, we may fearlessly assert, that as a specimen of architectural excellence, as a scene of historic interest and picturesque beauty, Highclere, if not unrivalled will be at least unsurpassed.

Middleham Castle, Yorkshire.

MIDDLEHAM! What associations are connected with this ancient Castle? How many gorgeous scenes of feudal splendour—what daring feats of arms—what hallowed deeds of piety flash across the mind, as its name meets the eye or ear of those who love to dwell on the “Historic Lands of England.”

Memory, powerful to uncreate the present and realize the past, traces the series of events which, during the long period of eight hundred years, have passed beneath its time-worn walls; it sees the stern Norman Baron with his train of martial followers, founding on a rocky eminence that massive keep, which still defies the ravages of time. Anon the halls of state are thronged with lowly monks from Coverham, and the Lord of Middleham himself, forgetting the gallant exploits of his sires, and quitting his paternal halls, is found a dweller amongst that holy brotherhood. A change comes over the spirit of our dream, and we see the Baronial fortress passing into the hands of the princely Nevilles, and with vastly enlarged dimensions becoming suited for the reception of their numerous retinues, and finally, by an union with the heiress of that illustrious race, an appanage of royalty itself, and a favourite abode of one

of England's wisest but most calumniated Monarchs, it has reached the zenith of its glory, and now a corresponding period of decline ensues, until, after passing through various less distinguished hands, the noble edifice is finally dismantled, and we are left to mourn over it, as it now appears, a mass of crumbling ruins, another melancholy example of the mutability of all human grandeur.

In the most fertile and lovely portion of Wensley-dale, that most beautiful of the northern vales, a gentle rising ridge, forming the eastern extremity of the base of stately Penhill, overlooks on one side romantic Coverdale, on the other, the golden valley and the graceful windings of the Yore. About half-a-mile from the southern bank of which, and near the summit of the ascent, is situated the town of Middleham, crowned by the remains of its ancient Castle, the work of Robert Fitz-Randolph, third Lord of Middleham, grandson of Ribald, youngest brother of Alan Rufus, Earl of Bretagne, and nephew of the Conqueror, who bestowed on him the Earldom of Richmond and Lordship of Middleham, which from the time of the Conqueror had belonged to Ghilpatrick, a Dane.

Alan granted the Lordship of Middleham to his youngest brother Ribald, who, on the death of his wife Beatrice, withdrew from the busy and distracting scenes of feudal power to the hallowed walls of St. Mary's Abbey at York, and died a monk, having first given five carucates of land at Bumeston to God and St. Mary's and Godfried the Abbot, for perpetual masses for the souls of Earl Alan his brother, and Beatrice his wife. On the day on which Ribald became a monk, his brother Stephen, Earl of Brittany and Richmond, confirmed Middleham and all its dependancies, by deed and the delivery of a Danish axe, to his nephew, Ralph, surnamed Taylbois, who married Agatha, daughter of Robert Bruce of Skelton, and following the pious example of his father, gave lands at Well and Snape, to the monks of the new foundation at Fountains to pray for the repose of his soul and that of his mother.

On his decease, which occurred about the 14th or 15th Henry II., the Lordship descended to his son Robert above mentioned, who is expressly recorded as the founder and builder of Middleham Castle. He married Helewisia, daughter and sole heiress of the celebrated lawyer, Randolph de Glanville, Lord Chief Justice of England, who at the time (A.D. 1189) that his daughter founded the Priory of Swainby, in the parish of Pickhill, possessed very great power in Yorkshire, in consequence of having been there for some years in the high and responsible office of Viscount, or High Sheriff of that great county. On the 11th day of March, A.D. 1193,

Helewsia died, and as usual in those days, was solemnly interred in the house of her endowment. Walleran, the eldest son of Helewsia, departed this life, and was probably also consigned to a temporary resting place at Swainby. Death thus made room for her second son Ranulph Fitz-Robert, who married Mary, daughter of Ralph Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, as the new Lord of Middleham, and who, in virtue of his maternal descent, was also patron of the Swainby foundation. But from what cause, or by whose fault, is not recorded, he had long and serious disputes with the canons of that priory, which determined him to place them under his own immediate inspection: for this purpose no place in his wide domains seemed so fitting as Coverham, “ Scant, two miles from Middleham by west,” as old Leland truly states, the deep solitude and seclusion of which was peculiarly adapted to monastic habits. The only church except Swainby, which the monks then possessed, looked immediately down upon the site of the new foundation, the vicinity of which to his own castle afforded the patron at once the means of curbing the canons when refractory, and the opportunity of enjoying the benefit of their society or their devotions. In the year 1214, this translation of the monks of Coverham took place, and in 1261, Ranulph Fitz-Robert, who is justly entitled to be considered as the founder of that Abbey, departed this life, and his remains were removed thither from Middleham Castle to their long resting place, where, near those of his mother, Helewsia, which had been transferred from Swainby, a sculptured monument marked the spot till the unhallowed period of the dissolution. His son and successor, Ralph Fitz-Randolph, married Anastasia, daughter of William Lord Percy; but died without male issue, whereupon the castle and domains of Middleham were carried by the marriage of his eldest child and heiress, Mary, with Robert de Neville of Raby, into that illustrious family; and this union brought together the lines of Fitz-Randolph and Neville till the reign of Richard III. The issue of this—if the narrative of contemporary historians be correct—unfortunate marriage, was Ralph de Neville, a noble Baron, careless in the management of his affairs, and fonder of residing with the monks of Coverham and Marton than in his own castles. He married twice, and by his first wife, daughter of Sir John Clavering, had two sons, on the elder of whom, called from his love of show and finery, “ the Peacock of the North,” his grandmother settled the Castle and Lordship of Middleham, with all its appendages in fee; but dying before his father, who survived until the year 1331, and was buried on the south side the altar at Coverham, he was succeeded by his only brother, Ralph, who, in the fifth year of Edward III., obtained

a fresh charter of free warren in all his lands and lordships in the co. of York. Following the pious example of some of his ancestors, he bequeathed divers lands and messuages to the Hospital of St. Michael the Archangel, at Well: and having spent a long and active life, died in 1341, and was buried in Durham Cathedral, where his monument still remains. His son and heir, John de Neville, who fought in Scotland, France, and Turkey, was such a gallant soldier that John of Gaunt, in consideration of fifty marks a year, charged on his estates in Danby and Forncett, Yorkshire, retained him in his service for life. By his first marriage with Maude, daughter of Lord Percy, he had Ralph his heir: by his second union, with Elizabeth, heiress of William Lord Latimer, he had John, subsequently Lord Latimer, whose estates devolved on his elder brother, John, Lord Neville, who possessed in different counties, upwards of sixty manors. He died on St. Luke's day, A^o 12 Rich. II., and was interred near hisfather at Durham.

His successor, Ralph de Neville, having first won the golden spurs of knighthood, was in the 21st year Richard II., created Earl of Westmorland, and subsequently received from Henry IV. a grant of the Earldom of Richmond (which title, however, he never assumed), and under him the power and grandeur of his race seem to have attained a high degree of eminence, having died possessed of the Honour and Castles of Richmond, Middleham, and Sheriff Hutton, which, with many a dependent manor, and many a fair southern lordship, were settled on the issue of his second princely alliance with Joan Beaufort, daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and in which he was succeeded by her eldest son, Richard Neville, Lord of Middleham, who by his marriage with Alice, daughter and heiress of Thomas Montagu, Earl of Salisbury, acquired that title, and having joined the standard of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, who had married his sister, the Lady Cecilia Neville, was beheaded after the disastrous battle of Wakefield, A.D. 1460, when his estates became forfeited to the crown. But in the following year, Edward IV. regained the throne of his ancestors, and Middleham Castle, with all its vast domains and wide-spread manors, reverted to their rightful owner, the renowned "King Maker," Richard Earl of Salisbury, and (by his union with Anne, sole heiress of her brother, Henry Duke of Warwick), of Warwick; under him the ancient fortress seems to have reached the height of its magnificence, and within its walls he kept all but royal state. To quote the beautiful language of the gifted author of "The Last of the Barons," "The most renowned Statesmen, the mightiest Lords, flocked to his Hall: Middleham—not Windsor, nor Shene, nor

Westminster, nor the Tower, seemed the Court of England." Here it was that the gifted Gloucester, his future son-in-law, learned the art of war from the princely Earl: here it was that the fourth Edward, conducted as a prisoner-guest, by his gallant bearing and sole-stirring address, bowed the Barons, Knights, and retainers of his overgrown subject, to his will. Hence, left as tradition states, under the surveillance of Warwick's brother, the Archbishop of York, and indulged with the privilege of hunting in the park, he escaped on a fleet horse and resumed the reins of government. But we must not dilate too much. That mighty Earl who had made and unmade Kings, found a bloody grave at Barnet; and Middleham, with its dependencies, was allotted to Richard Duke of Gloucester, in right of his wife, the Lady Anne Neville, Warwick's youngest daughter. Here he had wooed and won his lovely cousin; here their only son was born; here, at the early age of eleven years, that child had died, and here, too probably, he lies entombed. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, with all these endearing associations, and situated amid scenery the most lovely, that of all the stately castles he possessed, this was Gloucester's most favourite abode; and after a lapse of nearly four hundred years, the place still continues associated with his name. For with the fullest sanction of all the authorities, civil and ecclesiastical, in any way connected with it, he raised the rectory to a deanery, and the parochial to a collegiate church, still called—as in the words of the original charter of foundation—"The College of Richard Duke of Gloucester, at Middleham;" and retaining its rights, privileges, and immunities, as granted or procured by the royal founder, ere his untimely fall on the fatal field of Bosworth. With that tragical event the sun of Middleham set, and the castle and lordship, with all Richard's other domains, again became confiscated to the crown, by which it appears to have been leased from time to time to various individuals; among them we find Sir Henry Linlie, Knight, who occupied the castle in 1609, and was succeeded by Sir Edward, afterwards Lord Loftus, who married one of his daughters and resided there. Pressed by want of money, Charles I. subsequently sold the estate to the citizens of London, who in their turn conveyed it to Mr. Wood, of Littleton, co. Middlesex, in whose family it still remains; the crown claims the castle, and the Duke of Leeds, as representative of the Darcys, Earls of Holderness, holds the hereditary office of "Constable of Middleham Castle, and Chief Bailiff of Richmondshire."

With respect to the edifice itself, very few words must suffice: The small remains of this once magnificent castle stand on the south

side of the town. It consists of two outworks fortified with four towers inclosing a body or keep. This envelope is in figure a right-angled parallelogram of 210 feet by 175 ; its greatest length running north and south, and each of its sides forming one of the cardinal points of the compass. As a specimen of architecture, Middleham is an unique but not a happy work.

The Norman keep, the fortress of the first lords, not being sufficient for the vast trains and princely habits of the Nevilles, was inclosed by a complete quadrangle, which almost entirely darkened what was dark enough before, and the first structure now stands completely insulated in the centre of a later work. This building, which is much higher than the outwork, is of a shape similar to it. The main of the building is unequally divided by a wall which turns from north to south, and here still remain the broken stairs. The entrance into this castle was by a very strong arched gateway on the north side. The moat is now filled up, but the leaden pipes, for the conveyance of water, were taken up within the memory of the mother of a person now living. As it is, majestic in decay, Middleham Castle is the noblest work of man in Richmondshire. Without any natural strength, except that of standing upon a little elevated rock, the views up and down Winsleydale are delightful ; but at a time when little gratification was taken in by the eye, the idea of property would supersede the feelings of taste, and the Nevilles would survey with pleasure the ample domains around them ; not because they were picturesque or beautiful, but because they were their own.

As it often happened on the destruction of ancient castles, that a more modern edifice rose in their place, so it was at Middleham. About the middle of the seventeenth century, a handsome house was erected at no very great distance from the site of the original fortress. Middleham Hall, as this edifice still is called, with all the lands adjacent, were sold in 1771 by Sir James Pennyman, Bart. to Richard Dixon, Esq., who in 1800 conveyed it to the late John Breare, Esq., under whose will the mansion, with other estates, devolved on his nephew, Christopher Topham, Esq., the present possessor.

The hall, which stands in a small park, is adorned by a handsome fish-pond, and surmounted by neat pleasure grounds, which command a magnificent view of the beautiful dale beneath, the windings of the Yore, and the distant mountain scenery. The house contains many comfortable rooms, several of which are panelled and covered with handsome tapestry.

A word on the town itself. Middleham is situated on a gentle rising

ground in the most fertile and open part of Wensleydale, a short distance from the south bank of the river Yore, and is a small but ancient and well-built market town, containing several neat mansions occupied by respectable families. As a place of trade it never had any high interest; but on the adjacent moor, which has long been famed as a school of the turf, many celebrated racers have been trained. With the exception of the church and castle, it does not possess many objects of interest. In the market place there is an ancient cross, and in the upper part of the town is a curious flight of double steps, with a recumbent figure on one side: this is now so mutilated as almost to baffle inquiry: it might represent the bear, which formed a portion of the cognizance of Earl Warwick. With greater probability, however, it may be assumed as the emblem of the silver boar, which, it is well known, was the peculiar badge of Richard Duke of Gloucester. This surmise is borne out by the circumstance of that portion of the town still retaining the name of "the Swine Market;" and it has been stated by some of the older inhabitants that, in their earlier days, the figure, then in tolerable preservation, was a boar. Middleham still contains one or two Tudor houses; but within the last few years several of the most ancient edifices have been pulled down.

Its neighbourhood, however, is rich, not alone in objects of antiquarian and historic lore, but also in the beauty and richness of its natural scenery; and possessing, as it does, most comfortable accommodation for the tourist, seems a spot well adapted, from its central situation, for a resting place to the lover of the one or the admirer of the other: while he who fortunately is blessed with a taste for both may revel for days on the interesting and attractive objects in its vicinity.

Westward are the yet perfect remains of Bolton Castle, where the lovely and hapless Mary Stuart was erst a prisoner in the keeping of the lordly Scrope; and still the spot is pointed out, bearing the name of the Queen's Gap, where this victim of misfortune was recaptured when endeavouring to escape from her prison home.

Westward, too, is the beautiful church of Wensley, the recently discovered ruins of a preceptory of Knights Templars, and the far-famed and romantic Aysgarth Force, which, with its adjacent church, will amply repay a visit.

North is the magnificent natural terrace known by the name of Leyburn Shawl; and within a drive Richmond Castle, with its lofty and massive keep as fresh and sharply chiseled as when, seven hundred years ago, Earl Conan, laying its foundation upon the rocky bank of the

Swale, reared that huge square tower, the walls of which, with their pinnacled turrets, have braved the dilapidating hand of time, and retain at this day their original dimensions and stability.

South are the remnants of Coverham Abbey, where some of Middleham's earliest lords lie entombed. And in a sequestered spot, close by the romantic bed of the Cover, the little known but curious fragments of St. Simon's chapel and holy well. While eastward are the extensive and well-kept ruins of the once splendid Abbey of Jervaulx ; and further still, the castle and church of Tanfield ; where, each under his marble tomb, lie enshrined the renowned lords Marmion. These for the antiquarian alone ; but for him who loves to read from Nature's book, and delights in the works of his Creator, all Wensleydale abounds with the picturesque and the beautiful. There are lofty knolls and heath-clad mountains—there are hanging woods and precipitous rocks ; rivers winding like the beauteous Yore, through the rich and verdant meadows which gird its margin, or, as the Cover, foaming and tearing its way over rocks and stones, far, far beneath the feet of him who stands at the summit of its precipitous and wood-bound banks.

Grace Dieu.

The ivied ruins of forlorn GRACE DIEU.

Wordsworth.

ON the north western boundary of Charnwood Forest, in a little dell watered by a babbling brook, stand some ivy covered walls and two or three farm buildings, which scarcely attract the notice of the ordinary stranger—the antiquarian or ecclesiologist, however, soon discovers traces of an oriel, a Gothic doorway, and a decorated window, which tell him a tale not read by vulgar eyes.

Those crumbling walls, now dedicated to ignoble uses, are the ruins of Grace Dieu. The very name, like that of *Valle Dei*, *Valle Crucis*, &c. —at once so poetical, and so expressive of humble and holy trust—suggests the probability that the spot had been connected with religion. It was so. It was here that *ROESIA DE VERDUN*, in 1240, founded a “monastery of Nuns of the order of St. Austin, to the honour of St. Mary, and the Holy Trinity.”

This eminent lady, who plentifully endowed her foundation, was the daughter of *Nicholas de Verdun* : on whose death in 1231, she, as sole heir,

paid seventy marks for the relief and livery of her inheritance, as also that she *might not be compelled to marry*. But it appears that she was at that time a widow, for the King, in 1224, had specially written to her recommending her to marry Theodore le Butiller, (a branch of the noble Irish family of Butler) and also to her father desiring him to back Butiller's suit. Yet though she married a person of so distinguished a family, neither Roesia nor her descendants bore his surname, but still retained that of De Verdon. She died in 1247.

Dugdale gives the following Charter of the foundress, dated 1242, when Bishop Grosseteste confirmed the foundation:—"Know, present and future people, that I, Roesia de Verdun, have granted, and by this my Charter confirmed, to God and St. Mary and to the Church of the Holy Trinity of *The Grace of God* at Belton, and to the servants of Christ, the Nuns in the same Church serving God, in pure and perpetual alms, for me and my heirs, and for the souls of my parents and of all my ancestors, and of my husband's, all my manor of Belton, with the advowson of the Church of the same place, and all other the appurtenances and liberties which I and my ancestors ever used to have in the said manor; to have, and to hold of me and my heirs, in pure and perpetual alms, freely, quietly, peaceably, and entirely, in demesnes, villanages, meadows, pastures, woods, the park, warren, mills, men, rents, services, sequels, and all other things to the said manor belonging, without all exaction, service, and peculiar demand. And I, Roesia, and my heirs, will for ever acquit the aforesaid Nuns of the Royal service which belongs to the said manor, with the appurtenances abovesaid to the same Nuns in the aforesaid Church serving God, against all nations. And that this my gift, grant, confirmation, and warrantization, may obtain perpetual firmness, I have thought fit to corroborate this my present writing with the putting to it of my seal. Witnesses—Sir Richard de Harecourt; Sir Ernald de Bois; Sir Ralph Basset of Sapcote; Sir Richard, of Normanville; Sir Adam, of Quartermars; Sir Miles de Verdun; Roger Gernun; Sir Adam de Newport; Master Thomas de Verdun, then Rector of Ibstock; Henry de Hertshorn, and others."

As from the rules of their Order the Nuns of Grace Dieu were prohibited from leaving the limits of the Nunnery, King Henry III., by his Royal Charter, gave the Abbess liberty to constitute an attorney in all cases in which they had cause to sue or be sued. Agnes de Gresley appears to have been the first Prioress, but either from her resignation or death Mary de Stretton, with the approbation of the foundress, was

elected in 1243, and shortly after the Prioress and Convent obtained permission for a market and fair at their manor of Belton.

Amicia, widow of Archer de Frescheville, Sir William de Wastneis, (1279) and John Comyn, Earl of Buchan, (1306) were all great benefactors to this house.

For three centuries had the secluded sisterhood of Grace Dieu been regarded by the neighbouring foresters almost as beings of brighter sphere—their convent the sole bright spot in the wilderness—and their convent-bell the only one that called to prayer and praise, when the dissolution of the smaller monasteries was decided on, and three commissioners, Leigh, Layton, and John Beaumont* (the last living at the adjoining hamlet of Thringstone) carried alarm and consternation to the Prioress and nuns by entering their quiet refectory and commencing an inquiry into their “lives and conversation.” The *Compendium compertorum* soon tells the result.

“Incontinentia { Elizabetha Hall
Katharine Ekiseldena } pepererunt.”

When it is stated that the convent and its demesnes were *the next day* conveyed to one of the commissioners—that this commissioner had long coveted his neighbour’s goods—that he after confessed to “forgeries and misdemeanours,” against the State and Lady Powis, to the amount of £20,861—the posthumous reputation of the poor nuns of Grace Dieu can scarcely be said to be affected by a report which has on the face of it strong evidence of its having been a foregone conclusion. The Prioress, Agnes Lytherland, and the fifteen sisters, may well be supposed to have left a home so dear to them much as Priam’s wife and daughters left their own :

“ Hie Hecuba et natae nequicquam altaria circum,
Præcipites atrâ seu tempestate columbæ,
Condensæ et divûm amplexæ simulacra sedebant.”

“ Mr. Beaumont,” says Nichols, “ was soon interrupted in his newly-acquired property, by a claim of the Earl of Huntingdon,—on which he addressed a letter to Lord Cromwell, couched in terms of cringing servility, stating his fear of Lord Huntingdon to be very great, and that

* Grandson of Sir Thomas Beaumont of Coleorton, and subsequently Master of the Rolls.

he had “bad secret warnyng to wayre a privy coate.”* In 1541 he was cited to shew by what title he held the site of the Priory; and he appears to have answered this citation satisfactorily, for he still retained possession. In 1550 he was elected Recorder of Leicester, and in the same year was appointed Master of the Rolls. In 1551 he levied a fine with proclamations of this lordship, to the use of King Edward VI. and his successors; and in 1552, when on his “misdemeanours” becoming fully detected, he surrendered this and other estates, Francis, Earl of Huntingdon, by the King’s letters patent obtained a grant, in fee farm, of the capital mansion of the Manor-house of Grace Dieu, with the whole manor of Grace Dieu and the Grange called Myral Grange, and several other lands, all lately part of the possessions of John Beaumont, Master of the Rolls. He did not long survive the loss of his reputation and estates; in five years after, Elizabeth, his widow, claimed and regained possession of Grace Dieu. The glory shed around the spot by the succeeding Beaumonts may well be said to have wiped away this, the only stain that ever sullied the lustre of their escutcheon. Of these good and gifted men our space only permits us to give a mere enumeration, instead of the lengthened notice which their virtues, and their contributions to literature, deserve.

Francis Beaumont, eldest son of the Master of the Rolls, and of his second wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Hastings, succeeded to the estate on the death of his mother. He had been educated for the bar, and in 1593 became one of the Justices of Common Pleas, and was afterwards knighted. Burton speaks of him as “that grave, learned, and reverend Judge, Francis Beaumont, Esq.”

Sir Francis Beaumont married Anne, daughter of Sir George Pierrepont, of Holme, and dying April 22, 1598, left by her three sons—Henry, John, and Francis. Henry, who was only sixteen at his father’s death, was knighted by James I. at Worksop, in 1603, on his Majesty’s journey from the Scottish to the English capital. He died in 1606, leaving his lady (Barbara, daughter of Anthony Faunt, of Foston, Esq.) then pregnant. This posthumous child proving a daughter (who afterwards married first John Harpur, Esquire, and secondly Sir Wolstan Dixie), the estate devolved on John Beaumont, Sir Francis’s second son, who married Elizabeth Fortescue (a descendant of George, Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV.), was created a baronet in 1626, and died in 1628, having obtained considerable reputation both as a poet and a sol-

* Cotton MSS., Cleopatra IV., 132.

dier. His poem of “Bosworth field,” published, with several minor poems, by his son, in 1629, was praised by Jonson, Drayton, and several other contemporary writers.

Francis Beaumont, the great dramatic writer, whom Wordsworth calls

That famous youth full soon removed
From Earth, perhaps by SHAKSPEARE's self approved—
FLETCHER's associate—JONSON's friend beloved—

the third son of Sir Francis, was born at Grace Dieu in 1586, and died in his thirtieth year: having, in conjunction with Fletcher, added *fifty-three* plays to English dramatic literature, and written many poems of exquisite pathos and beauty.

His brother, Sir John Beaumont, the first baronet, left by his wife, Elizabeth Fortescue, seven sons and five daughters; of these sons two were distinguished poets—John and Francis. Sir John, the second baronet, who edited his father's poems, was as renowned for his astonishing feats of strength and agility, as for his cultivation of the *belles lettres* of those days. He died at the siege of Gloucester, 1641, bravely fighting for his royal master, and was succeeded by his brother Thomas, the third baronet.

Sir Thomas married Vere, dau. of Sir William Tufton, brother to the Earl of Thanet, and dying in 1686 left four daughters, only the eldest of whom inherited Grace Dieu, and married her distant relative, Robert Beaumont of Barrow upon Trent, Esq., who sold the estate to Sir Ambrose Phillipps of Garendon, whose lineal descendant, Ambrose Lisle March Phillipps, Esq., erected and now inhabits the beautiful neighbouring mansion called Grace Dieu Manor.

About a mile from the ruins, stands the now celebrated modern monastery of Mount St. Bernard, one of Mr. Pugin's happiest productions; and this, with the ruins, which have been the subject of our narrative, and the manor house, and contiguous chapel—all situated amidst scenery remarkable for the rugged character of its rocks—render the locality as interesting as any similar area in our island. But Wordsworth has so well described, in numbers more than usually harmonious for him, the chief object in our picture, that we cannot better close our remarks than by giving ‘the poet's glowing thought’—

Beneath yon eastern ridge, the craggy bound,
Rugged and high, of CHARNWOOD's forest ground;



Stannard & Dixon, lith.

BLAXE
C o D E V O N

Stand yet, but, stranger ! hidden from thy view,
The ivied ruins of forlorn GRACE DIEU ;
Erst a religious house, which day and night
With hymns resounded, and the chaunted rite :
And when those rites had ceased, the spot gave birth
To honourable men of various worth ;
There, on the margin of a streamlet wild,
Did FRANCIS BEAUMONT sport, an eager child ;
There under shadow of the neighbouring rocks,
Sang youthful tales of shepherds and their flocks ;
Unconscious prelude to heroic themes,
Heart-breaking tears and melancholy dreams
Of slighted love, and scorn, and jealous rage,
With which his genius shook the buskinèd stage ;
Communities are lost, and empires die,
And things of holy use unhallowed lie ;
They perish—but the intellect may raise,
From airy words alone, a Pile that ne'er decays.

Hayne, co. Devon.

WHICHEVER side of the question we may incline to, as regards the fatal disputes between Charles the First and his Parliament, it is impossible for any one, who is not blinded by the prejudices of a sour bigotry, to be insensible to the chivalrous and high-toned character of the Cavaliers. They had all the virtues, and it may be many of the vices, of the romantic ages, when loyalty to the throne, devotion to the fair, and a generous gallantry in the lists, were carried to an excess, which threw such a flood of glory about them, that the dazzled eye is no more able to detect their minuter blemishes, than it would be to observe the spots upon the sun, when it is brightest. The Cavaliers, indeed, had thrown aside much of the stately decorum of their prototypes, just as they had put off no small portion of their defensive armour ; but they were not a whit the less dangerous in the field, and were ten times pleasanter at a banquet. With them life was a splendid and joyous romance ; they loved heartily, prayed sincerely, fought stoutly, gave freely, received hard blows with the same right good will that they dealt them, and when all was over might truly say with the Lord Chief Justice in Henry the Fourth,

“ What they did, they did in honour,
Led by the impartial conduct of their souls.”

That they lived in the hour, and for the hour, might be a fault, but, if so, it was a fault allied to many virtues, and that so closely, the good of their characters could hardly have existed without the evil. If to-day they were beaten, they were not the less ready to fight again, and perhaps to conquer, on the morrow, but whether defeated or victorious they remained ever the same joyous and untameable spirits, neither ashamed of themselves, nor out of temper with their enemies. While the Puritans made a pain of pleasure, they made a pleasure of pain, and it can scarcely be called an exaggeration to say they rushed to the fight or to the feast with the same light-heartedness. Moreover the battle they waged was for the faith of their forefathers both in politics and religion; and even if that faith were a false one—which may well admit of question—still it came recommended to them by the sanction of ages. It had been the lesson of their early childhood, and they honoured and obeyed it with the duty of a son towards his parent.

We have not made these remarks, as wishing to adjudge the question of right or wrong between the parties—though of course, like other people, we have our own opinions upon the subject—but simply to justify our admiration of the brilliant qualities displayed by the Cavaliers. We cannot help loving them as we do the knights who figure in the inimitable pages of Froissart, and must confess—perhaps to our shame—that we have more regard for their gay and sparkling follies than for the sour virtues of their opponents. One feels always inclined to say to the latter, as honest Sir Toby said to the stiff and precise Malvolio—“ Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale ?”

This is a somewhat long introduction to a short story, the few words with which we meant to have prefaced our account of the loyal family of the Harris's having imperceptibly swelled into an eulogium—it is to be hoped the reader may not find it a tedious one—upon the stout old Cavaliers. And now to the real matter in question—Hayne, and its various possessors.

In Domesday Book the manor of Stowford is registered as belonging to “Hugo comes,” the son of Robert, Earl of Mortain and Cornwall, a uterine brother of the Conqueror. On the maternal side he might boast of a descent scarcely less illustrious, his mother being Matilda, daughter of Roger de Montgomeri. The title by which we find him afterwards

distinguished, he assumed, or it was granted, upon its being forfeited by the original and proper owner of it, Baron Roger de l'Eaulne,* to whom the designation of right appertained and who had greatly exerted himself on William's side at the battle of Mortemer, so disastrous to the French king and all his army. "From the rising of the morning sun," says Wace, "till three in the afternoon the assault lasted in its full force, and the battle continued to be hot and fierce. The French could not escape, for the Normans would let no one pass;" and while, in consequence of their being thus hemmed in by a triumphant enemy, multitudes were either killed or wounded, not a few of the better sort were made prisoners and held to ransom. Amongst these was a certain Count Raoul de Mont Didier, for whose safe-keeping William seems to have been not a little anxious, whether from motives of revenge or policy, or it may be from both united. This prize he consigned to the custody of the Baron de l'Eaulne, as one who was bound to himself by so many and so deep obligations, and who therefore of all men was the one least likely to betray his trust. But it so chanced that the Baron owed fealty to his prisoner, and the latter availing himself of this circumstance demanded that his vassal would set him free. In all probability the whole was a mere juggle between them, a preconcerted scheme in order that De Mortemer might have some excuse for his breach of trust. But the plotters found themselves egregiously mistaken; Duke William would allow of no such flimsy pretexts; he at once banished the traitor from Normandy, confiscated his estates, and gave the keeping of Mortemer Castle to his own nephew, Hugo, who hereupon assumed the name of Mortemer de l'Eaulne. Thus attached to Duke William as much by gratitude as by kinship, Hugo accompanied his uncle in his invasion of England, and conducted himself with so much skill and courage that he has earned what men love to think a lasting record both in romance and chronicle. Unfortunately the record itself grows obsolete; and even if that were not the case, the world is too much occupied with its own immediate interests to give more than a few hasty glances at the past, and then only when the actors and the occurrences stand out with unusual prominence, or are in some way connected with the present.

The father of our Hugo, the Earl of Mortain, had also played a conspicuous part at the battle of Hastings, for which he reaped an ample recompense in the division of the spoil that followed, while the discom-

* Eaulne is a river in Normandy.

fited Saxons invoked heaven and earth for vengeance upon their oppressors, as if they had themselves any other title to the land they held, than what flowed from the real or imaginary rights of conquest. On this occasion the Duke, now King William, distributed his bounties with the proverbial and easy generosity of those who are giving away the property of others. Prudence no doubt recommended the binding his associates to him by the strong chains of interest, yet even this consideration will hardly account for his bestowing no less than seven hundred and ninety-three manors on the fortunate Robert, whom, at the same time, he created Earl of Cornwall.

If the new-made Earl had been thus fortunate in receiving, he was no less frank in giving. With a liberality that is not often exercised by living fathers towards their children, he at once made over the manor of Stowford, and other lands in that neighbourhood, to his son Hugo, who finally settled there, and called the Castle appertaining to it by his own Norman name of *De l'Eaulne*; this appellation in time came to be corrupted into *Eaune*—*Ayne*—and *Hayne*, by which last title it is known at present. From this period it continued in the possession of his descendants until the beginning of the sixteenth century, when Thomasine, the heiress of Walter of Hayne, married the son of Harris of Stone, who had obtained that property in the same way that his son now became possessed of Hayne, that is, by intermarrying with the heiress. He was himself a younger son of the Radford family.

Such was the origin of a family, which, in the time of the great civil war, stood first among the first of those who devoted life and fortune, heart and soul, to the cause of loyalty. When the King put himself at the head of his adherents in the west, Mr. Harris had, by his union with Cordelia, the heiress of Lord Mohun of Okehampton, acquired a right to share the large possessions of that family with Lord Courtenay, and he now hastened frankly and freely to peril all in the royal service. He got together a gallant troop of a hundred horse, whom he mounted and equipped at his own expense; his cousin, Sir Bevil Grenville, did the same, and the two, marching out together, joined the king on the confines of Okehampton Park, whence they escorted him to Hayne. Here the magnificent owner entertained Charles for three days, an honour which, to his enthusiastic loyalty, was no doubt the highest reward that could be offered, though, all things considered, it came fraught with near and substantial danger. But then, it was this state of affairs that brought the King and those who adhered to him, into closer connexion,

and tightened the bonds of union between them. In ordinary times the subject has seldom an opportunity of shewing his attachment to the person of his monarch, or even of approaching him, except amidst the forms of a distant ceremonial, which may indeed increase respect, but most assuredly does not invite affection. Now all was altered, and greatly for the better, as regarded the kindly feelings of either party. To-day they feasted at the same table, to-morrow they shared the same dangers, and the usual barriers of rank were to a certain degree broken down by this brotherhood in pain and pleasure, till the monarch was lost sight of in the guest and comrade. It was a time, too, that of necessity shewed him under the most favourable colours. Even if we suppose, as is too often the case, that the royal gratitude would not long have outlived the occasion which gave rise to it, still, for the moment, Charles must have had strong feelings of kindness for those whose service was so eminently disinterested; and this feeling, to say nothing of his own interests, must have brought out all the better parts of his character. We may therefore be allowed to picture, without going beyond a modest exercise of the imagination, the three days that Charles spent at Hayne, enjoying the moment, yet not without a passing cloud of apprehension for the future. And then again, the redoubled zest with which he would give himself up to the pleasures that courted him, as soon as the dark moment had passed away, and he was once more wholly possessed by the present. These hours must have been rendered yet sweeter, by the conviction that they could only be few, and might, perhaps, never return, as indeed they never did, for of the brave spirits that now gathered about him, how many of the noblest were destined to perish long before his own career had terminated. On the third day he quitted Hayne to set out for Boconnoc in Cornwall.

It will be doubted by some, who may yet admire our stout-hearted Cavalier, whether his zeal did not at times rather outrun his discretion. On one occasion it was his fortune to capture a ringleader of the rebels, as he of course designated all opponents to the royal cause, for whose benefit he immediately determined to revive a dormant privilege, belonging to him as the lord and custodian of Lidford-Castle. By virtue of this office, in times gone by, the several owners had possessed a jurisdiction separated and distinct from the common law of the realms, though it had long ceased to be exercised, at least in its full extent. Availing himself, however, of the privilege, he summoned the local and feudal court of Lidford, who sat in judgment upon the prisoner *more majorum*,

found him guilty of high treason, and condemned him to death, a sentence that was carried into effect upon the Castle-mound with as little ceremony as it had been pronounced. This, it seems, was taken exceedingly ill by the defunct Roundhead; he could not rest quietly in his grave, but ever since—as the people say and believe—when any chief of the Haynes is about to die, he shews his joy at the event, by perambulating the park-terrace at night with his head under his arm. If, however, the accounts given of the castle-dungeons are not exaggerated beyond all conscience, the prisoner ought to have been thankful to his judges for taking off his head as they did, for any thing must have been better than confinement in such an abominable hole. In 1512 an Act of Parliament described it as “one of the most heinous, contagious, and detestable places in the realm.” In King James’ time, Browne says of it,

“To lie therein one night, ‘tis guess’d
‘Twere better to be ston’d and press’d*
Or hang’d—now choose you whether.”

And there seems little reason for supposing that the fiery Cavalier had given any attention to the improvement of his dungeon, more particularly when it was to be used as a place of punishment for Roundheads.

Tradition affirms that Charles the Second was concealed at Hayne for some days, when he lurked in the west of England before his escape to the continent. At all events, whether this was or was not to be added to the list of the owner’s faithful services, the King upon his restoration created him a baronet, with a handsome pension extending to the second generation, an unusual act of royal munificence, and plainly shewing in what high estimation Charles must have held him. The deed of gift is still preserved among the family records.

The descendants of this uncompromising royalist continued to tread in his steps, and maintained their fidelity to the Stuarts unshaken till the time of the Hon. John Harris, whose daughter-in-law, Miss Rolle, of Heanton, had married the eldest son of Sir Robert Walpole. By ministerial influence he was then made deputy master of the household to George the Second and Third, and sat in Parliament, first for Oakhampton, and afterwards for Ashburton, but always voting in favour of the minister. His elder brother, Christopher, remained more faithful to the

* Meaning “pressed to death,” an allusion to the *peine forte et dure*, employed upon prisoners, who refused pleading to a charge, and which was continued till they either yielded or died.

family principles. Rejecting every overture made by Sir Robert Walpole to win him over to the interest of Hanover, he adhered to the Stuarts till the very last.

The ancient castle of Hayne, the seat of so many recollections, stood upon a lofty eminence in the park, called the Warren, and in the beginning of this century some vestiges of it were still visible. It is supposed the old walls were pulled down, with more economy than taste, at the end of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century, to supply materials for the present mansion, but in what precise year this destructive work took place is now uncertain. The building stands at the foot of the hill, at no great distance from the river, a position which unquestionably has some advantages, though, upon the whole, it hardly seems so desirable a spot as that occupied by the old castle. The mansion itself is particularly handsome and venerable, and was much beautified and repaired by the late Mr. Donnithorne Harris. The apartments occupied by King Charles have, however, been carefully preserved. The old mill is supposed to be coeval with the Norman conquest, and is exempt from tithe, tax, or toll of every description. There are many such in England attached to old castles and abbeys, the most perfect specimen being that at Guy's Cliff, in Warwickshire. The possession of Hayne, by a lineal descendant of Count Hugo, gives the office and privileges of High or Chief Warrener of Dartmoor Forest. After the marriage of the heiress of Hayne to Mr. Harris, her descendants were personally re-confirmed in their manorial rights and royalties by an express grant from Queen Elizabeth. If Hayne were to be sold, the manor might be transferred to the purchaser, but the royalties would cease, being personal to the descendants of Count Hugo, and attached also to the possession of Hayne.*

The manor of Stowford was formerly held by the tenure and condition that the owner should present the King with a gold ewer and napkin, at Polstone Bridge on the Tamar, whenever he visited that part of his dominions. This office was performed for the last time—and for the first upon record—by Mr. Harris and Sir Bevil Grenville, when King Charles entered Cornwall, after having reviewed the troops encamped on Lifton Down.

The present co-representative of the Haynes and the Harrises are

* Manorial rights appear to be Signorial, or “*par droit de Seigneur*,” but a Royalty is a power or privilege delegated by the Crown, and can be revoked at pleasure. If the Hayne family were to omit the presentation of the ewer and napkin at Polstone Bridge, according to the olden law the Royalty would be forfeited.

Penelope Harris and Elizabeth, widow of the late Isaac D. Harris, Esq., daughters of Christopher Harris, Esq., of Hayne, who derived a direct descent from the Royal House of Plantagenet. (See BURKE'S "History of the Royal Families, vol. ii. The elder co-heir is unmarried, and the heirship of the family is vested in CHRISTOPHER ARTHUR HARRIS, Esq., son of the younger sister. He married a daughter of the late Mrs. Watkins, of Pennoyre, sole heiress of the Vaughans, of Golden Grove, co. Carmarthen, which family is now represented by Col. Lloyd Vaughan Watkins, M.P. for Brecon, and Lord Lieutenant of that county.

THE END.

LONDON:

Myers & Co., Printers, 37, King Street, Covent Garden.

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